WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 7, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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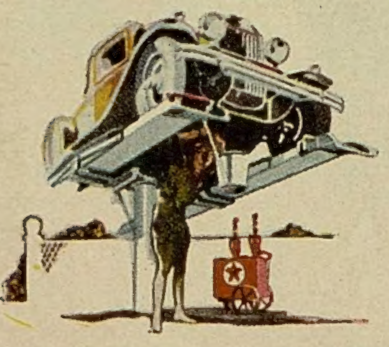
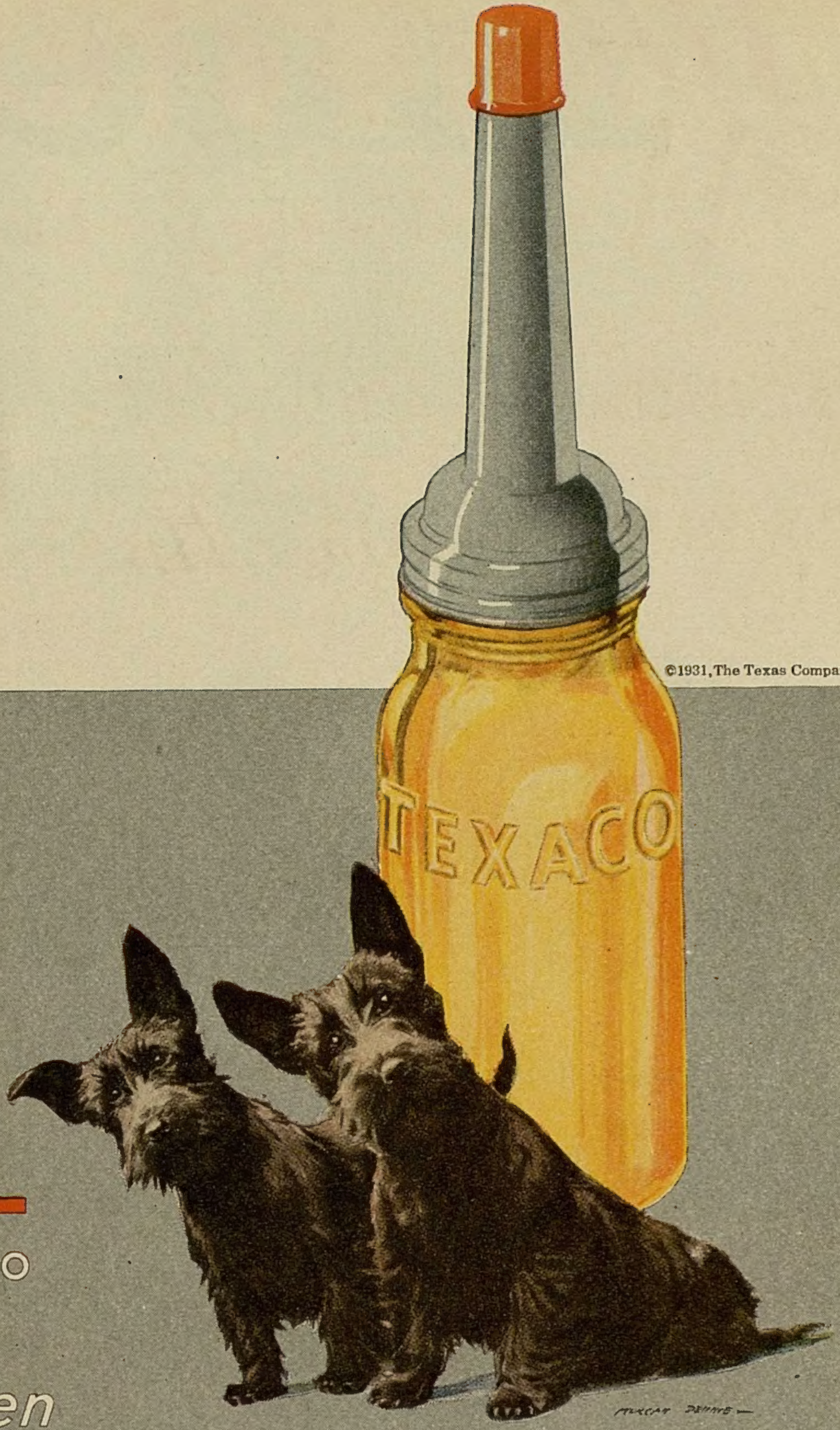
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW ~ **THEODORE DREISER** ~ **CHESTER T. CROWELL** ~ **EDWARD DOHERTY** ~ **JAMES FRANCIS DWYER**

Get ready today for tomorrow!





©1931, The Texas Company.

DRAIN

"SUMMER" OIL

FILL

WITH WINTER TEXACO

then

LISTEN

Fall. Wild geese are heading South. The squirrel's coat is already twice its summer thickness. Everywhere Nature is making all safe against cold and frost.

But it is your job, not Nature's to make your automobile engine safe for winter. If summer oil is still in your crankcase—drain it off. It will thicken like molasses at the first sign of frost and will not flow through the narrow lubrication channels of your engine.

Before any damage is done, drain off summer oil! Refill with the correct winter grade of crack-proof Texaco, the golden oil that flows at zero. Then listen to the hum of an engine—ready today for tomorrow.

THE TEXAS COMPANY · *Texaco Petroleum Products*

"CRACK-PROOF"... LASTS LONGER **TEXACO MOTOR OIL**

WHY *should one wife* EXPECT *another* TO KNOW . .

certain intimate and important things which she doesn't know herself?

Facts for Women

AMONG married women, a great many friendships are broken on account of suspicion. One young wife feels sure that another is holding back from her some vitally important information. It is nearly always wrong to assume this. Women are not selfish when they hesitate to talk about feminine hygiene.

The trouble probably lies in the fact that they are really confused about the matter themselves. They have all heard so many conflicting opinions that they actually *fear* to talk. Of course there is always a reason for a situation like this—and the reason in this case is the kind of antiseptic to be employed. The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic.

They fear to recommend poisons

Tragic though it may be, many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are the only germicides strong enough for the purpose. This was true in the past. And much as doctors approved of surgical cleanliness, they looked with grave doubts at those women who insisted upon using bichloride of mercury, for example, or the compounds of carbolic acid. Nobody knows better than they the dangers which are involved. Nobody has seen more of the damage which has been caused.

Zonite is different—it is safe

All the worry is over now. For *Zonite* is now available to women everywhere. Zonite is absolutely *non-caustic*, absolutely *non-poisonous*. Zonite does not injure delicate membranes. It does not desensitize the vaginal tract. It cannot produce mercurial poisoning. Zonite is actually soothing to tissues. Yet it is remarkable in its power to kill germs. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Read booklet "Facts for Women"

Send coupon below and get your copy of "Facts for Women." This is a new booklet and it approaches its subject in a way that may be a little surprising even to the modern-minded woman. It is true, up-to-date, and authentic. It is a thorough education on feminine hygiene. Mail the coupon at once. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles; 30¢, 60¢, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION L1-112
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Nov. 7, 1931

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.

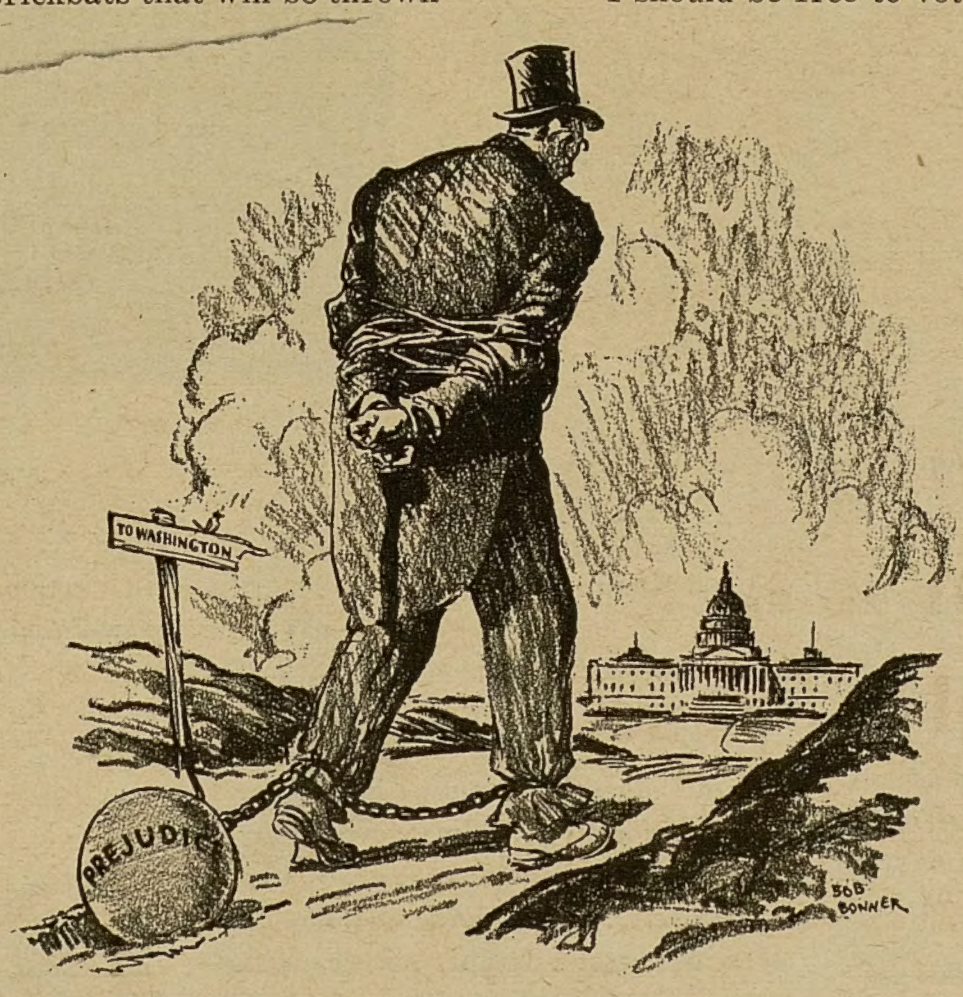
A POLITICAL SPEECH WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

Election Day will soon be here.

Political oratory will be bubbling over from thousands of rostrums.

The country must be saved, and the descriptions of the various schemes presented for this purpose would fill a library.

The Democrats will damn the Republicans. The Republicans will belabor the Democrats with verbal sledge hammers. The figurative brickbats that will be thrown back and forth between the political parties should be sufficient to smother any campaign.



But there is one speech we would all like to hear.

Everywhere you find office seekers telling their constituents just exactly what they intend to do if they are elected. Sometimes they keep their promises, but not often. But a level-headed, square-shooting politician should not make promises. He should stand better with his constituents if he describes in detail the situation that we are facing and then presents his views. But definite promises should never be made.

Here is a speech that you will not hear:

"Fellow Citizens: I am deeply grateful to you for the nomination that you have conferred upon me. I feel highly honored. I will assume the responsibilities of this office with enthusiastic determination and do my duty intelligently and conscientiously.

"As a legislator I will be called upon to vote for or against important enactments. I have been asked how I shall vote on certain measures, and I have expressed an opinion with the information I had before me at the time. But if I am elected I will be able to study these various proposed enactments. That will be my job. I will be there for that purpose, and after I have given the associated details careful attention I will then be able to make an intelligent decision as to how my vote should be cast.

"Every citizen who votes for me wants me to represent him to the best of my ability. There may be some measures that are so outstanding that one can tell in advance how he would vote, but it is not safe to make such a promise. The situation may be such that a legislator would have to change his mind. I want my constituents to give me that privilege. I do not want to go into a legislative assembly as a mere machine who is told in advance just how he should vote. I want to be able to use my intelligence and my conscience. I want to be able to represent my constituents honestly and efficiently.

"If I were to allow myself to become a rubber stamp, to eliminate my personality and my own reasoning capacity in the important matters that come before me for decision, I would be dishonest to myself. I want to assume my duties as a free man, bound to no one and by no influence other than by my own dominating desire to render honest and highly efficient service to the citizens who voted for me.

"We have sent too many voting machines to the legislative halls—men whose intelligence dictated adherence to a certain plan, but who voted at variance with their own judgment. We have all heard too much of the 'wet' legislators who voted dry with machinelike regularity. In sending me as your representative I am expected to give a detailed study to all proposed important legislation before casting my vote, and as a result of such careful consideration I might have to change my views.

"I should be free to vote in accordance with a new viewpoint. Honest, efficient representation and a keen desire to protect my constituents is what every voter should expect of me, and I intend to render that service with all the devotion, energy, and intelligence that I possess."

There are not many politicians who would dare to uphold such a principle. Even if they want to be free to vote in accordance with their personal dictates, they usually avoid the subject. They go to the legislative hall as a restricted delegate. They are told what they should think and say, and how they should vote.

And it is this destructive policy that has brought us many of the inane and foolish laws that are now cluttering our statute books. The man who within himself cannot propound a principle and fight for it, who cannot without prejudice study the proposed legislation and vote in accordance with his honest conclusions, should never be sent to our legislative assemblies.

You will hear but few speeches such as that suggested above, but let us hope the present serious emergency that we are facing will develop a few outstanding personalities who will enter the political field with a determination to bring order out of chaos. Such representatives must be free. They cannot be bound by instructions of any kind if they are to be effective and capable.

"I learned spending-sense from a tube of tooth paste!"

"Lately, ever since money's been tightening up on me, I've been a good prospect for any way of saving cash without losing quality.

"And I've discovered just as good a tooth paste as I used to get—for half the price! That's taught me to study values in everything I buy.

"Always used to spend 50¢ a tube for tooth paste. Then one day I saw Listerine Tooth Paste advertised at 25¢, so I tried it.

"At first I was interested chiefly in the economy—each person in my family would cost $3 a year less, for tooth paste alone.

Results as wonderful as the economy

"But now we're all just as enthusiastic over its results. Nothing could make your teeth whiter, leave your breath sweeter, and your mouth fresher."

This is how several million of constant users have reacted to Listerine Tooth Paste. Not only men—women, who are so particular about preserving the beauty of their teeth.

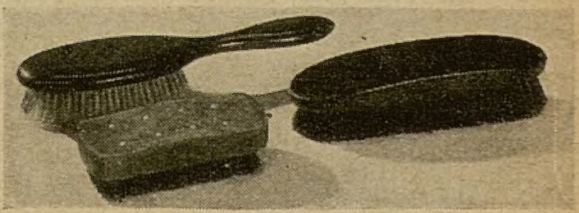
All discolorations vanish

A special polishing agent cleans twice as thoroughly in half the time. Tartar, tobacco stains—every discoloration vanishes. Yet it will never hurt your precious tooth enamel.

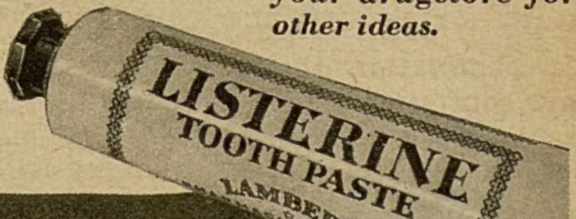
The makers of Listerine used all their 49 years of experience in oral hygiene, to make this tooth paste. And it justified their staking their name and reputation on it.

We are able to offer you this first-rate product at so low a price, because our manufacturing methods are the last word in efficiency, and because of immense production, to fill the increasingly great demand. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Buy these 3 brushes without stretching your budget!



By switching from a 50¢ dentifrice to Listerine Tooth Paste, each person in a family saves 25¢ a month, $3 a year. There are no end of things you could buy with that. A clothes-brush, a hair-brush and a nail-brush. Or a family supply of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes. Look in your drugstore for other ideas.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend **Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

Mischa Violin, Conductor, and John S. Young, Radio Announcer, Check over the Ballots

Every radio competing in this tone-test was the large console model of its manufacturer. The G-E set had no tube advantage — other sets had as many, or more, tubes. All sets were current models, bought from dealers' stocks.

Previous to the tone-test, an independent, non-partisan service man checked over all sets and pronounced them in good working order.

Here was the final vote, as checked by Mischa Violin, Conductor of the Roxy Orchestra, and John S. Young, Radio Announcer.

General Electric	40
Radio "A"	1
Radio "B"	0
Radio "C"	0

Roxy Orchestra HEARS 4 RADIOS,

Tone-test before well-known musicians results in sweeping victory for General Electric Radio

The brilliant orchestra of the Roxy Theatre, known to radio listeners from coast to coast, formed the latest audience for General Electric's convincing tone-test!

Four famous radios contested for the vote of these musically-trained ears. And no competition could have been fairer, since no trade names were mentioned and all sets were completely concealed by a screen.

One by one, the four invisible radios were played. The Roxy musicians listened, compared, voted—voted not for a name, but for a number! And the winning radio—the radio whose true, brilliant tone captured 40 out of 41 votes—was the General Electric!

"Better tone?" Any radio can claim it. But here is proof! Proof from forty keen musical ears. Proof you can check for yourself.

You have heard many radios. Now hear the new sets by General Electric—and *believe your own ears!*

No one will need to tell you that here is a radio which accurately and honestly mirrors the original studio performance. A radio that captures every shading of tone color and brilliance, and delivers it undamaged to your ears. Close your eyes, and you will find it hard to realize that the performers are not actually there before you, in the same room.

Turn the control. Notice how stations are tuned in and out almost within the width of a pencil mark on the dial. There is no receiving one program against an annoying background of another. And you get *many* stations — far and near.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!
N B C

PICKS G-E BY 40 TO 1 VOTE

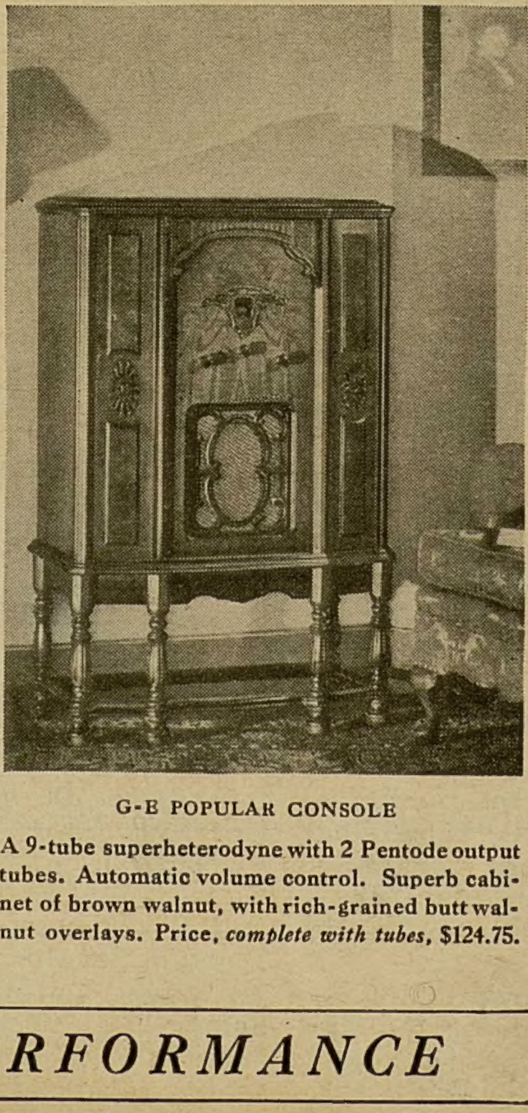
Go now to a G-E Radio dealer and hear the many G-E sets. Ask about the Certified Inspection Plan. You can purchase a General Electric radio within your budget, for prices step gradually from $37.50 for a G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—*and every price includes tubes.*

•

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every weekday (except Saturday) at noon E. S. T.

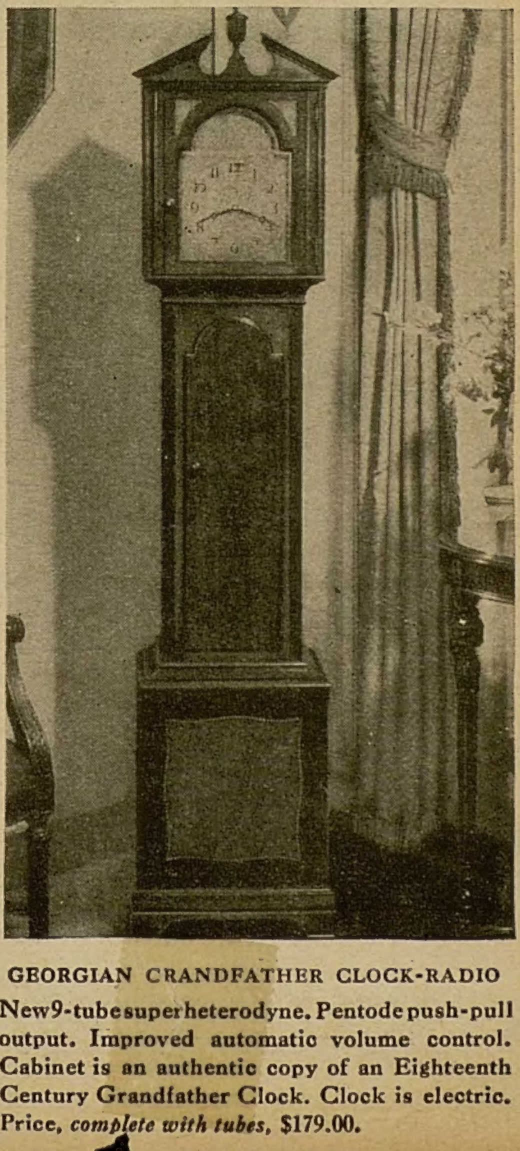
•

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled and G-E materials throughout.



G-E POPULAR CONSOLE

A 9-tube superheterodyne with 2 Pentode output tubes. Automatic volume control. Superb cabinet of brown walnut, with rich-grained butt walnut overlays. Price, *complete with tubes,* $124.75.



GEORGIAN GRANDFATHER CLOCK-RADIO

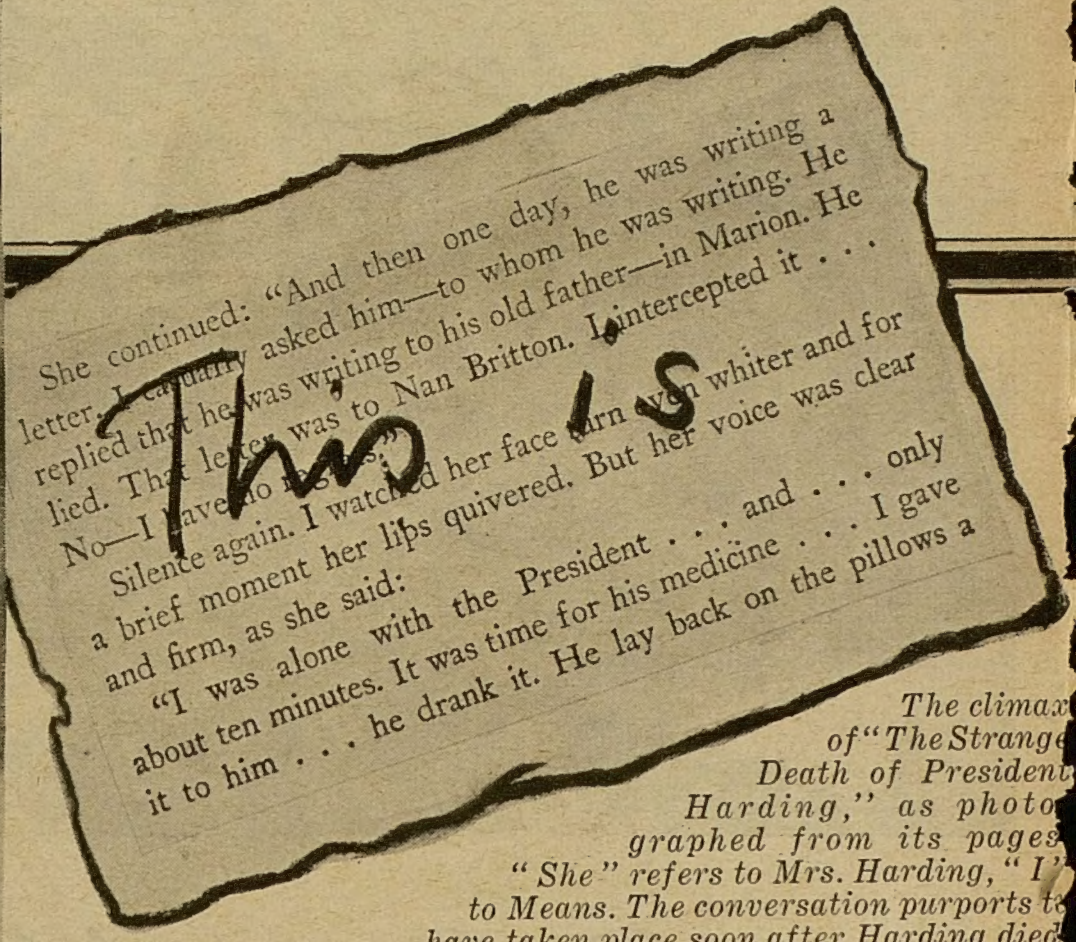
New 9-tube superheterodyne. Pentode push-pull output. Improved automatic volume control. Cabinet is an authentic copy of an Eighteenth Century Grandfather Clock. Clock is electric. Price, *complete with tubes,* $179.00.

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE

DEBUNKING

© Underwood & Underwood

The author, Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, who denounces as a hoax the book she wrote for Gaston B. Means.



She continued: "And then one day, he was writing a letter. I casually asked him—to whom he was writing. He replied that he was writing to his old father—in Marion. He lied. That letter was to Nan Britton. I intercepted it . . . No—I have no [illegible]."

Silence again. I watched her face turn even whiter and for a brief moment her lips quivered. But her voice was clear and firm, as she said:

"I was alone with the President . . . and . . . only about ten minutes. It was time for his medicine . . . I gave it to him . . . he drank it. He lay back on the pillows a

The climax of "The Strange Death of President Harding," as photographed from its pages. "She" refers to Mrs. Harding, "I" to Means. The conversation purports t have taken place soon after Harding died

A Complete Repudiation

By

MAY DIXO

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

IT is with humiliation that I feel constrained to state—in justice to myself and in justice to the dead and to all fair-minded people—that I have been brought to realize that I have unwittingly been an agent in perpetrating upon the public what I now believe is a tremendous hoax: the book, The Strange Death of President Harding.

I wrote this book for Gaston B. Means. It is his story. I firmly believed that every word was true. In fact, I did the writing—covering a period of eight months—with patriotic zeal. I firmly believed that it was a great human and national drama; a hitherto unpublished chapter in American history.

Today—in mental sackcloth and spiritual ashes—I am forced to concede that I was duped.

I owe it to myself, if to no one else, to make plain the ambiguous position in which I have been placed by Gaston B. Means.

I owe it to the memories of President Harding and Mrs. Harding, to others involved, and to the public at large, to say that I must now repudiate the book, The Strange Death of President Harding, and—repudiate Gaston B. Means and all his works. Certainly I have nothing to gain by this confession; perhaps very much to lose.

For the benefit of those who may not know, Gaston B. Means was once a Secret Service investigator for the Department of Justice. He was born in western North Carolina about fifty years ago. He entered the William J. Burns Detective Agency in 1910 as an undercover man.

When, in 1921, Burns became director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, Means was hired there also, ostensibly for war-fraud investigations. Discharged, he supplied the Senate Investigating Committee with much material with which to drive Harry M. Daugherty out of office as Attorney General.

Time, of March 31, 1930, says of Means:

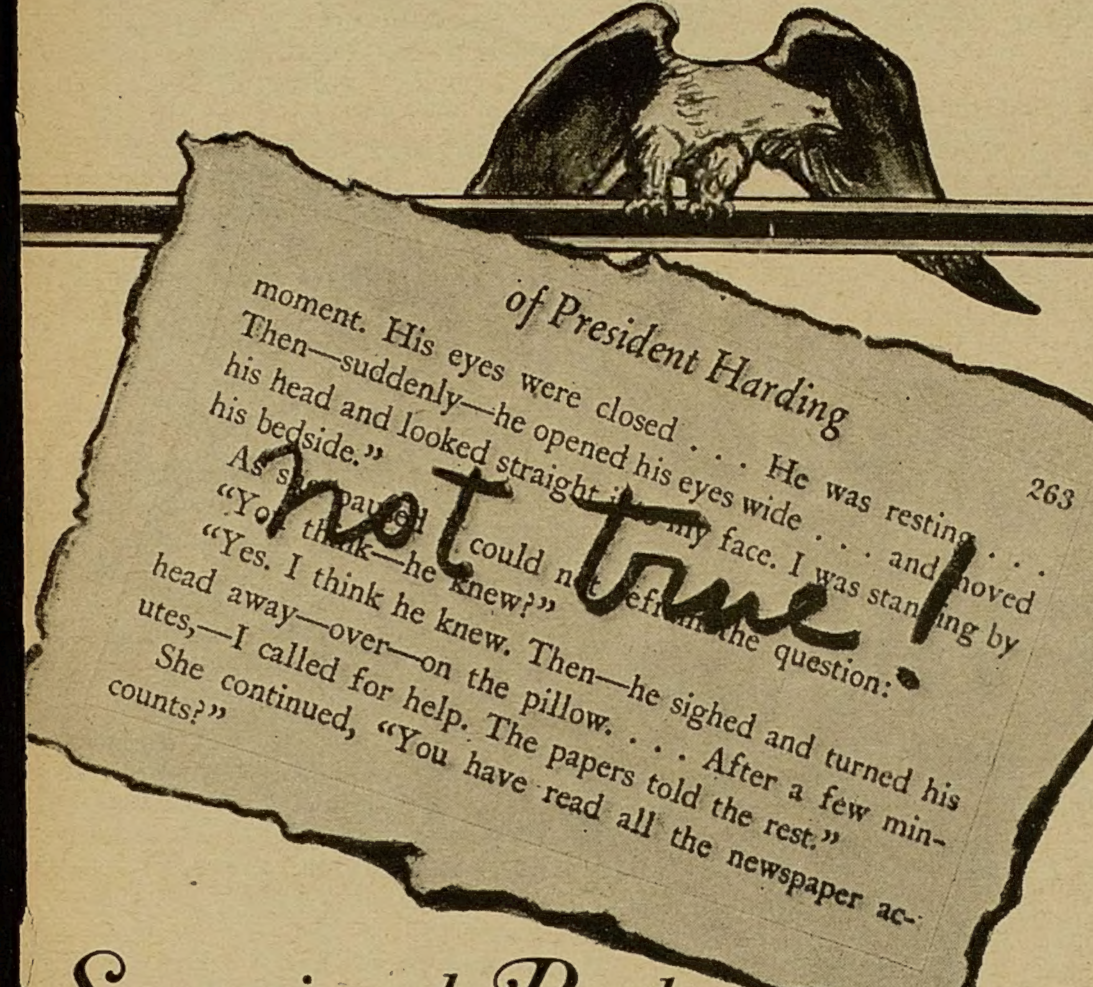
> About Washington, Means had a shoddy, shifty reputation which was confirmed when he was convicted of a huge conspiracy against the dry law and sent to Atlanta Penitentiary for three years. He emerged in 1928. Six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, Means has a bullet head, small bright eyes, an ingratiating smile, a round chin underhung with a fat neck. His ethics as an Investigator (his capitalization) are repugnant to ordinary citizens.

And yet, in spite of these things and many others, Gaston B. Means is a convincing person—a most convincing person.

One listens as he mentions the names of national figures and of distinguished senators in Washington: Senator Watson, Senator Wheeler, Senator Goff, Senator George H. Moses, and others—designating these gentlemen as among his closest and most intimate friends. His references to William J. Burns would lead one to suppose that their relationship was like that of father and son.

I first met Gaston B. Means in the corridor of that

“The Strange Death of RESIDENT HARDING”



of President Harding

moment. His eyes were closed . . . He was resting . . . Then—suddenly—he opened his eyes wide . . . and [illegible]oved his head and looked straight i[illegible] my face. I was stan[illegible]ing by his bedside.”

As s[illegible] pau[illegible] could n[illegible] [illegible] the question: “Yo[illegible] th[illegible]k—he knew?”

“Yes. I think he knew. Then—he sighed and turned his head away—over—on the pillow. . . . After a few minutes,—I called for help. The papers told the rest.”

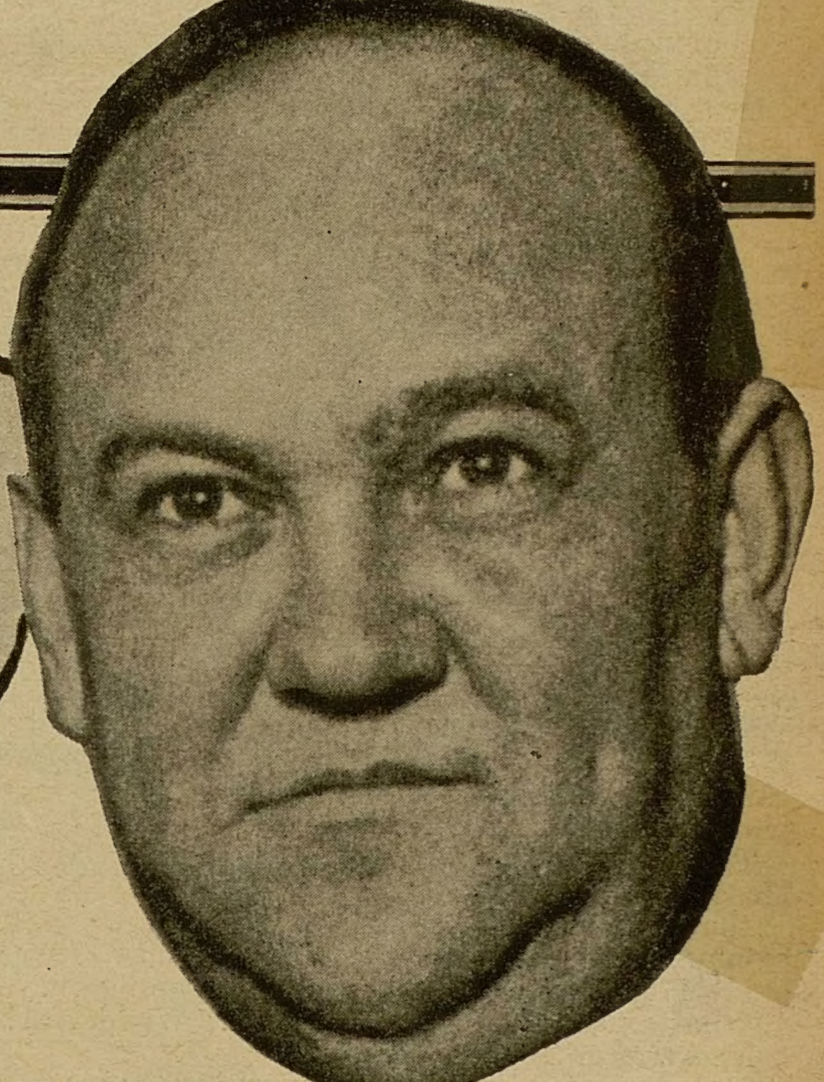
She continued, “You have read all the newspaper accounts?”

263

not true!

Sensational Book

uthor



© Harris & Ewing, from Wide World

Gaston B. Means, the former Department of Justice investigator who told Mrs. Thacker the story.

HACKER

penitentiary de luxe, the federal prison in Atlanta, Georgia. I happened to be in Atlanta with my husband, who is a Presbyterian minister. Our work takes us into many prisons and penitentiaries. I was introduced to Means by the prison chaplain, the Rev. Fred Ladlow.

I had heard of Means all my life. We lived in neighboring counties in western North Carolina. While I knew little of the details of his activities, the general impression in my mind was one of distrust and caution.

However, I knew that Gaston Means could tell a story if he would. When I read that he had gained his liberty I dropped him a note. I told him that when he was ready to tell his story to the world, I would be glad to help him in any way I could. This was in July, 1928.

MEANS came to see me in New York. He said that he was the only person living who knew the inside story of the Harding administration.

As he had been made the goat of the “gang” and had spent three years in jail, he felt it was his duty to vindicate himself. He wanted his story written and he wanted me to write it. I frankly protested that I did not feel equal to the task. However, I told him that I could put him in touch with a man who could write it. Immediately I phoned this gentleman, a novelist and playwright.

This friend came to my home. There we listened to the [illegible]ts in the story that Gaston B. Means had to tell. We recognized that it was a story of gigantic importance—apart from the political aspect, which did not concern us. Gaston B. Means outlined at that time, in detail, each salient point. He stated that he and he alone knew all the facts concerning the corruption of the Harding administration, all about Nan Britton and her baby, all about the death of Jess Smith and other sudden deaths. He stated that he had been private investigator for Mrs. Harding and could prove it by personal letters in her own handwriting; and that he knew all about President Harding’s mysterious and never explained passing—that President Harding was poisoned by Mrs. Harding, and he had proof of it in her own handwriting.

My friend encouraged me to undertake the writing of this story. With secret trepidations, I consented.

The next day I met Means downtown in the studio of this friend and we signed a little agreement. He was to tell the story (with every proof as it was needed) and I was to do the composition and put the material in proper form. Incidentally, at this conference my friend and I each loaned Means $125. This was to bring his wife and boy and his trunks and boxes of documents from Concord, North Carolina.

I had to leave that day for the South. Two weeks later I came back. Means had brought his wife and son to New York. They were living at the Herald Square Hotel.

I called. Means told me that he had had a wonderful break: he had been given an important assignment as an investigator. This assignment had come to him through

NUED ON NEXT

DEBUNKING "THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING"

Continued from page nine

Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire. It was special work for the Republican National Campaign Committee. He told me that Senator Moses had sent him $350 to the Atlanta Penitentiary, through Colonel Miller. He had instructed Means to come to New York and get in touch with him, Senator Moses, at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where he was stopping and which was the headquarters of the Republican National Campaign Committee. It was understood that Senator Moses had an important job for him.

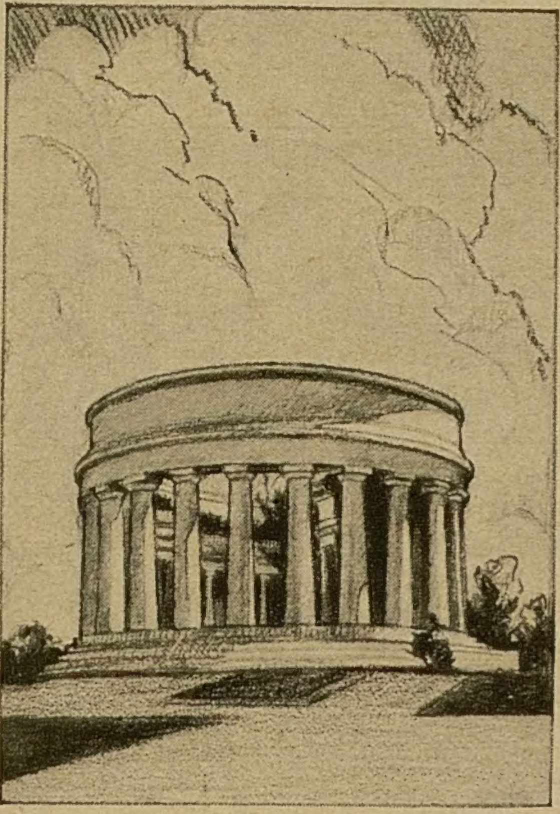
Also Means told me that he had confided to Senator Moses that he was going to write a book of memoirs exposing the Harding administration.

He said Senator Moses had read the little foreword that I had prepared and mailed him. Means said that this proposed book met with Senator Moses' enthusiastic approval; that the Republican National Campaign Committee was eager to sweep out of Washington all the hangovers from the Harding régime.

He said Senator Moses was so eager to have this book written as quickly as possible that he had volunteered to finance the entire venture. We were to be helped in every way possible.

That was the big fact. Means was to be located with his family in an apartment in a hotel, with room enough to spread out and arrange his documents to make them easily accessible to me. He was also to be provided with as many secretaries and typists as he could use.

To facilitate matters, Senator Moses was to provide ample funds so that Means would not be hampered by any thought of funds—or lack of funds. I was to be paid $175 a week while the work was going on.



The Harding memorial in Marion, Ohio.

What a marvelous streak of luck! Wonderful!

This was in August, 1928.

Means was to phone me each morning the hours of that day that would best suit his convenience. This arrangement was only temporary, he said.

Immediately there began a period of stalling. I waited day by day for the phone calls. None came. When I next got in touch with him, he told me that he was terribly rushed day and night, all the time, working on the big investigation for Senator Moses. Occasionally I could snatch an hour or more of Means' time. But even these occasional periods were interrupted by phone calls and messengers.

SENATOR MOSES came to Means' rooms at the Herald Square Hotel frequently—so I was informed; I never saw him. On one occasion, when he was expected, Gaston Means asked me to go in Mrs. Means' room and stay with her during the senator's visit. Which I did. Many times in my presence Means—ostensibly, at least—phoned Senator Moses and they had lengthy conversations.

After two weeks Means reported that it had been decided best for him to move to Washington for the writing of the book. He took a trip to Washington and selected an apartment. However, the moving to Washington was postponed from day to day—from hour to hour. Three more weeks went by.

By this time Means said he was beginning to get sore. He told me that he believed that the Republican National Campaign Committee, through Senator Moses, had met him at the door of the Atlanta Penitentiary with money—he was penniless—and had brought him to New York in order to be able to watch his activities during the critical period preceding the Presidential election.

In brief, he said that Senator Moses had brought him rectly to New York from prison— im up in a bag, as it were—and had kept him there. All for one purpose: *to prevent the writing of the book* until after the election—if ever. And they saw to it that he was kept so busy he could give no time to anything apart from their work.

When this angle of the situation became clear, Means said, he found that it was impossible for him to get in touch with Senator Moses further.

Infuriated, Means went to see his friend William J. Burns. A few days later he announced that he was now working for Mr. Burns and was moving to Washington.

On October 2 the Means family moved to Washington. They settled in three rooms with two baths in the Hotel Commodore. One room he used as an office.

All these weeks I had been stalled along—snatching material for the book as best I could.

In Washington, Means told me he knew now that his feet were on solid ground. At last it appeared that I was settled for actual writing. Of course, I was paying my own expenses in every way. No penny from the Republican National Campaign Committee, or from Senator Moses or anybody else, was ever paid to me.

AFTER a few days in Washington, working on the book, Means asked me if I would do a little personal favor for him. I asked him what it was. He told me about the "great investigation" assigned him by Senator Moses. He said he had successfully accomplished this investigation, and had in his possession certain letters damaging to Democratic leaders.

But, he explained, the Republican National Campaign Committee had not used this material after he had got it. These letters were still in his possession.

Means asked me to go to the Republican headquarters in Washington and offer these letters there. I went. As I had expected, those at the headquarters refused to have anything to do with material like that. They were not conducting a campaign along such lines.

I reported to Means. He then asked me to call on Dr. McBride, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America. Dr. McBride, too, declined Means' offer, as I was confident he would. I went to several other places of less consequence, at Means' insistence.

Means was not offering to sell these letters; he was simply offering them. I did not understand. But my mind was completely absorbed in the book that I was writing.

The book was growing. I was shuttling back and forth to Washington every other week from wherever my husband happened to be in the South. His program included a series of lectures by me.

On November 1 I was with my husband in Fort Smith, Arkansas. This was but six days before the Presidential election.

I had a long-distance phone call from Raleigh, North Carolina. It was from my sister, Dr. Dixon Carroll. She was greatly excited. She told me that a special messenger from the Democratic National Campaign Committee in New York had come to Josephus Daniels in Raleigh with a very lengthy statement *for the press*, supposedly dictated by me, to the effect that I had been employed and paid hundreds of dollars by the Washington Republican Committee.

The statement read that this money had been paid me to incorporate propaganda against the Catholic Church in my religious lectures throughout the South.

Afterward I was told that when Josephus Daniels received this statement by special messenger from the Democratic headquarters in New York, he immediately took it to my sister. Mr. Daniels has known me and our family always. He knew that something was

© Moffett
The cloud of dark conjectures surrounding the death of Harding is now dispelled for all time by Mrs. Thacker with this article. Below is a favorite photograph of Mrs. Warren G. Harding.

© Underwood & Underwood

wrong. He was present in my sister's office while she was talking to me.

Within three hours after the phone call Gaston B. Means and his wife and son arrived in Fort Smith and came to the hotel where my husband and I were stopping.

Indignantly I demanded an explanation.

First he tried to tell me that it was the work of other people. I refused to listen. Then he confessed. He said he knew I would deny it, of course, and it would never be published. He himself had dictated the statement to William J. Burns. He knew that it couldn't possibly do me any harm; no newspaper on earth would dare publish it without my sanction and indorsement. He kept repeating that no harm could be done to me—and he just had to have money. Means was abject in his apologies and explanations.

MY indignation is best left to the imagination. The Harding book was almost completed. I was tempted to throw the whole thing into the fire. That is what I should have done. Certainly from that time I realized that Gaston B. Means is an extraordinary person.

The book was a big thing. I felt that there was more than ample proof of its truth. I determined to go on with the work, but to be exceedingly cautious.

And I thought that I was.

In a short time after the Fort Smith incident I had the completed story in my notes. The writing of the book was not finished until February 14 following.

I sent the completed manuscript to a man connected with a large publishing house in New York City. Means said he had in his possession all the documents, diaries, and letters from which he said the story had largely been taken. He declared that he would produce them at the proper time. Also he promised that he would initial every page of the manuscript, and that, if necessary, he would present the whole manuscript, as I had written it, as a sworn deposition.

The New York publisher's editors read the manuscript. It was suggested that it would be well to get one or two senatorial indorsements of the book. I wired Means in Washington to know if he could get senatorial indorsements. His telegram in reply follows:

MRS MAY DIXON THACKER
NEW YORK
SENDING THIS TELEGRAM FROM CAPITOL AND CAN GET INDORSEMENT AND APPROVAL FROM SEVERAL OR ANY NUMBER OF SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES FOR BOOK AND THEY IN ADDITION WOULD LIKE TO BE GIVEN A PAGE OR LESS IN BOOK FOR INDORSEMENT
GASTON B MEANS

And still the editors were dubious. Finally they asked for the proofs: documents, diaries, and letters. Means protested that he would deliver these things after their formal acceptance of the manuscript for book publication.

Means suggested and insisted that a copy of the manuscript be sent to both Harry M. Daugherty and William J. Burns for any possible corrections. Copies were not sent

The Means family meanwhile had become suddenly prosperous. They were living in a furnished house at Bethesda, Maryland. I visited this house several times in an effort to get the documents, diaries, and letters, and likewise the promised senatorial indorsements. I had spent a year of the hardest work of my life on the book. Then, suddenly, Gaston B. Means and his wife and boy disappeared from Bethesda.

Gaston B. Means takes great pride in being a "man of mystery." The act of "disappearing" is part of his system. When he "disappeared" in this case, I waited a reasonable length of time for him to communicate with me about the book. Then, on July 16, 1929,

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DEBUNKING "THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING"
Continued from page eleven

wired his sisters in Concord, North Carolina, for his address. They promptly replied, giving me an address in Whitehall, Michigan.

I sent a wire and received a reply from Windsor, Ontario. He said that he would meet me in New York within a week. Later wires from him postponed our meeting, the last one indefinitely.

The New York publishing house refused to publish, in spite of the fact that they had advanced $1,000 to Means. I made one attempt to place the manuscript with another publisher. It was read—and firmly and pleasantly returned to me with the remark: "If we had all his documents spread before us it would make no difference. We've no faith in Gaston B. Means' documents."

I could not understand this remark at that time.

I found an independent publisher. He studied the manuscript for months. He almost memorized, as I had done, the three large volumes of the record of the senatorial investigation of Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty.

Gaston Means had put these three huge volumes into my hands in the first place with the remark:

"Here's your story. What better or more authoritative documentary evidence could one want than the official reports of the testimony taken before the Senatorial Investigating Committee?"

Assuredly this seemed true. I read the testimony of Means under oath on the witness stand, covering many pages. I read the important testimony of Roxie Stinson and others.

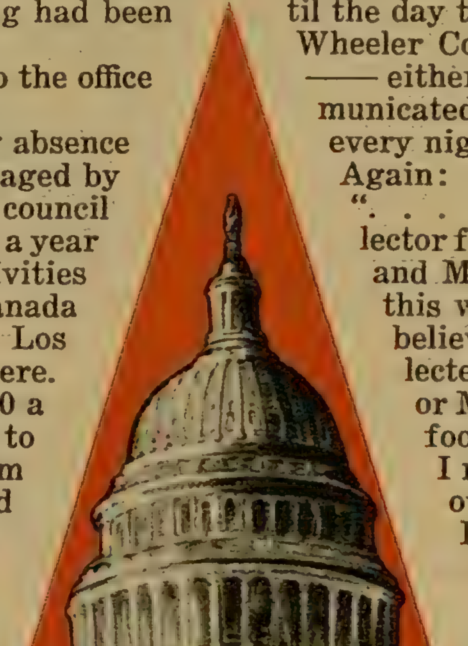
I read the original letters of commendation of Gaston B. Means from Senator George H. Moses, William J. Burns, Senator Guy D. Goff, and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. They were impressive.

The publisher prepared an appendix for the book. These letters were incorporated in it, as were also many excerpts from the Daugherty investigation record. The publisher submitted the manuscript, with the carefully prepared appendix, to lawyers. As a result, the book was published on March 20, 1930. Nothing had been heard from Means since August 4, 1929.

On April 16 Gaston B. Means walked into the office of the publisher and inquired for his mail.

The next day he explained to me his long absence and silence. He said that he had been engaged by Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the executive council of the National Civic Federation, more than a year before and had been investigating the activities of the communists in this country and Canada and Mexico. He had spent much time in Los Angeles. His family was still living out there.

Means boasted that he had been paid $500 a week, plus his expenses, which often ran up to $2,000 a week. I read a letter to Means from Mr. Easley in which he was told that he could count on eight more weeks at $500 a week.



MEANS told me that he wanted me to meet Mr. and Mrs. Easley and their friend, Mrs. Finley Shepard. He said there were two or three very important books that he wanted me to write. One was to be The Trail of the Reds, giving his recent experiences. Another was to be a vindication of Francis P. Garvan, formerly Alien Property Custodian. This vindication of Mr. Garvan was to expose activities in the Department of Justice during the Harding régime.

Discussions and negotiations concerning the Garvan book project were strung along from April 20 into August, when this project dissolved into thin air—why, how, or wherefore I have yet to learn.

Shortly afterward I had occasion to call on one of the highest officials in Washington. From him I learned a startling fact: that it was absolutely and positively a physical impossibility for Gaston Means ever to have entered the White House to see Mrs. Harding, as he had claimed. The word and authority of this gentleman can- t be questioned. On examination, I found sixteen incidents in the book, The Strange Death of President Harding, telling of his being in the White House with Mrs. Harding.

It was then that I began to consider seriously the possibility of my having been made a dupe.

To be sure, I reasoned, The Strange Death of President Harding was founded on many facts apart from the one question whether Means had visited Mrs. Harding in the White House. Even the high official in Washington referred to had conceded that there was much truth in the story.

The official report of the senatorial investigation I considered authentic beyond any possibility of argument. Most of the book had been founded on it.

Then—the climax!

I WAS given a long affidavit to read, made and signed and sworn to by Gaston B. Means before a notary public, Jesse L. Knapp, on April 15, 1925. In this affidavit he swears that every word of his testimony before the senatorial committee investigating the Department of Justice and the Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, *was false.* That it was all a "frame-up." That the testimony of Roxie Stinson had been cooked up for her also. That he had coached Roxie Stinson.

To quote:

". . . Senator —— for the first time told me that if they could not find anything on the Department of Justice and Mr. Daugherty and the Administration—and so far they had not been able to find anything—then framed evidence would have to be produced . . ."

Referring to Roxie Stinson's testimony, he said:

". . . I will refer to one striking feature of her testimony when she alleges that she saw Jess Smith with seventy-five $1,000 bills or notes. This statement was absolutely a creation of Senator ——'s mind to corroborate the statement he was asking me to make about having collected supposedly from a Jap in the Bellevue Hotel in Washington, D. C., one hundred $1,000 bills and given them to Jess Smith."

Again:

"From the time of my first visit to Senator —— up until the day that I took the stand before the Brookhart-Wheeler Committee I held conferences with Senator —— either in his office or at his home . . . or communicated with him over the telephone every day and every night."

Again:

". . . He told me that he knew that I was the collector for Mr. William J. Burns and Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Jess Smith. I told him repeatedly that this was *absolutely untrue* and that if he really believed or anybody believed that I had ever collected a dollar and given it either to Mr. Burns or Mr. Daugherty or Mr. Jess Smith, they were fools."

I read this affidavit of more than 7,000 words over and over. I could not believe my eyes. He gave the lie to every word that he had sworn to before the senatorial committee. How could this thing be? But—IT WAS!

On top of this, I was told by someone who I believe spoke with knowledge and authority that Mrs. Harding knew nothing whatever at any time about Nan Britton or her child. Demonstrations to me through logical deductions and succession of events have given me the decided opinion that Nan Britton's child is not the child of President Harding. That is my opinion. I cannot prove it, although it has been conclusively proved to my satisfaction.

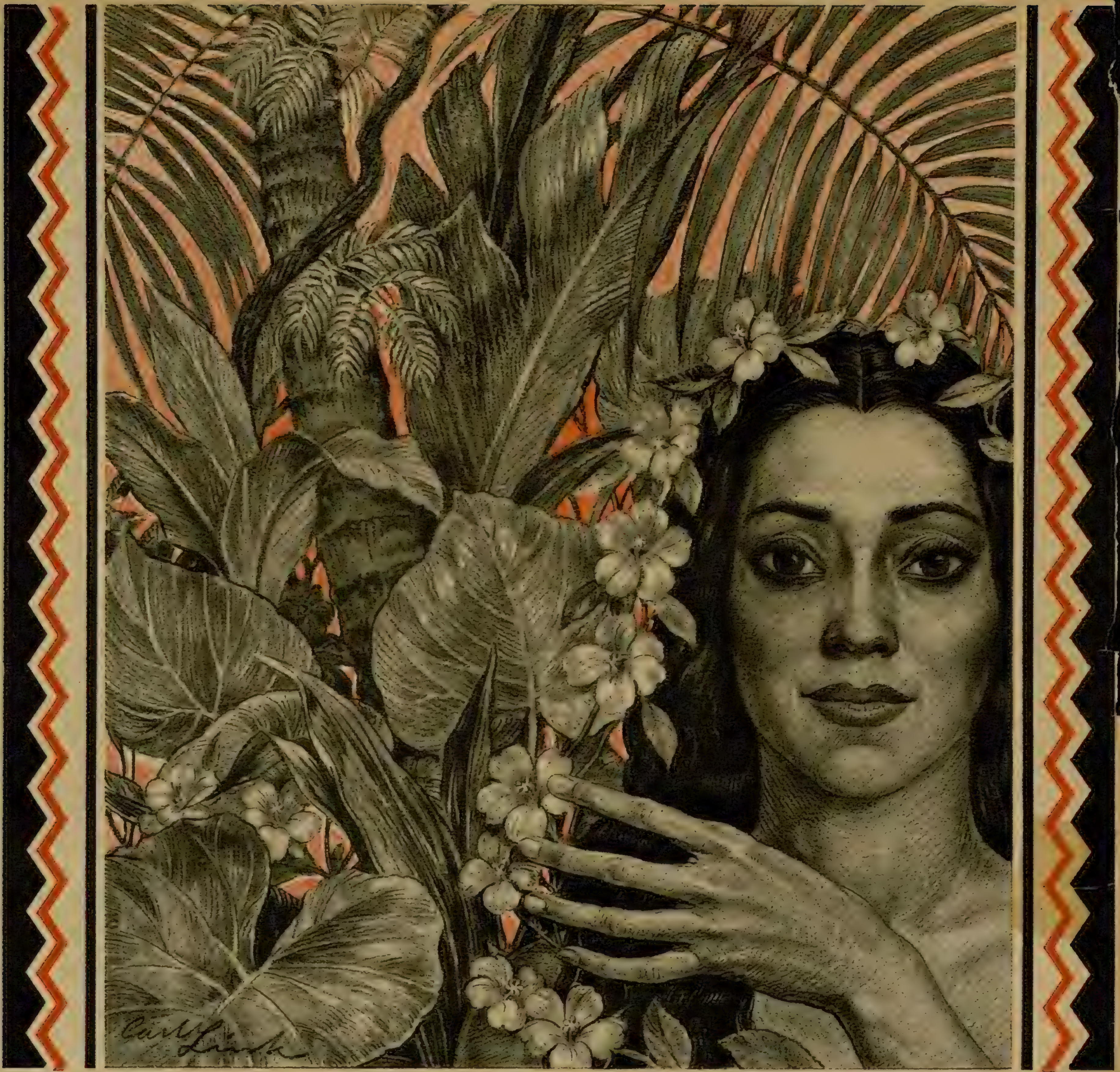
All these things being before me, my duty was clear.

I shrank from it. I went to Europe, thinking that I could perhaps escape the mandates of conscience and fair play.

It was not to be. I *had* to repudiate The Strange Death of President Harding—and Means and all his works.

I had written the book in good faith. I believed that every word was true. May I repeat again that Gaston Means is a convincing person? He has convinced far smarter and wiser people than I.

THE END



Love. Tahiti was full of it. Island of Love, it had been called. You saw it in the women.

The Jasmine Balcony

The Story of a Bride's Reward

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by CARL LINK

(Reading time: 33 min. 45 sec.)

OF course she had not been christened Anita; nobody is. They call you Anna when you are too young to do anything about it, and afterward you name yourself Ann if you think you are going to be a piquant, daring character like the Anns in the novels. Anita, of course, connotes the pictures or the stage.

Calling yourself Anita, unhappily, does not mean that you are going to live up to the name. This girl had not done so. The stage (colonial) had spewed her forth, and she was on her way to court fresh disaster in the cataracts and whirlpools of Hollywood, when she met Bob Kyle.

She had never seen anything like him before. He was tall, well made, and very thin; his clothes were good, and his manner was so completely devoid of manners that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JASMINE BALCONY
Continued from page thirteen

Anita thought at first he must be what she naïvely called a "lord." He spoke so seldom that everyone on the ship respected him; and once, when a quartermaster suddenly went mad, stole the captain's automatic, and invaded the promenade deck threatening to shoot the "sanguinary lot" of passengers, Kyle got him while the others were making up their minds what to do, and laid him out insensible on the deck, with the pistol skimming yards away.

It was then that Anita definitely fell in love with him. They were eight days from Sydney, and he had told her curtly that she was the best-looking girl on the ship; adding, with apparent irrelevance, that he himself was a persistent person. Anita understood.

The end was that, off Tahiti, the Anglican clergyman who was going to San Francisco for a holiday wedded them very quietly in a spare cabin, and ten minutes after they were going down the ship's gangway. "They say that you can live on love and nothing in Tahiti," Bob told her. "Ought to suit us." Anita knew by this time that he was almost penniless, despite the clothes and the luggage. He had not even told her his profession—if he had one. Bob parted with personal facts about as readily and cheerfully as a dog parts with a bone.

But any girl who has kept her end up on the colonial stage for three whole years knows men. Anita trusted.

The Anglican parson had kept them waiting most of the day. He had wanted to speak to the captain; he had wanted to see the British consul; he had urgently required certain papers. The boat was leaving as they went ashore. It did not seem to matter. . . .

"Gosh," said Anita, when they landed, "this is just like the scenery in a revue." She paused on the wharf, enchanted by Papeete's one-side street, with its canopy of flaming poincianas, its smiling, brown-faced people, the Chinese stores and the cars and the buggies, the sea wall where white and pea-green schooners rocked at anchor, bright against the plum-blue peaks of Moorea. The Katara whistled; whistled again; was gone.

"You sit on this seat while I go and look up some kind of a house," Bob told her. "One can get 'm for a pound or so a month, and food'll be half nothing."

SHE was willing to wait; the heat oppressed her, even here in the full current of the sea breeze. And there was plenty to look at. Beautiful native girls in gay little frocks walked past her, flirting with pale French officials; brown young men made like Bacchuses and Mercuries, but unromantically clad in cotton suits, with the "shimmying" movement of the barefoot islander.

Somebody was getting a schooner under way. Anita watched it with delight; it was so like the ships in the films, a toylike pretty thing with pointed sails and the tiniest of cabins. Two men were throwing stores into the open hold as if the devil were after them: an odd sight on Papeete "beach," where no one else seemed to be hurrying. Anita idly watched the men. One of them intrigued her by his resemblance to her husband. She could not exactly place it, but he was like Bob. He moved and held himself in the same way; he had the same brand of iron self-possession; he spoke as Bob did, curtly and to the point.

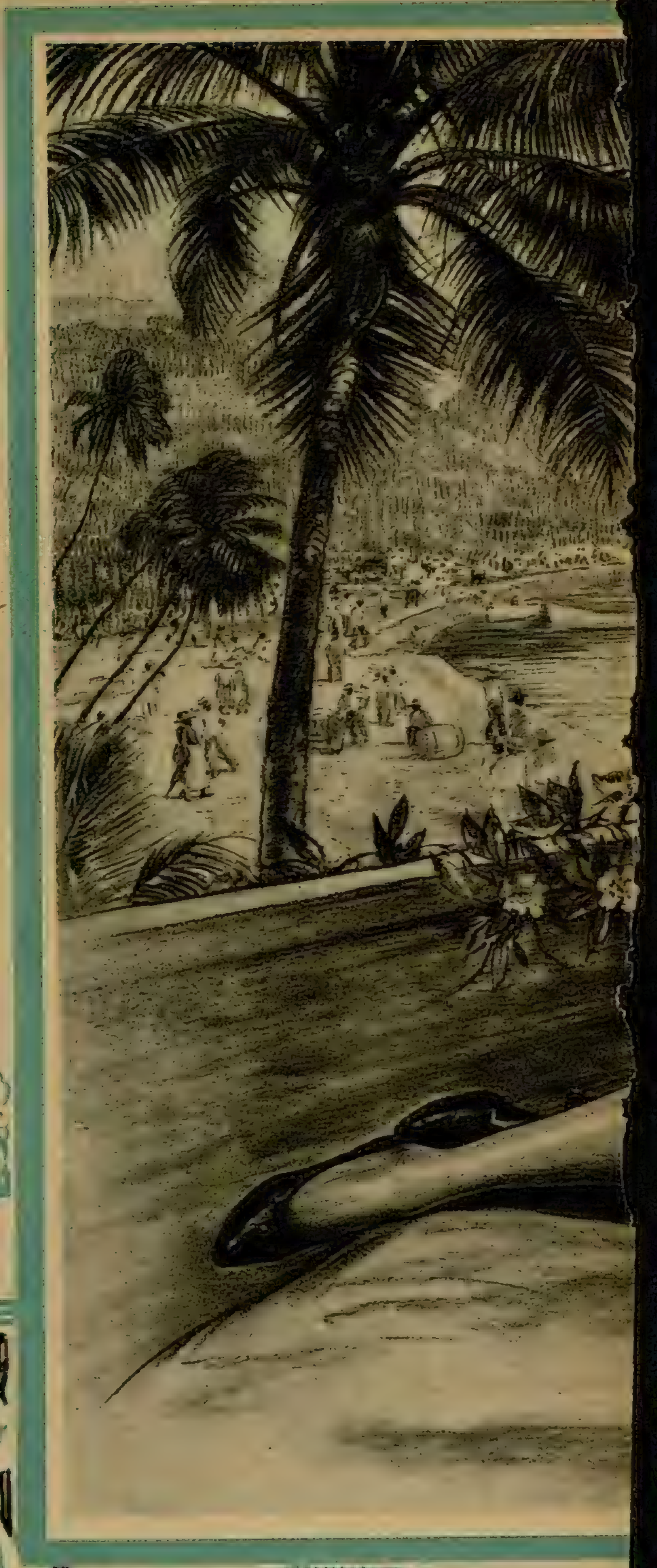
"Hurry," she heard the man say to the Tahitian crew. "Lively with those cases." The other white man was beginning to cast off. "They'll be away in a minute," she thought. "I wish Bob could see them."

Then, suddenly, Bob was there beside her. She could not read his face; it wore an expressionless mask that she had never seen. But the mask itself frightened her as a blank "false face" frightens a child at a masquerade party, and for the same reason she feared what might lie behind it.

"What's the matter?" She was on her feet, holding to his arm. Whatever had happened, she had that to cling to; nothing could hurt her while it stood between her and the world.

He did not immediately reply. "I got the house," he said. "No great shakes, but it's cheap as dirt. Pretty—got a balcony—"

"Yes?"



For once, he was allowed to say what he liked and hint what he chose, make open love to "Jasmine."

"And when I was paying the rent in advance for a month the owner said I'd have to see the police. So I went to the police. And they said—"

He paused for a moment. Sail was being hoisted on the schooner. Creak, creak, went the blocks.

The sea water, green as grass, slapped noisily at the harbor wall.

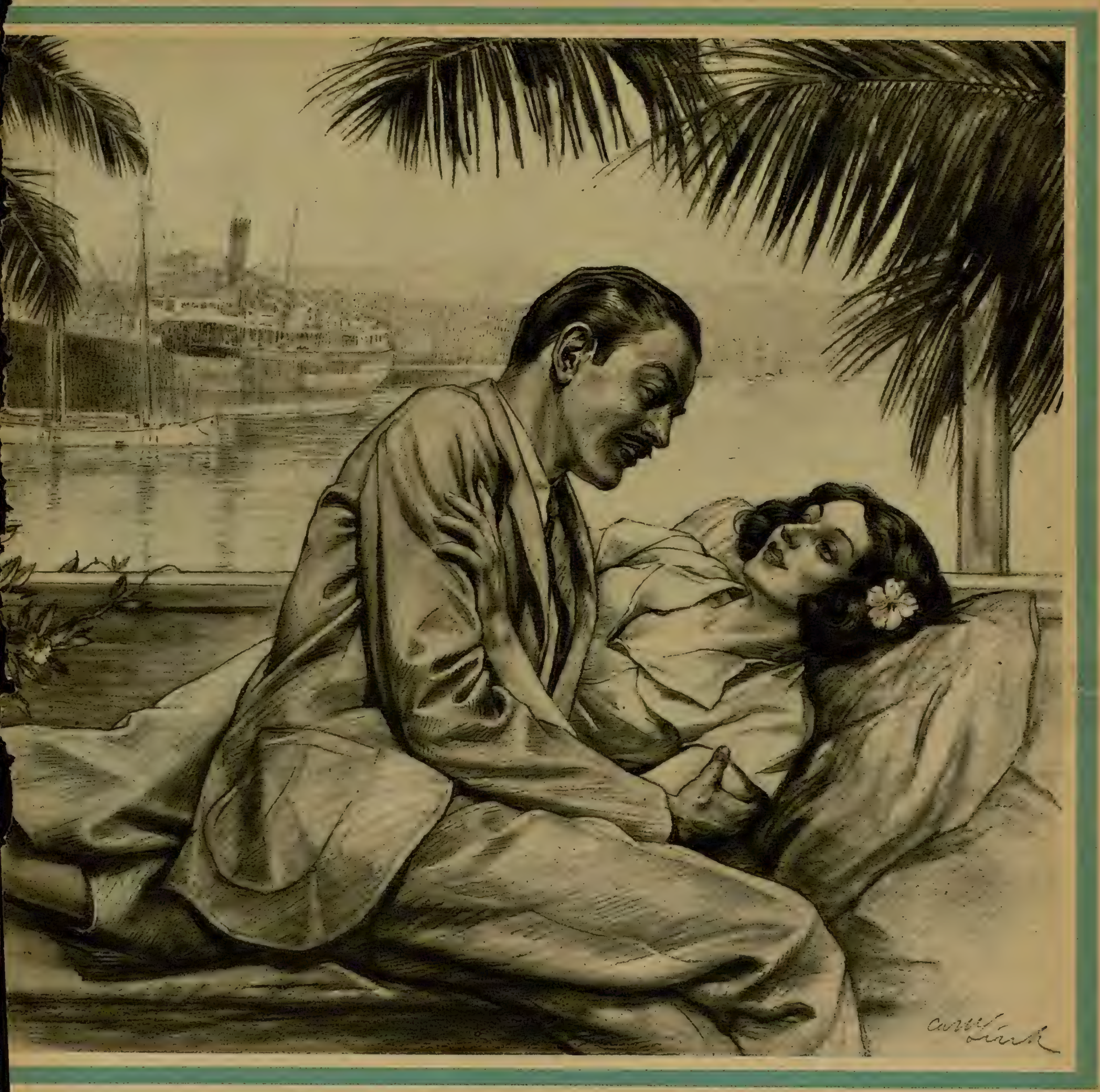
"They said—we can't stay."

"What!"

"Yes. There are laws, it seems—you can't stop if you haven't money to keep you. Damn it, we could have managed."

"We could! We could! I don't care if I starved, if I—you—" She was very near tears.

"The Ville de Beuzeval comes in this afternoon, due now, and sails for Panama tomorrow. They'll dump one of us on board. I can just raise the wind for a third-class ticket to the Canal Zone, and I have a friend or two who'll look after you till I come along."



"But," she asked, "what'll happen to you—without money?"

"What, me? Oh, they'll let me—work it out." He grinned.

Anita had had next to no time to become acquainted with this new husband of hers. Nevertheless, she did not like that grin.

"YOU mean something horrid," she declared. Her imagination figured him working on the roads as a common laborer; nothing worse. She did not know how easy it is for a stranger to slip into jail in a French colony; how hardly he gets out again. "If you have to go shoveling dirt—" she began.

Bob suddenly roared with laughter. One of the men on the schooner ceased from loading stores; turned round and looked at him.

Bob said, returning to gravity, "I reckon I could do that if I had to." Then he pulled her aside. "Sit down," he told her, motioning her to a stone bench all spattered with blood-red petals of poinciana flowers. "Listen, sweetheart. We've got to see this through. It's not so bad. We'll go to the house with the balcony and stay there till tomorrow, and then I'll send you off on the Ville de Beuzeval, and my friend and his wife in Cristobal will look after you for a few weeks, till I can scratch up a bit of cash somehow and follow. I know a bloke who'll grubstake—I mean he'll employ me in the Canal Zone at my own job. . . . What is it? Thought I told you. I'm a kind of working geologist. I'll come, all right; don't you be afraid. And we'll have the time of our young lives down there. You don't know how they can hit things up in a Spanish city."

Anita, not at all concerned about Spanish cities, said, wiping her eyes openly, "Anyhow, you'll have that house to live in, since you paid."

"That—or another," said Bob easily. ("Something a darn sight bigger and a darn sight less comfortable," he told himself.) "Give us a kiss, girl—what're you blushing for? Don't you know this is Papeete, where everything goes? The only impropriety here is not to have a lover. . . . That was good. Now I reckon I can stand the price of one of these decayed taxis as far as th

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JASMINE BALCONY
Continued from page fifteen

house. 'Afterward,'" he went on, "'the happy pair departed by motor for the Tahitian Riviera, where the honeymoon will be—' What's that?"

One of the men on the schooner was hailing him: "Hey, Bob! Bob Kyle!"

Anita felt his arm slacken on hers. Saw the familiar dancing lights in his eyes change suddenly to strange fires she had never seen. He swung round on the stone bench. "Hallo, Alligator," was all he said; but in that instant Anita, high-strung to breaking point by the emotions of her great day, sensed the thing that had not been said; knew that fate was striking.

"Come on board," the man called out. It was the man whom Anita had stared at, thinking him like Bob. She saw now that he was about Bob's age, lean and brown like Bob, and with Bob's own way of moving and speaking. Otherwise he was quite unlike: sandy where Bob was dark, eyes gooseberry color instead of sapphire-gray. The man called Alligator was staring at Bob as if he wanted to eat him.

Something seemed to pass between the two without words. "Wait a minute," Bob told her, and leaped on to the schooner. They went right up into the bow and talked.

It was hardly more than a minute before Bob came back. The mask was down upon his face again; she could not read it.

He answered with frightful directness:

"If I go with that man, we can be rich."

"But—" she said, and stopped. She could not have completed a sentence with the hand of those words clutching at her throat.

"I should be away maybe a month, maybe two. We'd have all we want. Be safe."

"What is it?" she managed to get out.

"I can't tell you."

"Wouldn't there be room—"

"Not a chance."

"You—you—would go tomorrow?"

"Now."

"What!"

"Anita—I'm not going unless you say the word. It's the h— I mean, it's a pity they can't stop. But Alligator—that's Bill Corkery, old mate of mine—says he couldn't trust his native crew five minutes, now they know. Well—it's up to you. If you say the word, I'll get into that car with you, and we can go off to the house, and Alligator can go to blazes."

"You'd better—do what you want," she found breath to say. The blazing poinciana trees, the staring natives, the shops and the town were spinning about her, but she kept her head.

"It's for you to decide," he answered her impassively. She could not read him, but she knew that underneath that granite calm the man's whole being waited, shaken by passions mysterious, unknown.

And she had thought she held him in her hand!

Only her knowledge of men, gained in hard years upon the stage, kept her from crying out—there upon the sun-struck wharf, with the natives and the idle whites standing round: "You're mine! You'll stay with me." But that knowledge, and her love, drove back the words she knew to be as fatal as Elsa's cry to Lohengrin in the wedding chamber.

She said, "You'd better go, Bob."

He did not answer her for quite five seconds, and then he told her curtly: "I was right when I married you."

The poincianas, the grape-green sea, the shops, and the town ceased whirling. There was something in Bob's eyes that steadied them; steadied her.

On the little boat, the crew were loosing the moorings. The man called Alligator shouted.

Bob pulled her aside into the shade. He began to empty his pockets. A gold watch. A silver cigar lighter. Fifteen pounds in cash. A seal ring from his finger. "There's six weeks good in these," he said, "maybe more—and I'll be back in a month or so. And you've got the balance of your ticket to Frisco if—"

She interrupted him: "I shan't want that."

"Good." He was beckoning to the chauffeur, a tea-brown, big-eyed Tahitian. "Drive this lady. . . . Take the suitcase." He hadn't called her love or sweetheart or anything. He slung the case into the car, lifted her in by one elbow, and leaned over the door. He got his arms round her; she lost breath and sight for a long moment. "Go on," someone said to the chauffeur; maybe it was Bob. She was alone in the car, pressing her bruised lips with her hand, and the road was flying beneath her, and she hadn't seen him sail away because she could see nothing.

They were away from the town, under an arcade of palms.

"Madame wants?" said the chauffeur.

Anita knew what it was to pull herself together, run gayly out before the crowd, with throat burning and eyes wet. The crowd here was only one Tahitian, but the principle was the same.

"I want the house with the jasmine balcony," she said in halting French. . . .

The chauffeur got a fare back to town—more luck than he had expected. A white monsieur, who had been standing in the road when he drove up with madame.

"Who's the girl you drove?" asked the monsieur, who was a rich young gentleman and very chic.

"Do I know?" answered the Tahitian regretfully. "They say in town she was married this morning."

"Married to whom?"

"To an English or an Owstralian, who has sailed away on a boat."

"Sailed away?" The monsieur gave a sudden laugh. "They are all mad, the English, and the Owstralians more so," he said. Something seemed to have pleased him; he paid the chauffeur well.

Then began for Anita those days of torment about which she hardly dared to think years after. For the first time, she was learning the lesson, known too well to many Australian women—how one kept on living and hoping when one's man was gone into a void as blank as the emptiness that surrounds the stars. How one added day to day, and week to week, and said to one's thirsting heart: "Not yet; you can't drink yet." To one's troubled, questing mind: "Not time to worry—yet."

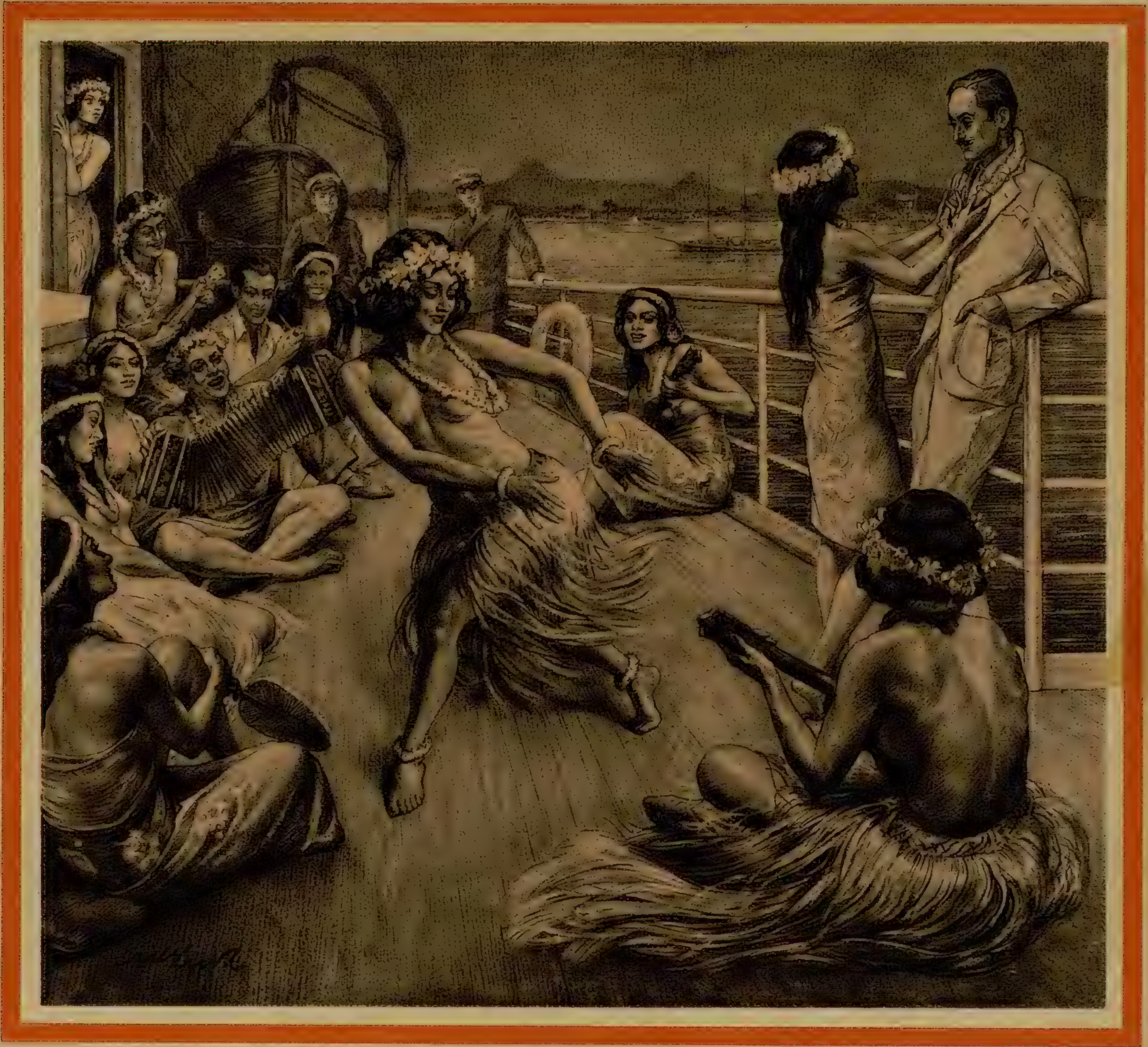
But for the beauty of the place, she thought she could not have lived. Yet sometimes she thought it was the beauty, nothing else, that put the sharpest edge on her pain. And the happiness, and the love.

Love. Tahiti was full of it. Island of Love, it had been called. She was learning the meaning of that.

You saw it in the women, the brown barelegged creatures who covered their vibrant bodies with civilized frocks that instantly became uncivilized, shaking with the wind of an always impending hula-hula; who looked only out of the corners of their long, water-bright eyes; who let their hair hang loose, with tiere and jasmine twined in it, sweeping it about as a peacock sweeps his train. They never worked, it seemed. They had no household duties—or did not do them if they had. They sat on the shore beneath the amber-green palm shadows, plaiting leaf baskets or crowns of flowers; and there was always a long, lazy, dark-eyed youth beside them, and almost always the regretful music of guitars, absently twanging, or the desirous wail of the accordion.

Anita, bride left alone, looked at them from her jasmine balcony by day; listened to them at night. Sometimes she went swiftly in and closed the doors.

The monsieur who had seen her enter the house of the balcony went past one day when she was sitting, as usual,



She tore the jasmine garland from her neck, tossed it over his.

half hidden among the flowers, leaning on an arm as white as the blossoms above her, and looking through the leaves at the roadway that was her only book.

She had seen him pass a good many times; she was beginning to know all the people who went up and down that road. Most of them, in a manner typically French, minded their own business.

THE monsieur stopped and spoke—under the balcony, looking up at her and showing his fine teeth. He was young, not more than twenty-seven or -eight, and he had he slightly effeminate coloring, the red lips, ivory skin, hat marks so many quite masculine and hardy French-en. Anita thought him very girlish-looking, a bit ft.

She was not angry when he addressed her in excellent glish—the first she had heard for some time—and ed her whether he could have a few sprays of the ine to make a funeral wreath.

ou have the best in Papeete there," he explained, my servants want some of it to bury a little child —they're afraid to come and ask." He looked as if ould have liked to smile, but of course you couldn't e talking about funerals.

He has servants; a home. Probably he was married, o.

Anita said that of course he could have the flowers. e knew he was going to ask her if he might come up, and to forestall that she ran down the stairs with her arms full of blossoms, and offered them to him and to a withered-looking Tahitian woman who suddenly appeared from nowhere among the palms.

"Take them," he said. She knew what he was going to say next; she had heard that kind of thing so many times, and cared for it as little as any pretty girl could care. On the stage—

But what was he saying?

"Well, Mrs. Kyle, and may I ask when you expect your husband back?"

"You know him?" Anita demanded, her face lighting up.

"No, madame," said the young man, with a boyish grin that made her like him. "I was only feeling you out. I don't know Mr. Kyle, but a friend in the customs told me of the difficulty he was in, and so I came along to ask you—being left alone—if I could be any help. You see, madame, I've been in Owstralia, quite a lot, before I settled down here as a planter, and some of the Owstralian girls broke my heart so many times that I've always been grateful to them for my being a single man. And so I thought, when my cook wanted the flowers, 'Why, here is the happy oportunity to help an Owstralian.' And so I'm come."

He looked so jolly, standing there in the long grass and laughing as if he had been a schoolboy out for a holiday,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

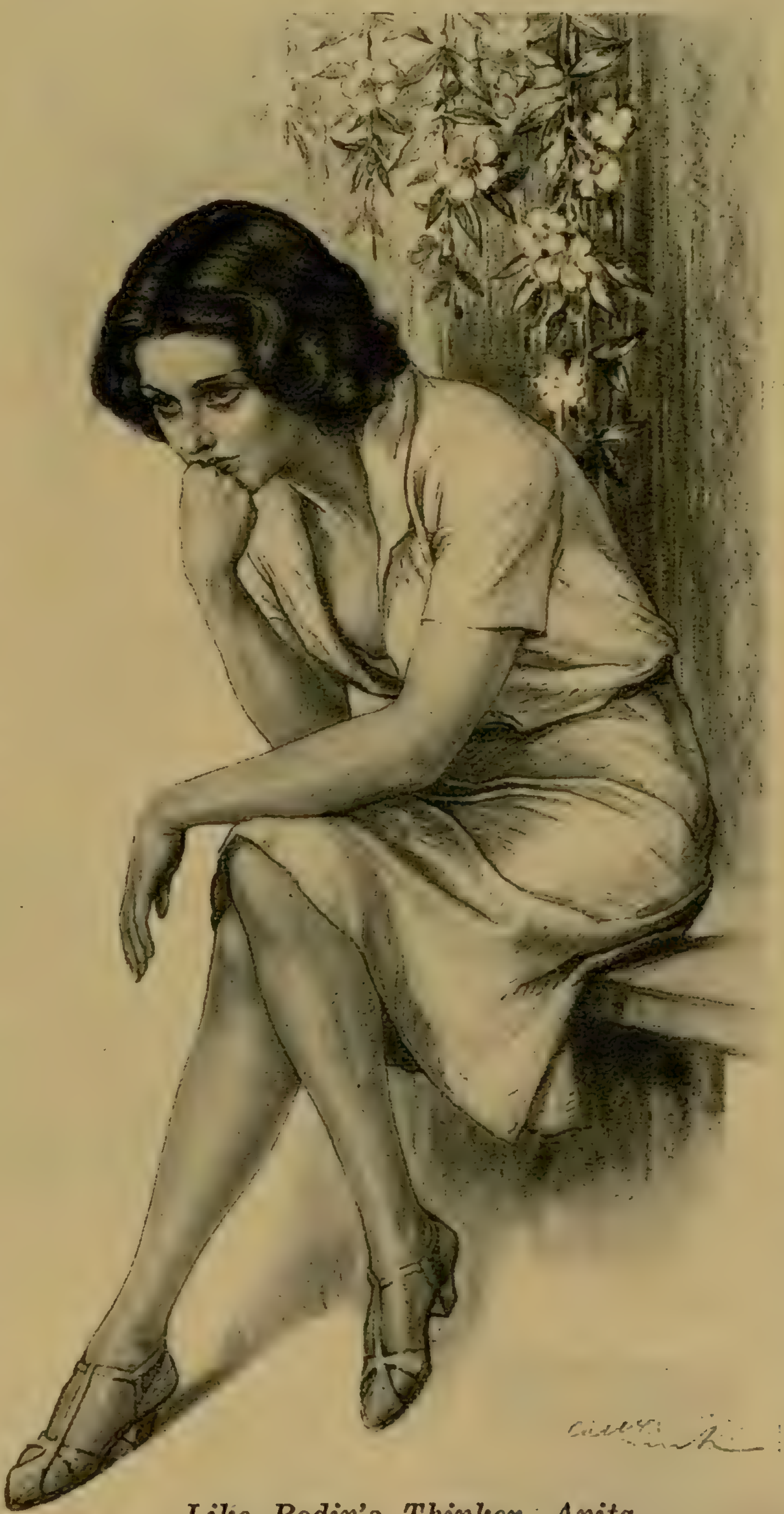
THE JASMINE BALCONY
Continued from page seventeen

that the youth in Anita sprang happily up to meet him.

"If you don't mind coming into the old boatshed—" she said. That was open. You could talk without setting other people talking in another way.

They went underneath the pillared second story to the boat slip. "I'm Maurice Lechesne," he told her, taking his seat on a broken staging. "And if you want anything, just ask me." It was lovely out there, after so many days and days spent moping in the house, except when one went reluctantly out for a solitary walk.

Maurice talked about Australia; about the Harbor Bridge; called it a song in steel, the veritable note of a rainbow flung across the sky. She didn't understand, but her Sydney heart rejoiced. He spoke of surfing at Bondi, and tears came into her eyes as she thought of Sundays spent in the stinging thunder of the beaches under Australian blue. He told her about life in Tahiti; the wild bright flowers, and the magic valleys under the Diadem, and how you could live among the chiefs of the mountains, dressing like a native or not at all, as you pleased, and feast like a king, and dance all night and sleep all day. "It wants money," he said; "so do all pleasant things. But I've got money." She thought he must have had a marvelous time.



Like Rodin's Thinker, Anita sat behind the screen of jasmine flowers.

"BUT a little thatched cottage on the beach would please me as well," she said. "Or a little hut on the banks of one of those rivers, like rivers in stage scenery, you know."

"You are delightfully naïve, petite Anita," he laughed, using her Christian name. Or was that when they met the second time? Not the third; he had come to calling her *chéri* then. But it was all perfectly right; they never met except in the deserted boatshed that ran underneath the long-deserted house, an open place in full view from the road. And Anita, used to the life of the stage, couldn't see herself without at least one "boy." Her heart was so sore for Bob, all the time, that she could have burst out crying at any moment of the day or night by just letting herself go. But boys were boys, and she knew how to take care of herself.

It must have been about the fourth meeting that he began to call her Jasmine. "I can't think of you as anything else," he told her. "You are a human jasmine flower in your color and grace and in the perfume of your mind."

He talked like a book, as Englishmen or Australians did not talk.

He was always talking; he took pains to amuse and interest her. He was telling her that she must not let herself mope and grow lonely. She must take a run in his car and see the garden of a friend of his. "You may be a long time in Tahiti," he said. "You ought to begin to know the country beyond a walk."

It seemed as if a cold wind blew upon her. "What do you mean, saying I'll be a long time here?" she cried suddenly. "How dare you talk like that? No, I don't want to come in your car. I don't go joy-riding with people I don't know."

She jumped up from the pile of planks where she had been sitting very contentedly beside Maurice, who looked so nice, who had such beautiful thick young hair, smoothed back like flowing honey; Maurice with the perfect clothes and the well tended hands. She ran up the stairs and into the long, empty, echoing rooms above.

She peered out through a rent in one of the broken walls. He was gone.

That night she asked herself for the first time, roundly, whither had Bob sailed, and why? She did not distrust him, but she had been conscious, from the first, of some weighty secret. Weighty indeed, since it had made him leave her with the ring scarce warm upon her finger, and the sound of the heavy words "till death us do part" yet ringing in her ears! Death hadn't parted them, but life had done it, perhaps more completely. For the first time, she let herself believe that Bob might never come back. She knew him for a man who courted danger, if one could call his utter indifference courting. His faith she could trust, but could she trust the chances of a cruel world leagued against him? There were a thousand ways to die, and only one way of living. How did anyone ever reach middle age? She might indeed "be a long time in Tahiti." She might never go away again!

For she knew that, as long as she did not hear of Bob's death or see his return, she was chained to the house of the jasmine balcony. Money might run out; it had a way of doing that. She would find more, if she had to sew for her living, or scrub floors somewhere in town. She would do anything—almost—to stay, and stay, and wait.

IT was during the ninth week of her stay that she made her visit to the market.

She did not often go there. It was held in the middle of the town at five in the morning, a mile or more from the house of the jasmines. You met very few white people, mostly natives and native servants, but still you did run the chance of seeing someone who would stare wonder, whisper. . . . Anita was bitterly sensitive t these partly imaginary, partly actual stares and con ments. Not in Tahiti, she knew, could a young, prett woman be deserted on her wedding day without settin tongues to clack.

But the food in the market was better and chea than anywhere else, and now her money was beginnin run low. She had counted on selling her steamer t back to the company, and they had told her she could the French authorities, they said, would come down her like a ton of bricks if she didn't hold fast to that la life-saving spar. So now she had to count the fran that were twopence each, the very centimes, almost inca culably small. And in the market you got fish for a da fruit and yams for two, at the price of an English sixpence.

In her eternal washed white frock, with her palm-leaf basket on her arm, she went shyly through the warm, starry dark to the market house, a little guilty thing, convicted in the eyes of the town, as well as in her own, of the unforgivable crime of poverty. Silver and blue and gold, scarlet and chrome-yellow, the marvelous fish of the lagoon lay heaped in sparkling piles; bananas spread green fingers; mangoes, oranges, melons, pawpaws, and a score of other wonderful tropic fruits were massed in jewel-bright pyramids. "It's like Goblin Market," thought Anita, who had read a great deal. "And almost as cheap!" She was glad; she began to price the cheaper fish and the commoner fruit. Five francs would go a long, long way—

Maurice!

There. Behind the big stand of bananas. She could not see him, but she could hear his voice. She did not want him to see her, in her tumbled frock, buying watermelon and flying fish. Quietly she slipped out of sight and waited. He couldn't be long. She knew quite well why he was there. She had heard that some of the Frenchmen, after a gay night, going home were used to stop before dawn at the market building, hot and thirsty, to buy slices of rock melon, or suck a mountain orange cool as snow. Maurice would make his purchases and go on.

BUT he did not go, and he was not buying fruit. Anita peered round the corner of a huge pile of pumpkins. He was standing with his back to her, talking quietly and earnestly with a man whom Anita recognized as one of the higher police officials.

Instinct, as much as innate fear of the French police, warned her to slip back out of sight. Curiosity urged her to listen. She could do that well enough. She had studied French at school, and even taken prizes. But, discovering here in Tahiti that her accent was quite appalling, she had remained mute, except when driven by necessity. She could not catch all that Maurice was saying, but enough came to her ears to set her heart leaping wildly and make her breath come short as if she had been running.

"What luck, meeting you—it'll save me a call at the bureau. You have the list of passengers for today's steamer?"

"Certainly. He is there. If he comes ashore, we have him."

"But, my friend, this man is too clever; he won't come ashore; and we can do nothing on a British ship."

The gendarme laughed. "Monsieur," he observed, "you of all people ought to know how he is likely to ome. You are making fun of me."

Maurice laughed. Something in he laugh made Anita's cheeks and ingers tingle. . . . What was he aying now?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wrong laxatives are worse than none at all!

Many people make a mistake of using *violent* laxatives. So they purge themselves one day—only to find they are more constipated than ever the next.

When trying to overcome the evils of constipation, it's wise to consider some of the things that your doctor knows about this important subject.

What doctors look for

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach—disturbing the digestive processes.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle in action.

It should not irritate and overstimulate the intestines—weakening the natural functions.

It should not be habit-forming.

It should not gripe.

Here's *one* laxative that checks on every point the doctor looks for—Ex-Lax.

It is the exclusive Ex-Lax formula combining a delicious chocolated base with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Gently yet thoroughly, Ex-Lax stimulates the bowels to normal, healthful action. It doesn't "whip" the intestines—it exercises them! It simply helps Nature to help you.

30,000,000 boxes yearly

Take Ex-Lax tonight. Results will delight you. Its safe, gentle action makes Ex-Lax ideal for children as well as for adults.

Your druggist has Ex-Lax in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
The Ex-Lax Company, P. O. Box 170,
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........
L-111

Keep "Regular" *with* **EX-LAX**

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

THE JASMINE BALCONY
Continued from page nineteen

"In effect, officer, you compliment me. But don't you think he may simply send a message, a summons, to the *petite belle?*"

"If he is a fool, that is what he will do," replied the gendarme. "We, we can attend to that part of it. Madame will make an excellent bait in the trap."

"You are having the house watched?"

"From the moment the boat comes in until she sails at ten tonight. *Merci*, monsieur. This is a cigar such as one seldom sees. Monsieur is very good."

"A brother official is always welcome."

"Indeed, that is hardly a jest, monsieur; without you, in many ways, we should be at a loss. What a pity monsieur is too rich to be in the force!"

"The Sherlock Holmes was not in any force, my friend."

"Ah, well, duty calls. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Sherlock. My most devoted sentiments to the charming madame." He said something else in a low voice.

Maurice laughed and poked him in the ribs. "Now to get my oranges," he said. "My faith, officer, when the news breaks out, this town will be alive!"

The officer didn't seem pleased; he swore as he turned away. But not at Maurice; Anita almost thought he was swearing about Bob.

SHE seized her opportunity and fled, padding noiselessly in her cheap sand shoes out of the market and by devious ways back to the jasmine balcony. She flung her purchases on a shelf, and in the rising dawn sat down to think. What had it all been about? What had Bob done, that the French government should be so anxious to get hold of him? Nothing wrong, she was sure; something daring and illegal, likely enough. But the ship was coming in today, and Bob—Bob!—was on it. How could she think of anything else?

She must think. She must know. Biting the ends of her pink, pretty nails, she sat on the broken-down sofa, thinking, thinking, till her head went round. And the problem seemed no nearer of solution.

Until, with the sudden outbreak of noise, traffic, laughing and shouting along a road usually quiet, she found it.

Something was the matter with Papeete. Not thus did the sleepy town and its suburbs usually begin the day. Motors were whizzing into the port. Lorries were running. Men were galloping on horseback, trotting hard in buggies. Down in the bay white sails began to glide, launches to putter. This was steamer day, certainly, but the steamer was not due for hours, and never, on any boat day that Anita yet had seen, had the town behaved in such a crazy manner.

One of the strangest things about its craziness was that the Tahitians took no part. They, the emotional, the easily moved, kept the common tenor of their way, carrying bales of fruit into the town, washing their eternal clothes and taking their eternal baths in the river, breakfasting on the open verandas of their little houses, without a trace of hurry or excitement. One could almost have sworn they were laughing at the whites. What in heaven's name could it be all about? . . .

Back to Anita's mind came a memory of touring days in West Australia. Of a town they had entered with their company, only to meet the whole of the inhabitants fleeing in cars, on horses, and afoot, as if the plague were in the place. She remembered that time well; it had almost left them stranded, flung penniless on a desolate shore by the outbreak of the famous Gum Flats gold field.

"Gold!" cried Anita. Like the bursting of a dam, knowledge descended upon her. She understood everything. From the moment when Bob had left her to join the stern-faced men in the little boat, up to the dialogue in the market that morning, all became plain.

"And I—not to guess!" she thought. "I don't deserve to be an Australian."

For in Australia the prospector, the pioneer, is honored. Only Anita's town-bred life, that had brought her little in contact with the grand men of outback, could have excused her ignorance, to her own mind or to that of any fellow countryman.

Bob's "mates"—that potent word—had found gold on some island belonging to France; were just off to exploit the discovery when they encountered him. Doubtless they needed one more man. Even if they hadn't, the "mate" would not have been left out. As to his girl, sweetheart or wife—when did a gold miner ever put love before gold?

Oh, she knew, she knew now! Knew what she had wedded.

But there were other things to think of. Gold is not, in a French colony, the property of the discoverer. Very far from it. Without question, Bob had driven a coach and six through any number of laws. That he had got all he wanted, contrived to keep his secret and the secret of his mates, long enough to make a fortune, Anita, knowing him, was sure. All Tahiti was "on to it" now. That meant that Bob had done.

How he had come aboard the down boat from San Francisco she did not know, and it did not matter. What she feared was that he would go ashore in the darkness of the night, make straight for the house of the jasmine balcony, and fall into the hands of the watching police. He could not know that she had heard of his presence on the boat; he wouldn't expect her to come on board. Quietly he would come to her, intending quietly to smuggle her off.

Like Rodin's Thinker, Anita sat behind the screen of jasmine flowers, head poised on delicate wrist. For the space of half an hour she hardly moved. Down the road went the hurrying stream of motors, buggies, and horses. Out in the bay, boat after boat spread silver wings and fled; launch engines chattered, faded, and were still. At last she rose. She knew what she was going to do.

An iron, the kerosene stove. Now, her worn dress off her back, washed, starched, dried, done up. Combs tight in her hair, setting the wave. Make-up box; rouge and lipstick and powder, plenty of each; black for the eyes. Scent. A flower over her ear. Good, all that.

It was Sunday. Maurice always came on Sundays. He was not likely to fail today.

He did not fail. Anita received him, for the first time, in the upper story of the house, on the balcony. Behind was her own room, into which she saw him peeping curiously as they talked. Maurice was daring that afternoon, and Anita, for once, did not resent his daring. For once, he was allowed to say what he liked and hint what he chose, make open love to "Jasmine."

ANITA handled him expertly. When her venturesome experiment began to succeed a little too well, she tried to think that it was just stage stuff; let him kiss her as much as he liked, and told him, cooing in his arms, in full view of a street that nothing could scandalize, how much she cared for him, how hard it had been for her to refuse his love. There was just enough truth in this to give it a convincing sound; in very deed, she had been somewhat tempted by Maurice's bright youth—until today.

When he left, reluctantly, it was with a promise that he might come back at ten o'clock, after the early moon had sunk and darkness veiled the approach to the house of the jasmine balcony. Anita feigned modesty, girlish fright, regard for her reputation.

Maurice went away chuckling. The situation pleased him. Piquant! That neglectful husband hurrying to surprise his wife; being surprised himself by Maurice's police, planted all round the house, while Maurice himself, safe inside, made love to Mme. Jasmine. Yes, there was a tang to it that he liked. He walked quickly on his way down to the parked car, held himself very straight, and twirled the short hairs of his Chaplin mustache. After all, there was nobody like him!

Left alone, in the growing dusk Anita did severa things rapidly. She filled her lamp, lighted it, and set i on the table. She had told Maurice that her signal would be the extinguishing of that lamp at ten o'clock. He would watch for it—how long? Perhaps twenty minutes before he became bold and made his way into the house, lamp or none. That would do.

Next she took out her make-up box, and swiftly covered her face, arms, legs, and feet with brown grease paint. She let down her hair, took off her dress, hunted for a gift that one of the Tahitian girls had made her. They made many little gifts, and asked for no return; they were not like the whites, who despised her poverty. This gift was quite valuable; it was an entire dancing dress such as those used in the hula-hulas: a cape and skirt of flowing grasses, and a woven grass hood to put over the head. You danced in this, provocatively hidden, and in the latter stages of the revel dropped the garments one by one.

Over her slip Anita put on the dress, pulling the fringed hood low down upon her forehead. She hung wreaths of flowers about her neck, and set flowers behind each ear. She was a clever dancer; the movement of the hula-hula was child's play to her. As she slipped down into the road, taking the back staircase that led through the boatshed, she paused now and then, in the moony twilight, to shimmy and shake like the hula dancers. No one who saw her could suppose she was anything but one of Papeete's many dancing girls, going to fulfill an engagement.

SHE reached the wharf without difficulty or delay. The town was mad that night. People who had not succeeded in getting boats were drinking and cursing in the hotels, fighting outside on the pavement. Men who had boats, but did not intend to leave till daylight, were drinking and singing out in the water.

Nobody left his craft unguarded on such a night.

The liner, lying at the wharf, was comparatively deserted. Only a few white people had gone on board. A number of natives, not concerned with the gold rush and rather scornful of it, were ascending the gangway in a chattering crowd. Men and girls with guitars, accordions, ukuleles, girls clad in the same hula costume that Anita was wearing, ready to dance and shimmy and shake in the well known way, afterward to drop the enveloping fringes, bit by bit, for the wild orgy of the end.

Anita let them pass; waited until they had begun. The guitars were plunking, the accordions beginning to wail. She could hear the shuffle-shuffle of bare feet on the decks; cries from the dancers. She went up the gangway and, in a feigned native accent, asked a steward for the number of Mr. Kyle's cabin. Twenty-two A. Now she would find him, hide till the ship sailed. Here was the open space of deck where the girls were advanc-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"SPINACH—BAH!
BRING ME
CORNED BEEF
AND CABBAGE!"

If it's food
I eat it now
..thanks to TUMS

LIFE is worth living again for Russ Jones. People used to kid him because he seemed to eat nothing but spinach and invalid dishes. But now, he enjoys his favorite foods without fear of indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, gas or acidity. He simply carries in his pocket a roll of the new candy-like, antacid mints—Tums. No afternoons or evenings are spoiled for him now on account of upset stomach. He gets real enjoyment from his meals because he can eat his favorite foods without fear of distressing after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) suffers frequent indigestion. Hasty eating, wrong food combinations and nervous strain are common causes. Many people say they cannot eat the very foods they like best—such as hot biscuits, mince pie, coffee—dressing and gravy—onions and radishes—cabbage—cucumbers—without getting a sour, burning sensation or a nauseating gassy fullness. Excessive smoking very often causes the same troubles.

But now there is automatic, pleasant, almost instant relief. When some favorite food distresses you, simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough. You'll like Tums. They are so much more agreeable, safe and handy than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations. Carry a roll in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE
Thousands of people are buying Tums in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE. For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS

EAT LIKE CANDY
ONLY 10¢

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Keeps Your

HAIR NEAT

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

THE JASMINE BALCONY
Continued from page twenty-one

ing and retreating, weaving arms above heads in coy invitation. Here she must cross. . . . And here she came, without warning, upon Maurice.

He had been dining on the ship, and was now idling at the rail scanning the hula-hula with bored, experienced eyes. Anita could see that he had been drinking, but he had all his wits about him—she was sure. She did not dare to cross the deck right in front of him. What had brought him aboard? Something to do with Bob, no doubt. Did he mean to wait and shadow him off the ship?

It was well after half past nine o'clock. If something didn't happen, if she couldn't get to Bob's cabin somehow, all her plans would be of no avail. Bob would certainly go ashore.

Not till her man, or her child, is threatened, does any woman know how swift, how wily, she can be.

Anita did not dare to cross the electric-lighted deck, in her disguise, before the critical stare of Maurice. But she thought she knew a way. . . .

One of the wildest of the dancers she recognized as a friend of hers, little Talofa, the half Samoan. Anita, three-fourths hidden in the doorway, whispered to her as she passed: "Throw Maurice your flowers."

IMPERCEPTIBLY the Samoan nodded; continued the dance. With tiniest heel and toe steps mincing up to Maurice, she tore the jasmine garland from her neck, tossed it over his, and, chuckling, fled. Anita looked to see him pursue her; it was almost etiquette. He did nothing of the kind. What was he doing with the necklace? Lifting it to his face, smelling it?

Yes. And now, careless of Talofa, he turned to face the ship's rail, whence he could see down the curving shore of the bay, past the ship lights and the town lights, to where, a long mile off, burned steadily the lamp in the jasmine balcony. And as he looked at it, and Anita from her hiding place craned forth and looked too, the lamp went out.

She was never to know what had done it—a gust of wind, the failing of the oil, a stray cat jumping on the table. But out it went, and Maurice, turning up his wrist to look at his watch, and seeing that it yet wanted twenty-five minutes of ten, burst into a laugh that made Anita draw back into her refuge, shuddering. In that moment she knew truly what he was.

He threw a ribald jest over his shoulder to the steamer passengers, shouted another to Talofa, and was gone. His motor whirred on the wharf immediately below.

Anita, mingling with the dancers, crossed the deck and faded like a shadow into the white warm alleyway beyond. Eighteen, twenty, twenty-two—Bob's cabin. Her fingers tapping tremulously on the door—her heart beating wildly—the sound of Bob's voice that said "Come in."

She tore the hood from her head, opened the door, and painted, disguised, flung herself into arms that knew her, and held her, as if they would never let her go.

TEN o'clock, and the last whistle gone, the steamer beginning to trample her way out. Anita, on the sofa beside Bob, was telling and hearing, hearing and telling ceaselessly. "You'll have to get clothes from the stewardess." "Were you really going ashore? Oh, if you had—" "And when we got right down to the wash, it ran a couple of ounces to the dish." "But you'll never, never go after gold again—will you?" "Alligator says he knows of a show in—" "Never any more!" "We got across to Mexico when we'd cleaned everything out, and Alligator stayed, but I had to find you somehow, so I chanced it down from Frisco, on the way to good old Sydney. Awfully lonely all the time, poor little girl! But now—Hi, that's the purser; I'll go and see him about your ticket."

He came back in a few minutes. "All set. But do you know who was on the wharf, howling like a dog for them to stop the ship, just after we got under way?"

"That man?" She caught his arm.

"Don't go to market about it. They wouldn't stop—what do you think? One thing's clear: we can never go back there any more."

The sweet, clear rivers; the water lilies, rose and blue; the long green valleys beyond; the happy, lazy, easy, care-free life that she had planned some day, went whirling behind her in the wake of the ship. She knew what she had married. There would be no peace, little rest, in the life that Bob would give her. But he was giving her—Bob.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

WHISTLING CAT

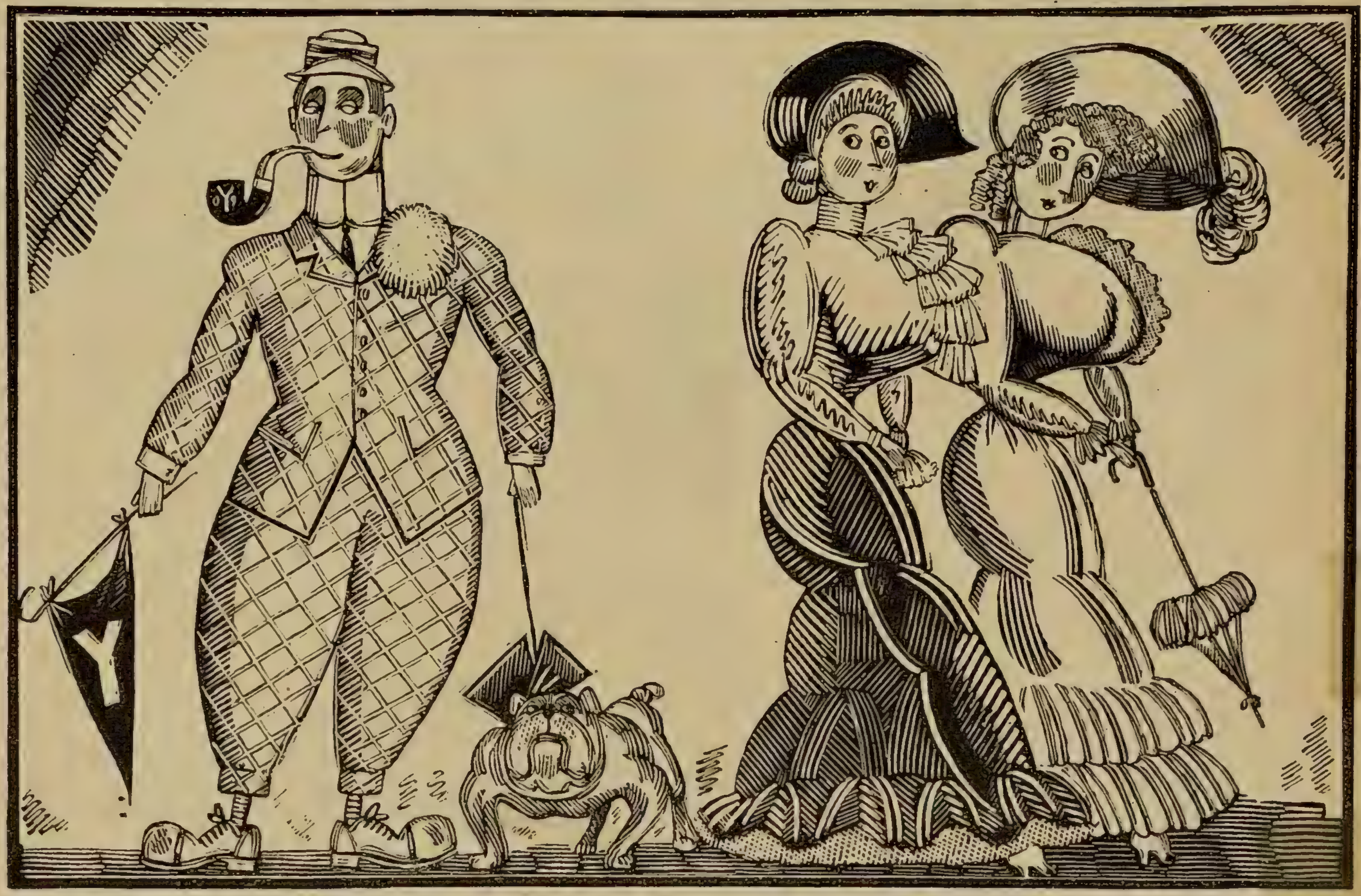
a great new novel

By

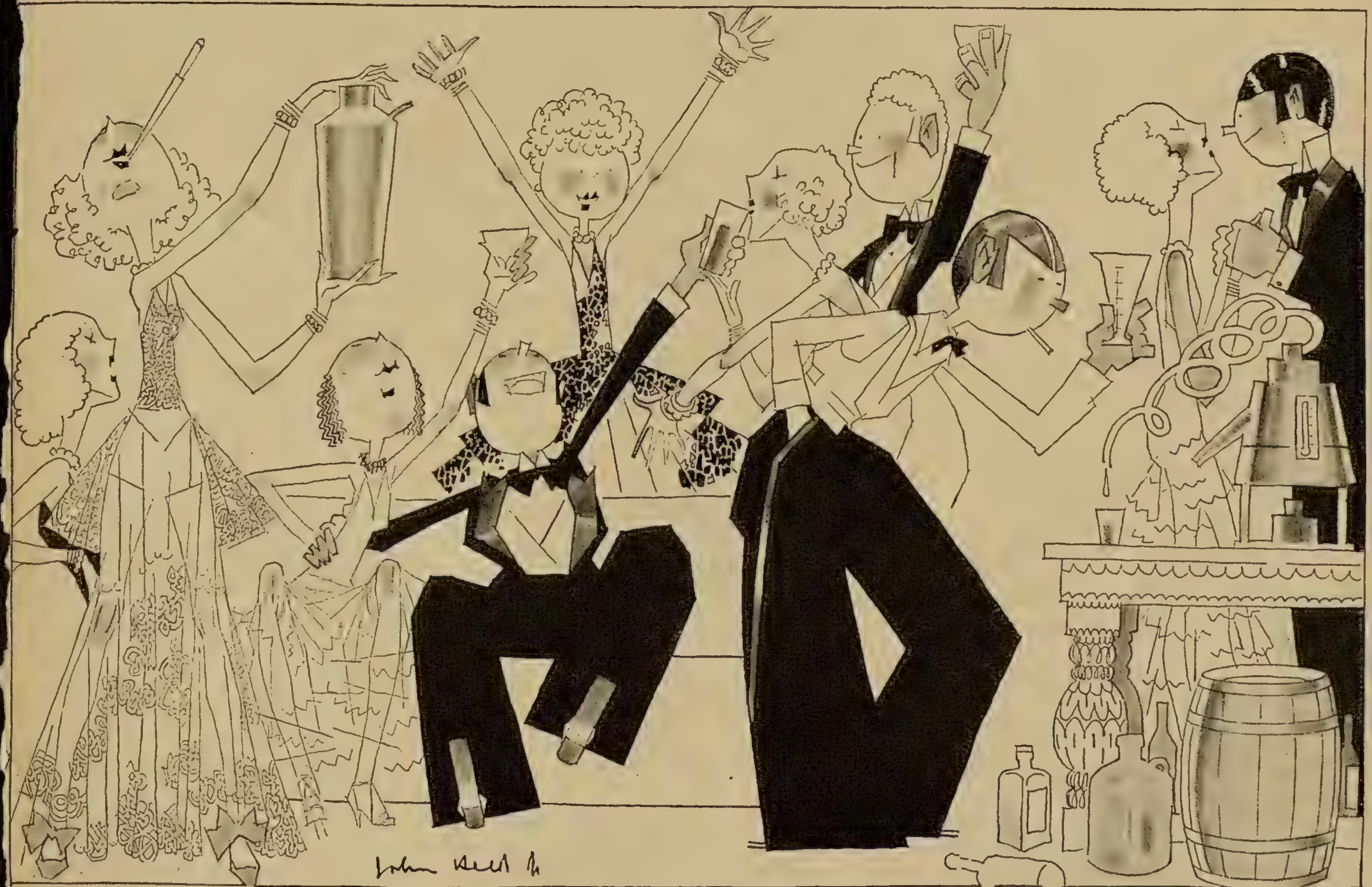
Robert W. Chambers

A romance of the Civil War and a thrilling story of courtship under fire

IVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



After the Game As It Used to Be


John Held Jr

After the Game . . . . . Today

Take a Look at OU

Another American Tragedy

Says THEODORE DREISER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

RAILROAD executives constantly reiterate and disseminate endless data to show that railroad management is one of the most difficult, intricate accomplishments, that a thousand conditions jeopardize the efficiency of rail management, that only " big business men " can run railroads profitably—that is, on a paying basis; in short, that none other than they can achieve this ultimate of directive execution. Yet, after a hundred years of running them simply and systematically, I question whether railroad management is so much of a mystery as is now made of it.

Theodore Dreiser is a Hoosier by birth, and began writing as a newspaper man. His first novel, Sister Carrie, came out in 1900. His most discussed work of recent years is An American Tragedy.

In fact, I am here to assert that a reasonable number of young technicians, appointed to the positions of authority and direction in any or all of our great railroads, and with a brief explanation as to the duties involved, could take over any of the actual and endless departments or subdivisions of labor which constitute the actual business of railroading, and run the railroads just as efficiently and capably as they are managed today.

Indeed, today corporate management is a thing clearly understood by all intelligent persons—the delegation of authority and the sane gradation of executives and lieutenants from top to bottom. The principle in its entirety has been in use in military and government organization for hundreds and thousands of years. I have worked on railroads myself and seen executives in various departments delegate hundreds of propositions to the proper lesser official, mostly of the ordinary clerk or workingman type—men of fair intelligence, promoted by degrees from the ranks to their purely routine tasks.

And their tasks are as clear as day! I cannot stop here to outline routing, dispatching, the commonplace duties of a yardmaster. But look them up. They are not mysteries.

Besides, management is so thoroughly taught in the schools today that students need very little experience to understand how to handle all cases. It is no mystery to arrange schedules and put trains over the road. Any intelligent person trained and interested in research, and with a technical education, can determine where contracts should be let for equipment, what the trade conditions in various sections are, etc. The fact that a selected group of young technicians, trained in this field, could take over the railroads and run them efficiently has been proved in Russia. It has been done.

I can avoid the gaze of my opposite neighbor by undressing in a recumbent position.

But it is not these activities that the rail executives mean when they talk about how shrewd the officials must be.

The difficulties which executives have in mind—but never so state—are not the actual managing of the transportation, its freight and passenger divisions, its construction and repair departments, its labor and maintenance divisions, and what not else, all tec nical matters that any bright man with a lit training can undertake; but the centering of kinds of power on themselves; carrying ever thing with them and making voluminous profi by doing so. Yet, as I will also show, the profits are so little used for improvement as make that a negligible factor. Thus, despi the encomiums to and the halo around th Crowleys, Atterburys, and Willards, railroa service is actually backward and antiquated i a country wealthy enough for scores of yea to afford every advancement.

Consider the matter of speed alone. For a long as I can remember, I have been making on trip of about 350 miles. I used to make always by rail. I still do sometimes, and it take me just as long as it did when I was a youngste About fifteen years ago I made it by auto fo the first time. My running time by auto today is les than one-half what it was when I made the first trip fif teen years ago.

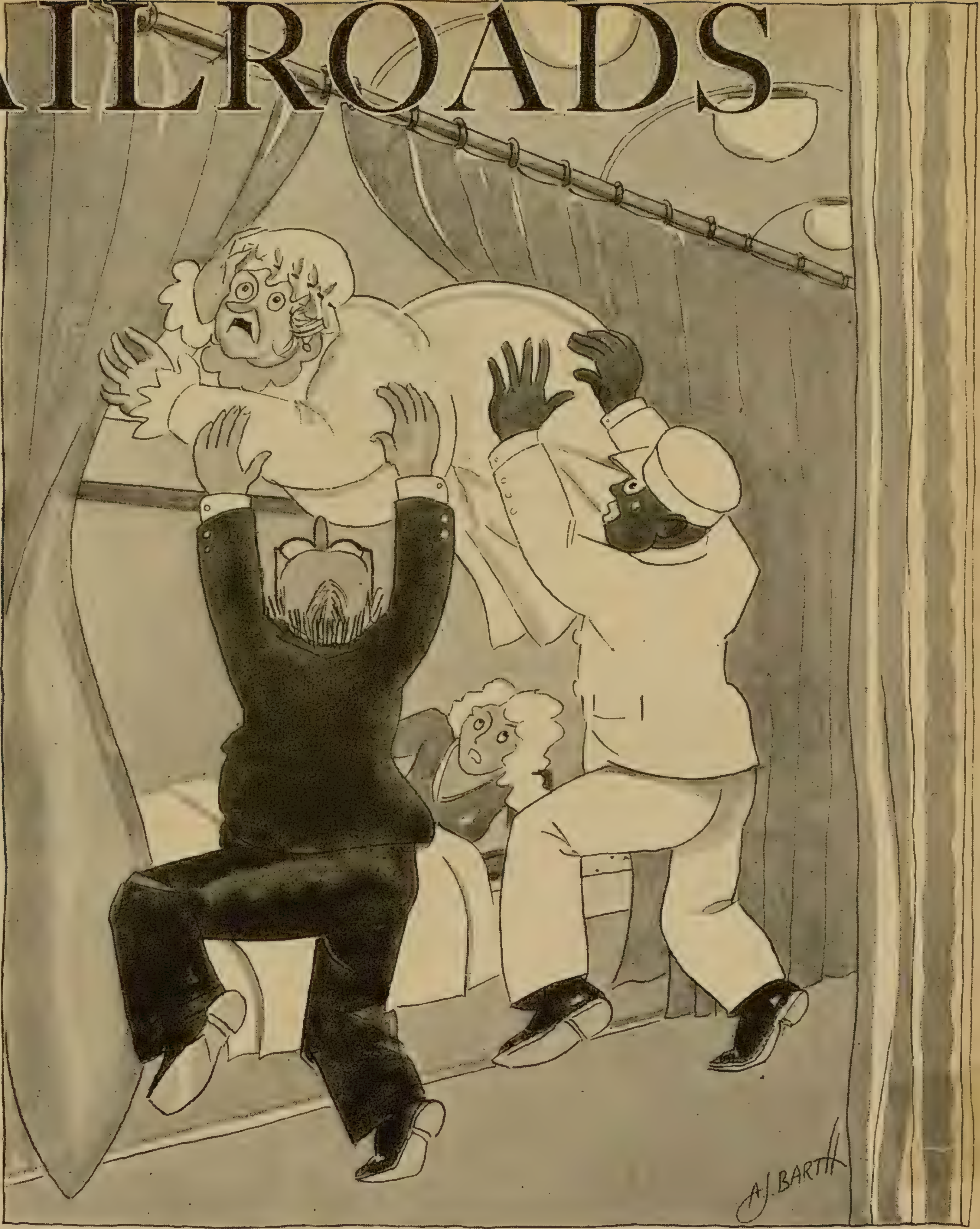
The automobile improved while the railroad stood still.

Of course, my railroad friend at this point will remin me that my improved running time is due to improved roads. That is true to a large extent; but will he not admit that the improvement in the speed and reliability of the auto in that period has been out of all proportion to that of the railroad? Then, too, if civil engineers have been able to improve roadways to such an extent why have not railroad engineers been able to make bette roadbeds in the same period?

And again, is my railroad trip any more comfortable than it was twenty years ago? Perhaps a little, but not much, except on the extra-fare trains. The ordinary train is still as poorly lighted as it used to be, with the lights dimming almost to the vanishing point at every stop. I get just as many cinders in my eye when I attempt to sit on the observation platform as I always did. Of course, an open window on a warm day is not possible. In the first place, it would require a professional strong man to open it. I couldn't put my arm or head out anyhow, because they have placed other structures too close to allow that to be done with safety. At any rate, the open window would only add to my discomfort on a hot day by letting in clouds of dust and cinders. The automobile manufacturer has placed a device on my motor which keeps out the dirt and dust of the engine while letting the air in; but on the railroads I must still depend for my fresh air on that which seeps in through the cracks.

And if the sleepers are any more comfortable than they ever were, it is not particularly noticeable to me. They have extended the partitions in the upper berths so that I now enjoy comparative privacy except from the gaze

RAILROADS



Is a railroad trip any more comfortable than it was twenty years ago? Uppers are just as hard to get into as they always were.

Pictures by A. J. Barth

of my opposite neighbor. I can avoid this obtrusion by undressing in a recumbent position, but that is quite a trick which I haven't mastered yet. And in Europe it isn't necessary. The extension of the partitions has also served the purpose of depriving me of the last breath of fresh air I used to get in the uppers. They are just as hard to get into as they always were, and it has never occurred to the makers of them that I might like to look out of a window to see where I was in the morning.

OF course, they shouldn't be called *sleepers* in the first place. On the trip I spoke of before, there is a layover of an hour or so in the middle of the night at a junction point. Here, one would think, would be a chance to get a little nap; but that is the last place to expect some degree of quiet. If there is not a noisy switch engine panting and wheezing on the track alongside of you, there is a gang of employees shouting back and forth. And they call that railroading.

But nothing that I know of now so aptly illustrates the lack of progress in railroading as the matter of bearings. Do you know what bearings are? If not, look them up in the dictionary! Yet, whatever they are, they are still lubricated in the same way we used to grease the old buggy. Yet only a short time ago one of the roads had an engine built with roller bearings, and the officials thought so well of themselves that they had their picture taken and published alongside of this wonderful new mechanical marvel. They were only thirty years behind the automobile! They have only progressed in one way. That is in price. They charge you more than they used to.

But now let us turn to freight and ask about that. I stepped into a garage in the western part of Pennsylvania a week or so ago as a large truck was pulling out. I asked the owner, a trucking man, where it was going. He told me it was going to the mill to get a load of finished textile materials to take to New York, where it would be delivered to the retailer at seven o'clock the following morning. It used to go by truck to the railroad, then

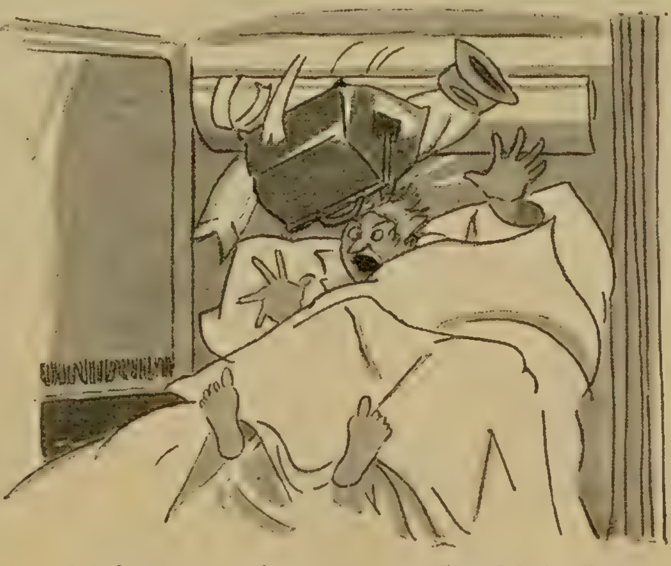
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR RAILROADS
Continued from page twenty-five

by rail to New York, and again by truck to the retailer. By that method it required two extra handlings and an average of a week in point of time. The cost, including trucking at both ends, was about the same.

That load, of course, represented invested capital, idle and producing nothing while in transit. Transporting it by truck, not a working day was lost. It left the mill in the evening, was on the retailer's counter in the morning, and some of it, again delivered by truck, was in the customer's house the same day.

But consider its fate on our railroads. And is it any wonder the shipper is deserting the railroad for the truck? Not so many years ago this same shipper was begging the railroad company to put a siding in to his factory. Now the railroad begs the shipper for permission to put in a siding, but the shipper will not have it; he wants the space for a garage. And do you know that right now it may take from eight to nine days on any railroad to get an express package from New York to Portland, Oregon? And rough talk to you, if you complain? But that is because there are old fogies in charge now who know it all, and because the roads have or did have a monopoly until the bus arrived, and do not need to bother. But they will need to bother presently, if they don't buy up all the busses, as they now desire to do.



Of course, these cars shouldn't be called "sleepers" in the first place.

But then, the business of railroading in America, as their owners and executives see it now, is not just the simple matter of transporting the public, its goods, chattels, manufactured and farming products, and that speedily, safely, and comfortably. You do not know railroading in America today if you think anything like that.

Rather it concerns itself not so much with these things, and the necessary and yet quite simple financing that should go with all these matters, as with the domination of all forms of transportation: air, bus, water—in all their phases, freight, passenger; plus, through the government—its national and state phases—the courts, the newspapers, the lawyers and what not else, the laws, the franchises, and the bonuses whereby all these immense and separate systems may be made to pay tribute, not to the people or their government, but rather to a few selected and now dominant corporations and banks, and behind them again the few oligarchic families which control them. You doubt this? Read the following.

A TOTAL of 219 railroad directors of fifteen of our big railroads now operating in America also hold 2,298 *extra* directorships on the boards of other corporations, not including subsidiary companies. Of these 2,298 directorships, 336 are for banks and trust companies, 210 investment trusts, 284 industrial corporations, and 192 mining, lumber, and oil. Would you call that managing the railroads alone? And as for the enormous and involved investments which these railroads make in all of these industries and pursuits, and with a great portion of the approximate billion-dollar surplus which they have every year after all expenses have been paid from their income, I have not the space to tell of them.

But the main thing our marvelous railroad officials now do is to ask for money; in other words, hold out the tin cup, principally to the government—and this for the privilege to tax the public more and more. But for whom? Well, I will tell you. A few select families. And watch me closely, for I have something up my sleeve.

Two Van Sweringen brothers, through their thirty-two corporations, control 28,411 miles of rails. George F. Baker, Jr., now controls about 500,000 shares of railroad stock. The Vanderbilt family owns 588,000 shares; Arthur Curtiss James, 500,000; Edward S. Harkness, 170,000; the Harriman family, 94,000; the Fahnestock family, 90,000; and the Widener family, 165,000 shares. In summary:

	Rail companies
Industry controls	13
Families control	18
Other railroads control	88
One or a few interests control	18
Investment trusts control	6

But in the above table the rail companies controlled by other railroads do not count, because these "other railroads" are controlled by families, small interests, trusts, etc., and to them come the profits of those eighty-eight companies which other railroads control. More, most of the large rail holders among investment trusts are those established for the benefit of a few members of a particular family. So, in the light of our neglected railroad service, that's all they do—hold out a cup.

THIS is how: In the matter of mails, for instance, as in endless other functions, the railroads manipulate the government. Thus, although four or five years ago all of the railroads received $98,000,000 for carrying the mail, in 1929 their contracts totaled $150,000,000. Not exactly a negligible increase! But not warranted by the growth of the country and the mails. And, besides, that is not railroading proper. It might better be called political financing.

Next, the express situation is similar but worse. Years ago many of the express companies were organized as subsidiaries of the railroads. After some fifty or sixty years of gobbling up and merging every company in the country, four great express companies made a contract with the government to do the work of running them, while all the express companies had to do was hold the stock and take in the profits. And this in the face of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. And at a time when most Americans were busy watching their fighting boys abroad.

As things are now, anyhow, three of these companies are merged or, as in the case of the American Express, out of the express business altogether, so that the Adams Express is the great and sole trust beneficiary of this change. But the government does the work. And much of the Adams stock is owned by the railroads.

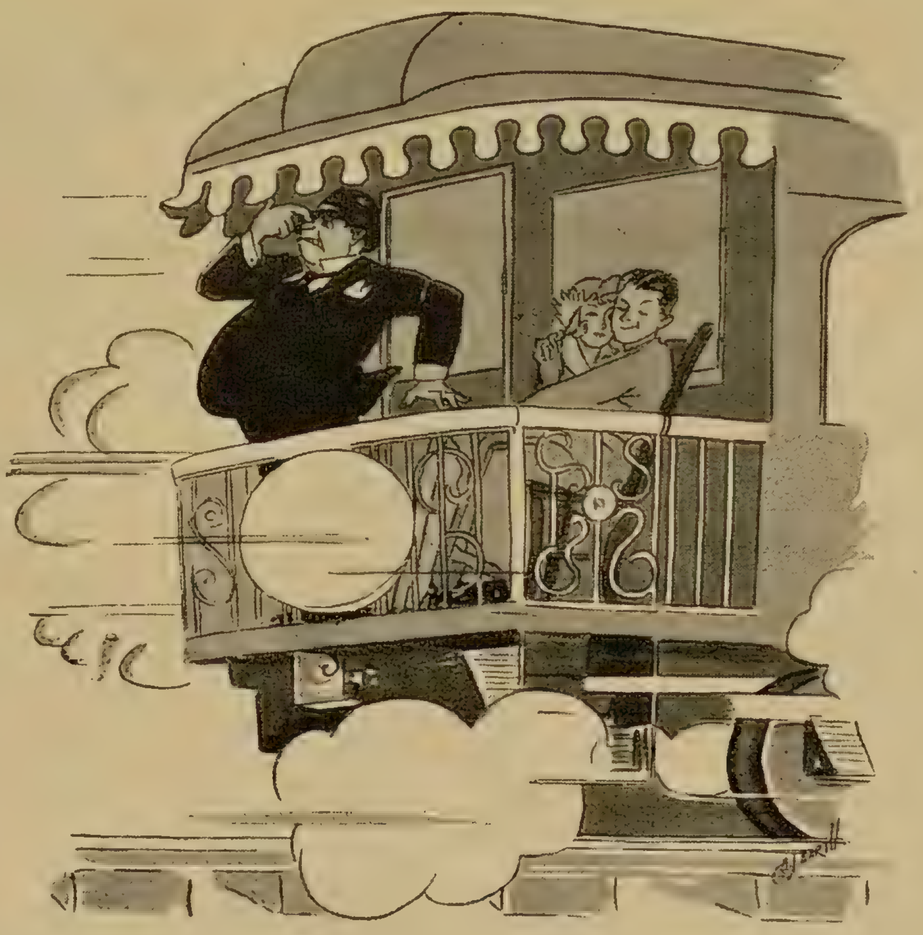
But now the latest—and equally maliciously greedy, as I see it—non-railroading project to be fastened on by the railroads is the bus business, which has grown some 800 per cent since 1920. As it stands now, sixty-seven steam railroads operate motor busses themselves or through subsidiary companies, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to the contrary notwithstanding. The Boston & Maine Railroad, for instance, runs busses over 1,200 miles of road; the Reading Company has eleven lines; and the New York, New Haven & Hartford, fifty lines. But in this, as in many other things, the Pennsylvania Railroad is the worst offender. (No wonder Mr. Atterbury is always recounting his difficulties!) Here is an example of its activity:

The Greyhound busses and the Pickwick busses are the greatest systems in America, and they were not built up by railroad men but by ordinary bus drivers and their managers, I would have you note. And they threatened to drive the railroads out. But on January 1, 1929, the Pickwick Corporation, which controlled the stock of many other bus companies, merged with the Motor Transit Corporation (this name was later changed to Greyhound Corporation). Then in November, 1930, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Greyhound Corporation formed a company called the Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines, Inc., and the Pennsylvania Railroad obtained a 50 per cent interest in that. But in addition to this it should be remembered that, besides its interest in Greyhound, the Motor Transit Corporation had a substantial interest in the Pickwick-Greyhound lines, the Northland Greyhound, the Southland Greyhound, and the Eastern Greyhound. The complexity! The manipulation! But why? The pursuit of power on the part of the railroad interests, or, in other words, complete control. But this is not railroading; it is corporate financing, almost government. More, the Pennsylvania Railroad provided the franchises for routes in Indiana and Pennsylvania which are used by the Greyhound busses. This railroad and its affiliated corporations now own a great number of certificates which are really indeterminate franchises; and not only did the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Greyhound Corporation execute a merger, but nine subsidiaries of the two companies figured in the merger. The busses of the new company run over 7,000 miles of territory with scores of America's largest cities on the schedule, including half the population of this country.

And this constitutes one reason why General Atterbury works so hard. But at what? Running the Pennsylvania Railroad?

Not only that, but a recent campaign of the railroads has been to this effect: that their rates must be raised because inland waterway transportation, subsidized by the government, and bus traffic are threatening terrific competition. This in the face of the fact that the railroads own almost all of the bus lines except those which as municipal utilities are financed by cities! And as for their contentions in regard to Inland Waterways, Inc., that is an even greater hoax. They say that this corporation, *with the whole United States Treasury* behind it, can naturally run on low rates *because the poor taxpayers from all over the country can pay its deficits.*

Now, the true status of Inland Waterways, Inc., is this: In 1924 the federal government capitalized it at $5,000,000 as an independent corporation to operate barge lines on the Mississippi and Warrior rivers. On these waterways, which were going to waste, Congress has since spent great sums because the possible profits from barge lines did not hold any interest for capitalists. Since then, though, the Inland Waterways corporation has made so much money that in five years its book value has risen to $19,700,000 and the American taxpayers are the winners! So the capitalization was raised to $15,000,000. This extra stock, as well as the original stock, is held by the United States Treasury.



I get just as many cinders in my eye when I attempt to sit on the observation platform as I ever did.

BUT all of this was built up on rates for this slow traffic only slightly below those of the railroads. And it was work done by men who are not railroad or shipping men in the technical sense at all.

But the circumstance of someone other than themselves using the people's money to do any transporting business made a great catch argument for the railroads—and no matter how profitable for the people the use of the people's funds had turned out to be. For, as you well know, everybody hasn't the time to dig up all of the facts, and in this instance the people do not even know of the railroad arguments as to all this. Yet both the bus and the waterway traffic as rivals to their great vested and would-be difficult and even mysterious labors were so played up by the rails that they finally petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission, which does all such work for them, to investigate the burden of competition put upon them. And not by railroad men, either—don't forget that.

But since the whole thing was a mere hoax (I don't see how it could be anything else) the petition was denied by the commission. But the railroads, via their propaganda departments, have since sought to catch the sympathy of the people for their latest universal rate-increase proposition, just now announced upon the eve of their supposed failure with the " harsh " Interstate Commerce Commission.

So then, as you can see, the running of these our great roads, stripped of all their financial hocus-pocus and as they would be run under my young trained technicians, is the smallest part of all this business. As I have said, the running would really take no more than a reasonable number of young technicians—selected men, of course.

YET in the face of this, actually today the great press of America presents a united front in favor of every plea of the railroads—their enormous problems, etc. I read many newspapers, yet I know of no great paper, let alone any great chain of papers, that ever fundamentally attacks any of the major assertions or claims or issues of the railroads. But again I assert, if we cut out the graft, the greed, the fat profits for a few, and get down to sheer railroading as such, you will witness an entirely different result—a purifying of politics, for one thing; less billions for the few oligarchs now in control of so many; and a better break for the little people everywhere.

In short, the railroads in America stepping up and asking for a several hundred million dollar hand-out is just about the oldest story that I know of that's still going around.

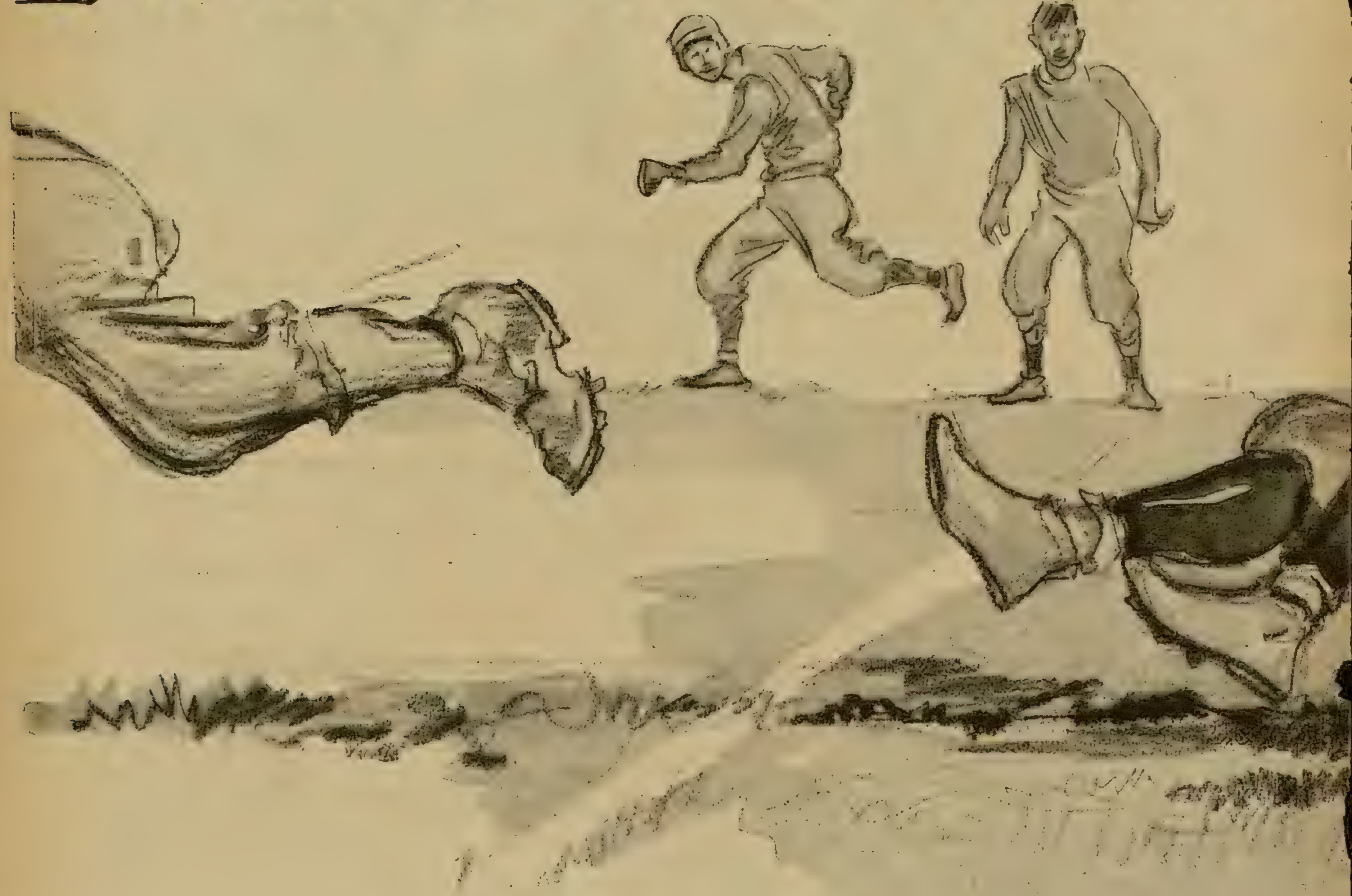
And so today people have to ride thirty-five miles an hour over wretched roadbeds on transcontinental trains, and change at Chicago or St. Louis regardless of any need, and endure impossible sleeping cars and enormous fares, the while these financiers—not railroad men—fight to grab the busses, airplanes, and all.

And this when the Santa Fe, for instance, is hoarding a billion-dollar surplus!

And yet the railroads talk about the great improvements to come if only the four-system merger goes through! Well, these improvements are nothing more than a very little electrification, almost none in fact, for is electrification anything new? It was used forty years ago. But it is only after all this time that our great railroad men are seeing it as an improvement, after millions and millions of people have ridden all this time behind filthy steam engines, and more millions must still have their homes ruined by the dirt before electrification comes. Do you wonder that I say that I think I might personally select 175 talented and technically trained kids from some of our great technical schools and, under government ownership, run our railroads efficiently and comfortably? What could be plainer?

Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, discusses Mr. Dreiser's criticisms of the railroad business and its executives in an article that will appear in next week's Liberty.

That Was a Game



By
CHESTER T. CROWELL

(Reading time: 20 minutes.)

"I SEE where there's some more jawin' about football," Colonel Sam Hardy remarked, glancing at me over the top of his newspaper. We were seated before the expansive fireplace in the living room of his west Texas ranch house. Colonel Hardy is a cattle raiser by profession and a colonel by virtue of his years and appropriately trimmed beard.

"Yes," I agreed. "What's your opinion, colonel?"

"Well, I dunno. It's one of them things where you got to figger the circumstances. Me, I always been in favor of football, myself. I've seen what it can do. Fact is, I seen the greatest game of football ever played." He removed his steel-rimmed spectacles, folded the newspaper, and laid both on the floor.

"Yes, sir; that was a game. . . . You mebbe remember—if you don't your pa does—I used to be a trustee of the college; the little one down in town, I mean. It's right smart of a college now—good plumbing, brick buildings—and this year they're agoing to have a cafeteria. When I was on the trustees folks called it Jack Rabbit University.

"They said they was afeared it wouldn't never amount to much on account of the kids having to fight their way through too many coyotes and polecats and dust storms to ever get there.

"The way I happened to get on the trustees, I sold 'em the land. There was a feller come out here to preach, and he no more'n got started at it till he wanted to teach, too. He said we ought to have us a college, because the nearest one was in Fort Worth and that was too far east. So he asked me to name my lowest figger for two hundred acres of pasture; he needed that for a start. I said eight dollars an acre was rock bottom, but he didn't have no money at all, so finally I said five dollars.

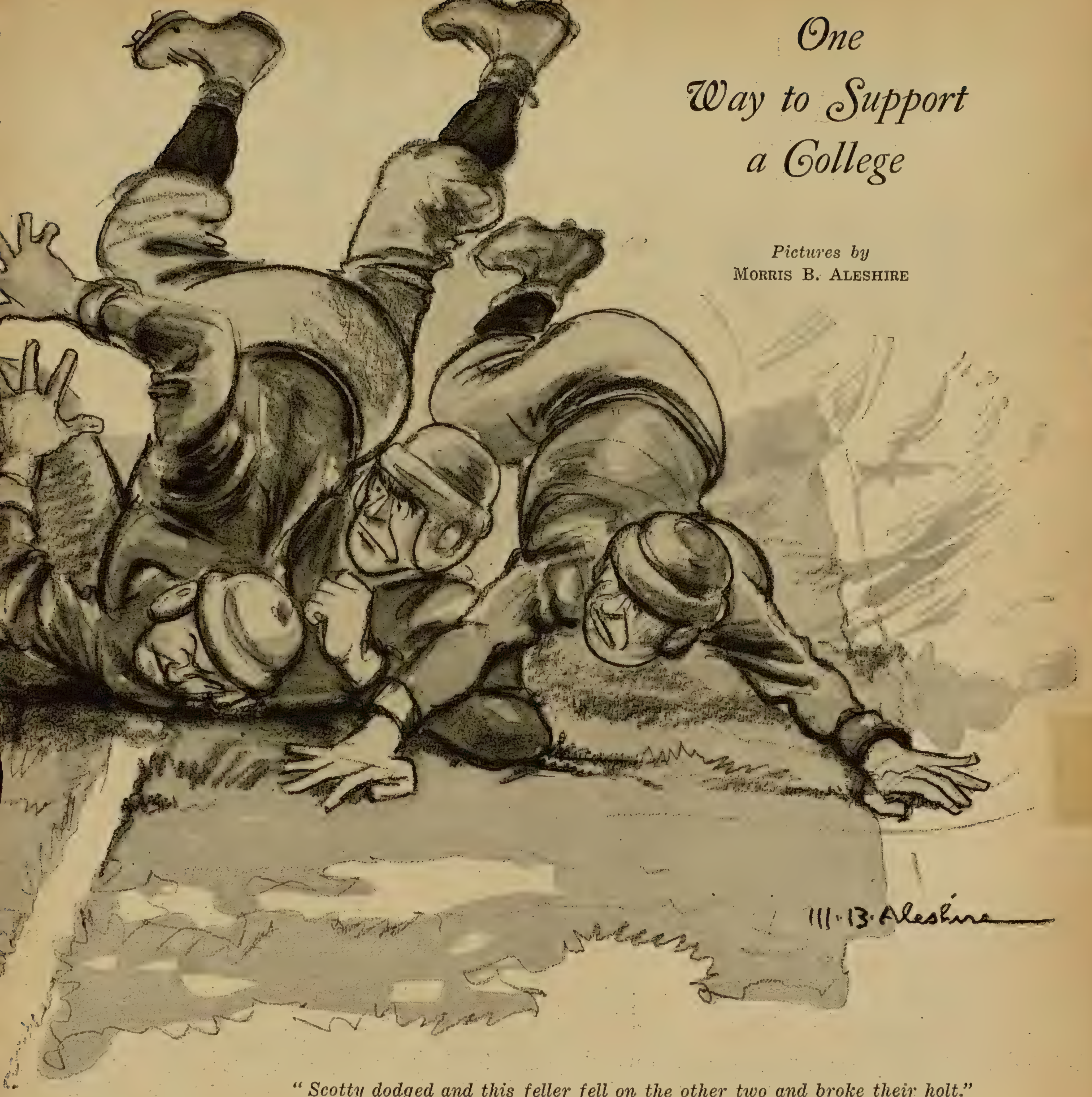
"We dickered around and talked and traded till the wind-up was I took notes. Then he put me on the trustees and I had to raise the money to pay the interest. He was a right smart trader, that feller.

"Well, the next thing I knowed I was chairman of the building committee and we was aputting up sort of a long cotton-shed-looking thing with a galvanized iron roof. The boys called it Boll Weevil Hall. But, one way and another, we got the college to running, with one hundred and thirteen boys signed up and five teachers taking a long chance they might get their pay.

"I don't reckon there ever was such a college nowhere else on earth. We had notes at the bank and notes at the hardware store and notes for lumber and scrip for wages, till it's a wonder the town folks didn't organize a posse and come out and burn the dern thing down. But they didn't; they was proud of it. That preacher feller sashayed his black coat tails in and amongst 'em day after day, telling 'em what history was agoing to say and how they would go down in the judgment book as the Athens of the cow country, and they put up with it fair to middling peaceful.

One Way to Support a College

Pictures by
MORRIS B. ALESHIRE



"Scotty dodged and this feller fell on the other two and broke their holt."

"The second year enrollment run up to two hundred and eighteen and still we wasn't foreclosed. But the third year got to looking pretty black. Enrollment dropped to two hundred and twelve, and a heap of folks got to milling around showing each other them notes. It didn't look so good. Me, I figgered the show was about over. Well, that was when we taken up football.

"A YOUNG feller come out from Philadelphia with a meal ticket from his pa, and he wanted to be a professor in our college for nothing. That was exactly the kind of help we needed to hire right then, so he got a job and we let out another feller that wanted to go back to the county high school, where they paid cash wages. His landlady had told him she had about all the scrip she could use, and it sort of discouraged him with higher education. So he quit.

"Well, this young feller he was full of red pepper and vinegar, and the first thing he done was call a meeting of the student body. That's the boys. 'Look here,' he says. 'We got to have some athletics.' He was a bushy-haired, noisy feller, and at this here campus meeting he had on a white wool sweater. I knowed, soon as I heard his voice and seen that sweater, that them boys would all be hot for athletics. And they was. You never seen nothing like it. They got out there with hoes and scraped the weeds off ten acres of pasture in three days. The preacher feller had been nagging 'em for a year to clean up the little brush patch he called the campus, but they couldn't never find time. Either that or no one had a hoe.

"But now that they was agoing to play football and baseball and tennis and run foot races around a track in their underdrawers, hoes sprouted out through the cracks in every barn in three counties and marched down to college, whetstoning each other on the way. That's how come we taken up athletics, and that's how come I know something about football problems.

"This here red-pepper professor that was called Coach, he wanted football. The boys hadn't never seen any and

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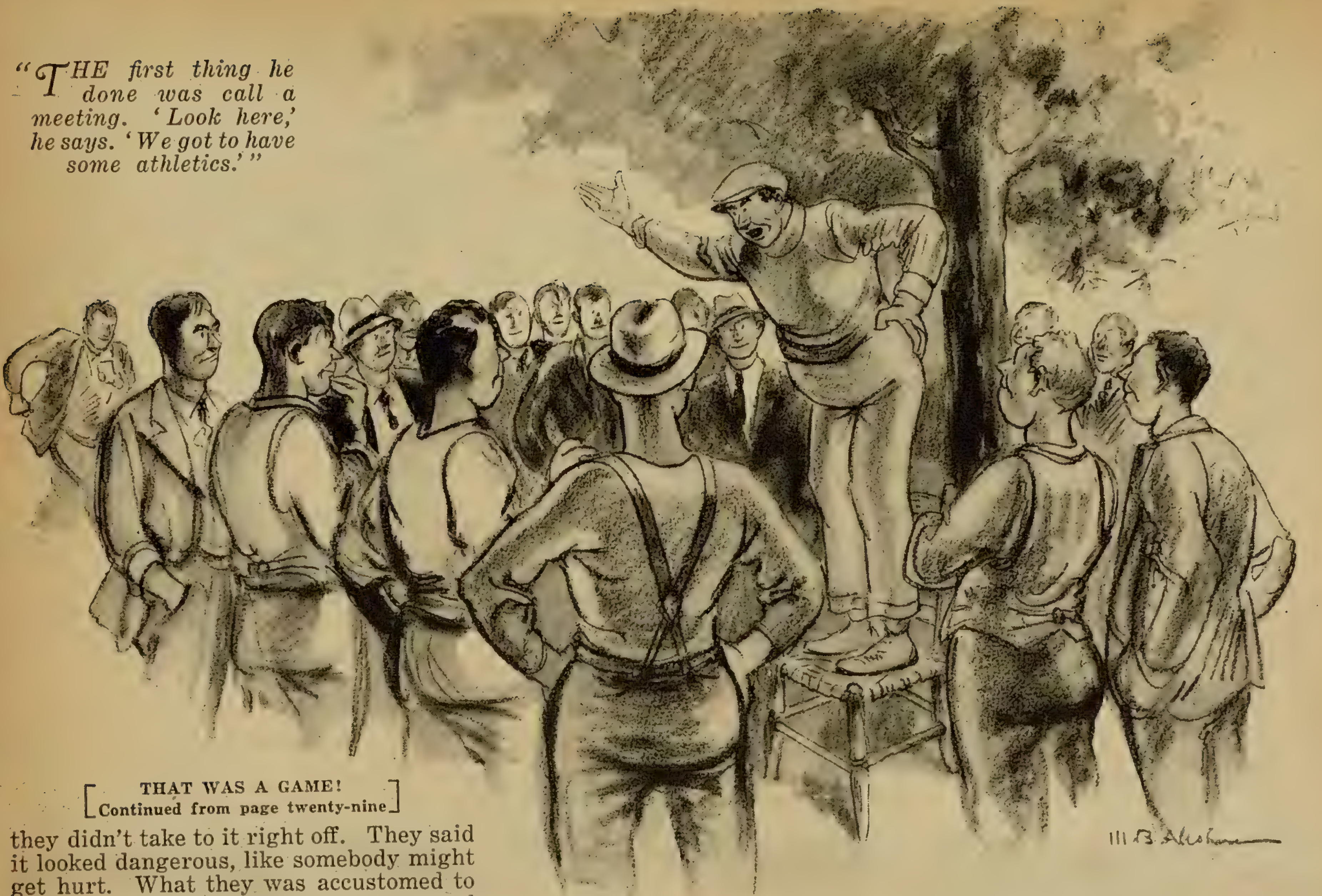


"THE first thing he done was call a meeting. 'Look here,' he says. 'We got to have some athletics.'"

THAT WAS A GAME!
Continued from page twenty-nine

they didn't take to it right off. They said it looked dangerous, like somebody might get hurt. What they was accustomed to before we taken up athletics was good safe games like catching holt of a calf's tail and running with him till you couldn't keep up no longer or got dragged into the brush and fell down on your face. Another game was to put a pecan under your saddle so's the sharp end dug into your horse's hide, and see how long could you stay with him before he thought of rearing up and falling over backwards and making you jump for your life.

"Them two had been the principal games before we taken up athletics. Our boys was used to 'em and not in no hurry to get their collar bones broke playing football. But Coach said there wasn't nothing to all that newspaper talk about the dangers of football, and, what's more, no college that didn't play football amounted to a whoop in hell. He plugged away till a couple dozen young heroes volunteered; then he made up two teams, and they started practice. I watched 'em some, because Coach said he was agetting some dates where they would play for money with a fence around the field and they would have to have some expenses paid to get to these here dates and pay me back when they got their share.

"IT looked to me like the kind of game that would draw crowds all right, and it sure did. I let 'em have railroad fare the first time, and after that they never needed none again because they had it. I'm here to tell you that was a team. They cleaned up everything they could coax onto a field. The town folks got so wrought up about 'em you never heard another word about notes or scrip or grocery bills or starving widow landladies or nothing.

"One game they played on their own field dern near ended in a riot. We had one big kid that the boys called Bald-Face Scotty and he was strong as a horse. In one of the general mix-ups that they always played in them days the other team's quarterback come bouncing through the line and right into Bald-Face Scotty's arms. Scotty picked him up, ball and all, and run with him for a touchdown before anyone caught on.

"Our town just rose up on its toes and yelled its head off, but the dern umpire made 'em bring the ball back to where Scotty picked this little feller up and start play from there. That was a ticklish minute, I'm here to tell you. If Coach hadn't said it was all right with him, and we was already thirty-six to nothing ahead anyhow with another quarter to play, that umpire might of had a heap of bad luck that day.

"We went football crazy. That's the long and short of it. Here was a gang of two dozen plow hands, sheep dippers, windmill greasers, post-hole diggers, and cow nurses that hadn't never played football before and now in their first-year tryout was awiping up the earth with everything in eight counties. Coach went kind of loco hisself and sent a piece to the newspapers about how our team could beat anything that walked in leather and was entitled by football rights to a game with the big college in Fort Worth.

"When I seen it I said to myself: 'He's done taken in too much territory. Oh, well,' I says to myself, 'them Fort Worth people has got plenty to do without reading challenges and deemands from Jack Rabbit University. They won't never hear of Coach's bellow.' But they did. I wasn't having much luck that winter, nohow. 'Here goes the college!' I says to myself, and then I joined in the general hurrah and cheering.

"Well, sir, you never seen no such a flurry of getting ready. Them boys had to have a brand-new water bucket and then they painted the school colors on it. Next they had to have brand-new shoe strings and ten extra pair in reserve. All the suits and head guards had to be gone over for repairs. And all the shoes had to be fixed. They played in their everyday shoes, but the town shoemaker sewed little dabs of sole leather like buttons onto the bottoms of the soles so's the boys wouldn't slip when they was arunning. The head guards was made out of rope with soft cotton rags wrapped around them; but the rags had got kinda sweaty, so they had to have all new rags.

"Coach wanted 'em to make a good showing. He even throwed out all the patched suits. We had good suits. You know how it is with good canvas wagon covers. Even when some part wears out or gets tore or the mold rots it, most of the canvas is still good as new, and the boys' suits was made out of these tarpaulins. They was all about the same color of gray and looked pretty good.

"Well, finally the great day come. I reckon there musta been fifty men got on the train that morning to go to Fort Worth with the team. And some women, too. I don't know how many students come along, but if it was one less'n twenty I'm a liar. That whole town was football crazy.

"And when we got out to the football grounds there was a great big grand stand that musta seated two thousand folks. They had a band playing, too. When our boys run across the field all in a bunch to their bench, the band played Dixie and everybody whooped and yelled, and then they was so excited they got to laughing.

"Our boys did look kinda funny all bundled up in different-colored overcoats with them crazy head guards sticking out the top and bare shanks and high shoes sticking out the bottom. We didn't have enough shin guards to go round, so them that had bruises wore 'em and them that didn't went bare. They was a kind of a funny-looking sight. I had to laugh my own self.

"When they got to the bench they throwed off their overcoats onto a pile on the ground, and I thought they looked pretty good. But the city folks bust out laughing. They laughed fit to kill.

"I didn't like that much. I could see our boys kinda squirming and looking round at each other to see if anybody was adoing something funny. I got up from my seat and went down amongst 'em.

"JUST as I got there the band struck up Dixie again, and here comes the Fort Worth team arunning across the field. Well, sir, my eyes dern near popped. I reckon there musta been thirty boys in that flock and you couldn't tell one from the other. Every one had a blanket around him and all them blankets was mates, with the school initials wove into 'em like a brand. All the shoes was alike. All the head guards was alike; and every boy had on shin guards and a rubber nose guard. They musta put a heap of money into that harness. When they got to their bench all the blankets was dropped, and dern my hide if every boy didn't have on a sweater with the school brand on it! Not just the regular team but all thirty or more of 'em.

"I knowed then why that crowd had laughed at our team. Some of 'em was still alaughing. Our boys looked at them uniforms popeyed. 'Colonel,' Bald-Face Scotty says to me, 'we hadn't ought to come here. We're amaking a holy show of ourselves.' I couldn't talk. I just patted him on the shoulder. It looked to me like he was atelling the God's truth. If ever I seen a bunch of boys with their tails between their legs, it was our team that minute. Derned if they didn't look mangy.

"They just set there and stared while the boys across the field was ascampering and sashaying up and down getting themselves warm. Coach stepped out in front of the bench to give some orders, but when he looked at them faces he stopped. Finally he says: 'What's the matter? You ain't licked by them blankets and sweaters, are you? They don't play football. After today we're agoing to have fancy costumes, too, but they won't help you none if you don't hit the line low and hit it hard.' He had some sense, that coach feller did, even if he was crazy. Anyway, he made me feel better.

"Somebody blowed a whistle and the team run out onto the field. Fort Worth won the kick-off.

"It was a crazy kind of a kick, low and straight and way over to one side. But Bald-Face Scotty taken the ball with four men in front of him and started. He got down past the middle before his four helpers was upset, and then a little feller tackled him around the waist. It slowed Scotty down for a second, but he braced hisself and got a new start, with the little feller still hanging on. Then another feller tackled him around the waist, but he kinda slid off and got a new holt on the little feller's waist with the little feller still hanging on. Scotty had to drag both of 'em, but he kept on agoing.

"Then another feller jumped at him; but Scotty dodged and this feller fell on the other two and broke their holt.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now my COFFEE KISS comes EVERY MORNING

"DICK and I struck a bargain. I get an extra goodbye kiss every time the breakfast coffee is absolutely A1 perfect! And with G. Washington's I haven't missed that kiss for ages!"

Good coffee—every time—that's what everyone gets when they use the new G. Washington's. Nothing complicated to go wrong on. You put a teaspoonful of brown crystals in a cup, add hot water and serve. That's all there is to it—yet your coffee is the best you've ever made.

G. Washington's is real coffee that has been brewed for you. It is specially prepared to end all waiting before meals, all mussy washing up afterward. It doesn't go stale like ordinary coffee. It is economical because even the tiny can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee.

Test G. Washington's with your next meal. At your grocer's—or write to G. Washington, 216 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N. J. for FREE sample.

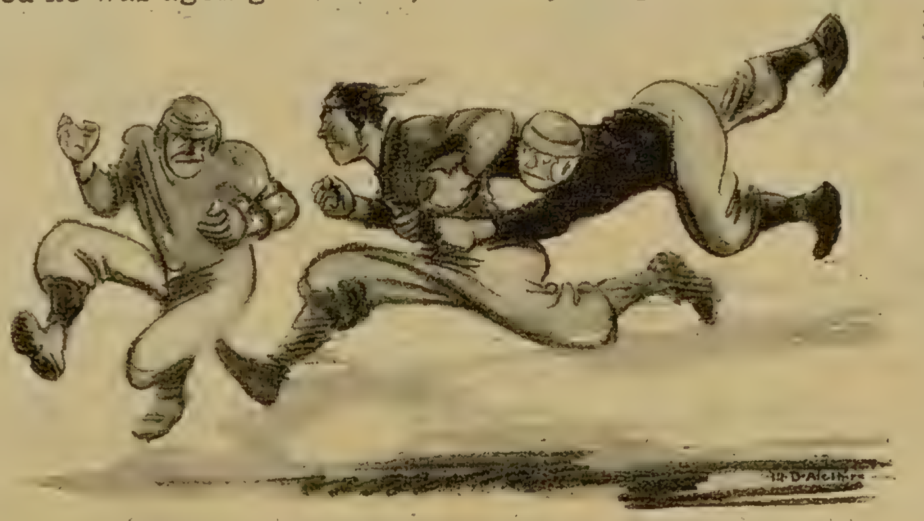
G Washington's COFFEE

the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

THAT WAS A GAME!
Continued from page thirty-one

"That give him a chance, and he was just picking up speed when another feller grabbed holt and hung on. Then another feller come ripsnorting at Scotty, and I figgered, well, he's agoing down this time because it's hard work dragging folks. This feller come on like a hawk swooping, and jumped clean off the ground a good eight feet from old Bald Face but aimed like a Injun's arrow.

"Scotty seen him and knowed he was agoing to be hit, so he slowed up, planted his hoofs like a good cow horse, steadied hisself for the bang, and just as this feller's arms went around his ribs Scotty turned in his tracks and let the feller's own weight pull loose his holt. You never in all your born days seen anything like the way that feller slid! He went clean off the field, a good twelve foot, sliding most of the way on his chin.



"He was just picking up speed when another feller grabbed holt and hung on."

"But more of 'em was acoming up. One got pore old Bald Face around the shoulders. Another got him around the waist. Then two more of 'em piled on, but couldn't find no room, so they had to hang onto the fellers that was already there. That made four of 'em. If it had been anybody on our team but Scotty I'd of said, well, enough is enough; that there boy is agoing down. But old Bald-Face Scotty is a funny kind of a feller.

"He is the only twenty-one-year-old kid I ever seen that can back up to a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton and reach back and ketch holt of the bagging with his hands and lift that there five-hundred-pound bale onto his back and shove it onto a wagon bed. I seen him do it more'n once.

"Them four fellers might of dragged Scotty down if he hadn't been so dern mad about them uniforms; but the way he was aboiling inside right then, nothing couldn't of stopped him. Anyway, he only had about ten yards to go. At that, there was another feller just about to pile on him when Goose Neck Smith come up and butted him in the stomach.

"That settled it. Bald-Face Scotty drug them four fellers over the line for a touchdown on the first play of the game, and our little gang of nesters in the grand stand turned loose their cheer that they had got up special for this game. It went something like 'Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle! You done your best, but nature is agin you!'

"JUD PEARSALL kicked off for our boys and one of the city fellers ketched the ball. He was agoing to fetch it back some, but Spot Hendricks grabbed holt of his knee and throwed him down on the first chalk line in front of their taw line. Then they lined up and went at it hell for leather. But, shucks, our boys just dug their toes in and let 'em butt their brains out agin that line. They was smart kids, though; they seen they couldn't do nothing thataway, so they begin running around the ends. They had some tricks and our boys couldn't never tell which way the ball was acoming.

Chester T. Crowell

who wrote this story, was editor of the Mexican Herald in 1908 and has been on Texas newspapers and the New York Post since then. He now writes fiction and lives in Pompton Lakes, N. J.

"Somebody'd get loose every shot and then Goose Neck Smith had to take out after him and run him down. Goose Neck was the funniest feller you ever seen. When he run he'd stretch that long neck of his'n out and back agin at every hop; that's how come they nicknamed him Goose Neck. He was what I'd call a left-legged runner, too; he made more ground with his left leg than with his right. Run kinda jerky. But, great Jehosaphat, how that fool kid could cover ground! Looked like a scared antelope with one hind leg shorter'n the other. He'd stand about five feet in back of our line, and soon's their runner come around he'd take out after him and ketch holt of his knees. But them city boys was apassing a chalk line on every mix-up, and it didn't look so good. They come down the field till we only had two chalk lines left.

"Then Bald-Face Scotty yelled: 'I'm agoing to take this time, Goose Neck. You're too light.' Goose Neck was six feet tall but he only weighed about one seventy. Scotty weighed two hundred. That time they both laid for him and Scotty taken him. The second them two crashed, the ball flew six feet up in the air. Goose Neck grabbed it and both teams just stood there and looked at him while he run all the way down the field. There wasn't no use chasing him unless you had a good pony.

"HE barely had time to lay the ball down between the goal posts when the whistle blowed and the first quarter was over.

"Jud Pearsall kicked off again and them city fellers started doing the same thing they done last time. Nobody couldn't tell which way the ball was acoming. Every play they crossed a white line, till finally Spotty Jenkins—you remember him: the freckled-face boy from Deep Hole Crick—Spotty says to Bud Hawkins, 'Let's you and me bust through and ketch the feller with the ball before he gets started.' So they done that. They grabbed holt of him both at the same time, and he dropped the ball. Goose Neck had come aloping after 'em and picked it up, but this time the whole dern city team fell on him before he could start arunning.

"Now it was our time to buck their line. Bald-Face Scotty taken it through for three yards. Then Jud Pearsall taken it for three yards. Then Scotty taken it for five yards and that give us first down. Spotty taken it next, but they ganged on him and he didn't make nothing. Then Jud bucked the other side, but they ganged on him too, and he didn't make nothing. 'You know what's the matter?' Bud Hawkins says. 'They're areading our signals; that's what's the matter.' And they was, too.

"Our signals wasn't much good. Uneven number meant left side; even number right side; double number through the middle, and business started up on the next number called. They was aganging up on us easy as shootin' fish in a tank. So Bud Hawkins says, 'All right. To hell with the signals!' Then he says to Jim Street and Tom Fuller—they was the right guard and right tackle: 'You boys upset them spavined runts in front of you and open a gulley. Bald-Face Scotty is acoming through right there.' The city fellers grinned, but they didn't know what to do. About half of 'em figgered Scotty would sure come the other way. They could read numbers better'n plain talk.

"Hawkins stepped back and says to the center, 'All right, Fatty, let's have it. Six million and eight.' Fatty shot the ball; Hawkins give it to old Bald Face; Tom and Jim opened a lane, and Scotty busted through for ten yards. About eight city fellers throwed him down two yards from the side line.

"That's a kind of a hard place to start from, so the boys decided to let Goose Neck take the ball around the open end. He stood about nine yards back of the line. Fatty chucked him the ball and away he went running sideways for open pasture. But them city kids was slick; they figgered he was agoing to do something like that; they scattered out clean across the field and had him headed off everywheres. He run all the way to the side line trying to outdistance 'em, but they had a head start, so he turned around and come back. He had to give ground to get room and still there wasn't no opening, so he give some more ground and turned back again to the side line. But they had him headed off.

"None of our boys couldn't keep up with him, so they hadn't even tried. They was strung along the middle of the field in a kind of up-and-down line, watching the chase. He turned again and give more ground.

"Me, I got so het up I jumped up on the bench and yelled: 'Lay down, you dern fool! Don't let 'em run you into your own corral!' But he turned again, and this time I seen what he was aiming at. He had tolled them fellers around after him till he had 'em rounded up, and now he could head back up the field to where his interference was awaiting for him. Scotty and Jud and Tom and Jim and Spotty and Bud just slid in between him and the pack when he loped by. They had two fellers waiting to ambush him, but he turned on that giraffe hop of his'n and run circles around 'em for a touchdown.

"IT was the only three-hundred-yard run, I reckon, since football was discovered. Anyway, Coach said he never seen anything like it in all his born days, and he's seen 'em all—Harvard, Yale, all of 'em. You ought to heard our little gang in the grand stand turn loose.

"They had a special yell for old Goose Neck. It went something like 'Razzle Dazzle, Razzle, Dazzle! You mebbe could run yesterday but Goose Neck Smith has got you hog-tied today!'

"After that our boys knowed exactly what to do. Goose Neck would run the ball down to about their second to last white line. Then Bud Hawkins would give orders where to open a gulley, and Bald-Face Scotty would pour through for a touchdown, taking half their team for a free ride on his back to their home corral. They tried all kinds of ways to stop him, but I don't reckon nobody could of done it. Ketching a holt of his knees was just like trying to stop a locomotive by grabbing the driving rod. If they piled on he carried 'em, and if they dived at him he swung 'em like a cat by the tail. The only bother we ever had was to ketch their fellers that come around end. They come around the wrong way every time. If our boys hadn't thought of going through and grabbing 'em early, we'd of lost that game sure as taxes.

"It was the greatest game of football ever seen by man or beast. And tight all the way. We only beat 'em forty-eight to nothing.

"I was so tired when it was all over I thought I'd drop in my tracks. And the boys—they wrung water out of their suits. Them boys sure was wore out. Everybody from our town was wore out. And we couldn't hardly talk, we was so hoarse from yelling. But we was happy. We even bunched up in the hotel lobby and give all our yells.

"A heap of city folks had come down there to congratulate us. They was good sports. They made us give the special yell for Bald-Face Scotty three times.

"They liked him. And every time we give it they'd laugh and cheer and laugh and cheer till they made more noise than we did.

"It was a good yell. It went something like 'Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle! Here you come, but Bald-Face Scotty is agoing to ketch you and twist your toes off!'

"Yes, sir; it was a great game and a great day for Jack Rabbit University. But what I was ameaning to tell you when I started was that there never was no more talk about our closing up. After that we could raise money, put out notes, enroll all the students anybody could pack into them cotton sheds, and even make 'em pay in advance. That's how come I never been agin football.

"Far as I can figger, higher education ain't no more the cause of football than football is to blame for higher education.

"We had just as much right to go bust after that game as before, but we didn't. Touchdowns was what made our little town the Athens of the cow country."

THE END

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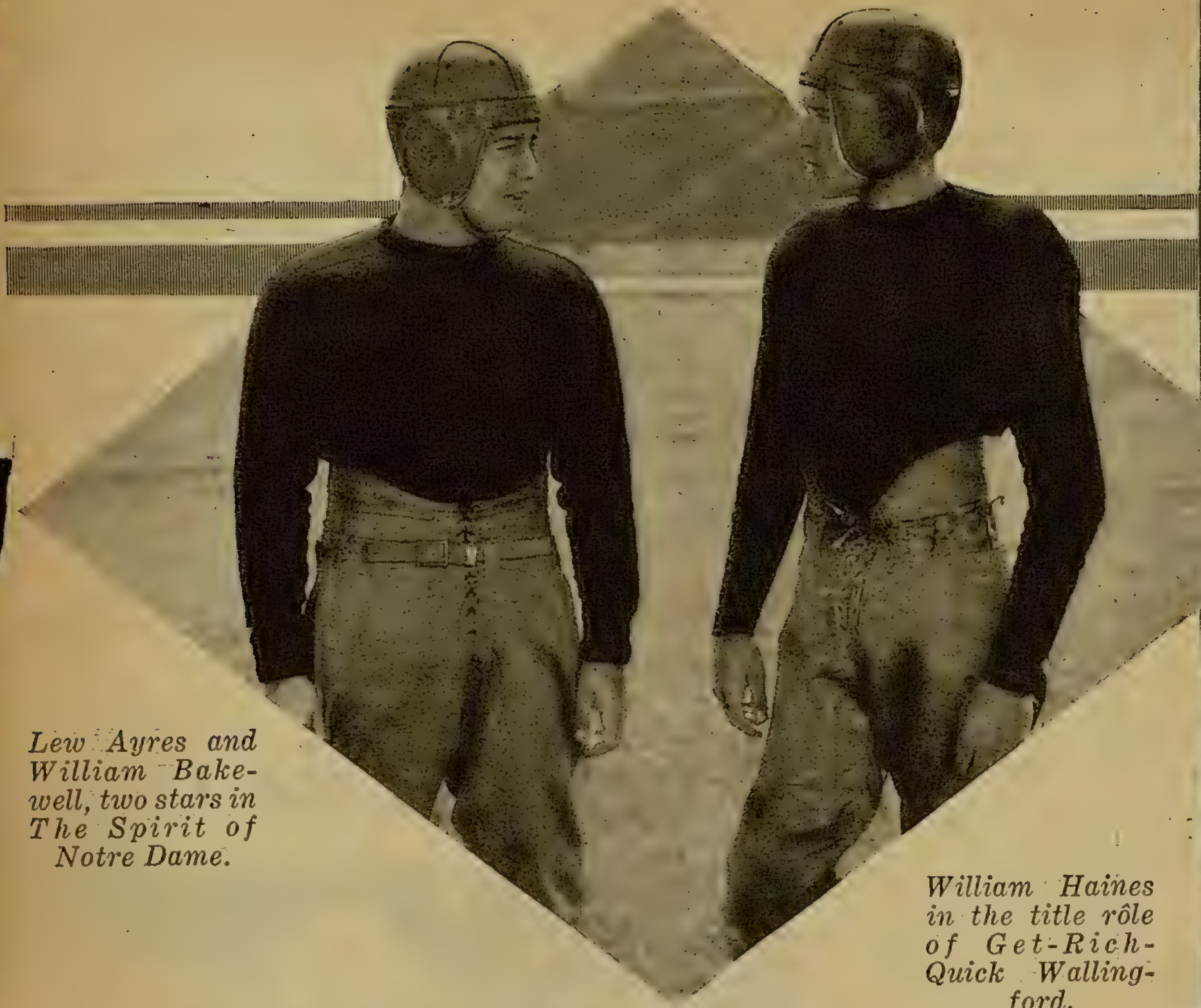


Lew Ayres and William Bakewell, two stars in The Spirit of Notre Dame.

William Haines in the title rôle of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford.

Wallingford, Rockn

Jimmy Durante's Film Triumph

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD offers plenty of surprises, but none more unusual than the hit of Jimmy Durante, Broadway night-club entertainer. Durante walks away with the revival of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford.

If you know your Manhattan cabarets you know Durante and his mad brand of humor. Durante sings about himself, throws hats at his orchestra, and generally conducts himself in a way to intrigue an alienist. Durante is an Italian, born on the East Side of New York. Like Irving Berlin, he began by playing ianos in saloons. He started before he was eighteen. He once thumbed the vories at Chuck Connors' famous resort n Chinatown. Durante spent twenty ears like this.

Then he caught the attention of Broadway, an' as he moved from club o club his following moved with him. Durante talks as all New Yorkers are believed to talk, writes his own cockeyed songs, creates his own brand of insane humor. He tried the talkies once before, in Roadhouse Nights, but did not get over. However, he decided to try again. He went to Hollywood and, after he recovered from the surprise of seeing sunshine, he went to work in Get-Rich-uick Wallingford.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

CAST

Wallingford	William Haines
Blackie Daw	Ernest Torrence
Schnozzle	Jimmy Durante
Dorothy	Leila Hyams
McGonigal	Guy Kibbee
Charles Harper	Hale Hamilton
Mister Tuttle	Robert McWade
Mrs. Layton	Clara Blandick
Mr. Layton	Walter Walker

Directed by Sam Wood.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

As reported, Signor Durante romps away with the revival of George Randolph Chester's story, done at least once before in films. You probably know the yarn. Two supercrooks plan to clean a small town. One of them falls in love with a local belle and decides to go straight. Then the trouble begins. However, the wild scheme designed to fleece the community turns out to be legitimate and Wallingford gets the girl.

Durante plays a rôle that never was in any previous version. He is Schnozzle, the crooks' handy man. Too handy, indeed. For Schnozzle can't help taking things—and his taking ways add a lot of complications. William Haines better than in a long time as Wallin ford, and Ernest Torrence is an ad quate Blackie Daw. Hale Hamilton, t original Wallingford of the stage pla here plays the town banker who tries defeat Wallingford.

The melodramatic comedy is directe with speed and humor by Sam Wood.

★ ★ ★ THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DA

CAST

Bucky O'Brien	Lew Ayres
Jim Stewart	William Bakewell
Truck McCall	Andy Devine
Wasp	Harry Barris
Coach	J. Farrell MacDonald
Peggy	Sally Blane
The Four Horsemen	Don Miller Elmer Layden Jim Crowley Harry Stuhldreher
Frank Carideo	Frank Carideo

Directed by Russell Mack.
Produced by Universal.

This is the film that indirectly cost life of Knute Rockne. You will re that Rockne was en route to Hollyw when his plane fell, killing him. story that was planned was not this of course, for The Spirit of Notre D

Doris Kenyon and William Powell in The Road to Singapore.

Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in Bad Company, a gangster play.

and Notre Dame

norial, and Two Other Pictures

MES SMITH

ended as a memorial to the coach. e is the thesis: The real stars of are often the ones never written by the newspapers. They are the who open up the holes, take out the erence, make it possible for the to accomplish their flashy feats.

two pals of this yarn are torn by jealousy. But they both dis- that teamwork is everything just e to help Notre Dame beat Army. nnot help being a little sad that emorial is a tawdry tale of adoles- bickering; but perhaps I am too nish. The film has some exciting nts.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

CAST

h Dawltry	William Powell
ippa	Doris Kenyon
ie	Marian Marsh
s. Wey-Smith	Alison Skipworth
y-Smith	Lumsden Hare

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

sappointing, because it is the usu- able William Powell's first film for ew employers, the Warners.

Mr. Powell plays one of those scoundrels who kill the monotony of life in the tropics by breaking up homes. Women throw themselves at him, but he cannot get into any of the British colony clubs. When Hugh Dawltry really falls in love with the wife of a stupid doctor, his latent conscience won't let him go through with it. You will have to see the film to learn the rest.

I am afraid that Mr. Powell swaggers a little too much as the scoundrel of Khoto.

★ ★ BAD COMPANY

CAST

Helen	Helen Twelvetrees
Goldie Gorio	Ricardo Cortez
Steve	John Garrick
King	Frank Conroy

Directed by Tay Garnett.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

This gangster yarn is just about eighteen months too late. It offers nothing new in racketeering, and its star, Helen Twelvetrees, who seems always about to burst into tears, has few opportunities.

Helen, the harassed heroine, is the sister of a gang leader and the bride of another underworld chief's lieutenant. But she guilelessly suspects nothing until her husband is put on the spot by his boss, who casts longing eyes upon her blonde innocence. Then she shoots Goldie Gorio, the supergangster.

Ricardo Cortez labors to make Mr. Gorio properly sleek, sinister, and menacing. Anyway, he is the first gangster with indigestion. But I am afraid that the plot developments skate along the edge of being unconsciously funny.

Do you know that—

Pat O'Brien is to play in Liberty's Lost Squadron? . . . Eddie Cantor is to do The Kid from Spain?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy.

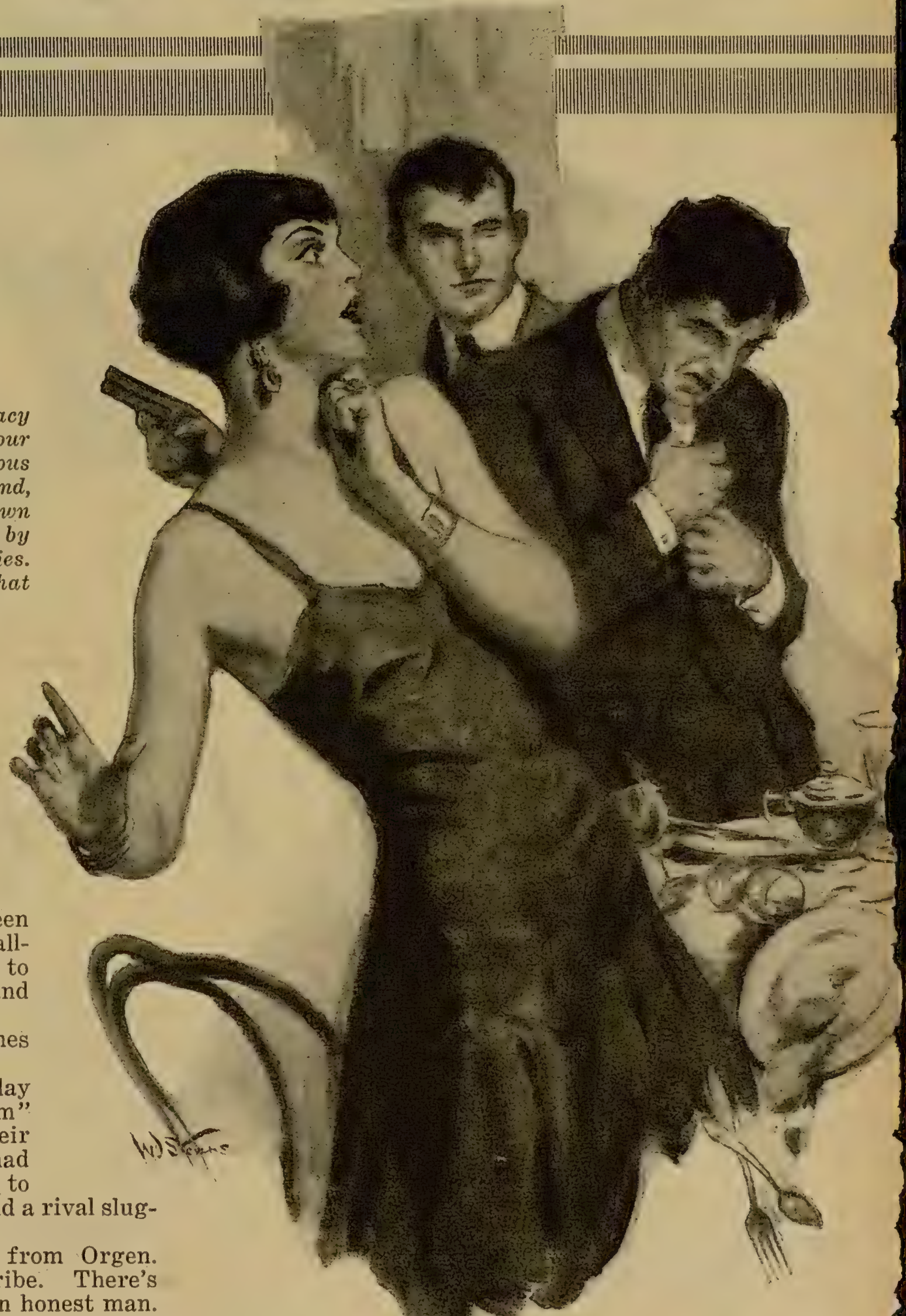
★★★—Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu.

The Twilight of the

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS



(Reading time: 19 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE rise of Al Capone to a ticklish supremacy in the dark and bloody underworld of our prohibition era, and some of the more notorious episodes in the lesser rise of "Legs" Diamond, have been divested of false glamour and shown up as the sordid and furtive things they were by Mr. Doherty in the first two articles of this series. He now gives details of the street shooting that left Diamond riddled—and, oddly enough, famous.

PART THREE—"THE BIG SHOT-AT"

MANY a gangster chief has created his first big opportunity to rob his fellow Americans by shooting one or more of his rivals.

Jack "Legs" Diamond got such an opportunity by being shot. Five bullets, intended to make him a corpse, made him one of gangland's heroes.

It was in October, 1927, this happened. Up to that time Diamond had been nothing but a petty thief, a slugger, an all-around "small-timer" crook. All he had to boast about was his record of arrests—and releases.

"Little Augie" Orgen used him sometimes as a bodyguard.

He was with Little Augie one October day when Augie tried to frighten "Jake the Bum" into making the painters' union call off their strike. Some Brooklyn master painters had offered $35,000 to prevent the strike or to break it. Orgen wanted that money. So did a rival slugging gang in Brooklyn.

Jake the Bum would take no orders from Orgen. Neither would he take a threat or a bribe. There's one thing a crook can't stomach. That's an honest man. Augie, baffled, began to talk. The Brooklyn hoodlums overheard him. They were indignant. Why should they let a gang from the lower East Side come down to Brooklyn and swipe their gravy, they asked each other. And none of them could answer the question intelligently.

"Well, are we men or are we mice?" was the next question they put to one another. They decided they were men, Brooklyn men, good patriotic local men, men who believed in Brooklyn for Brooklyn gangsters.

One October night Little Augie went leisurely through his domain, Diamond trailing him—master and hound.

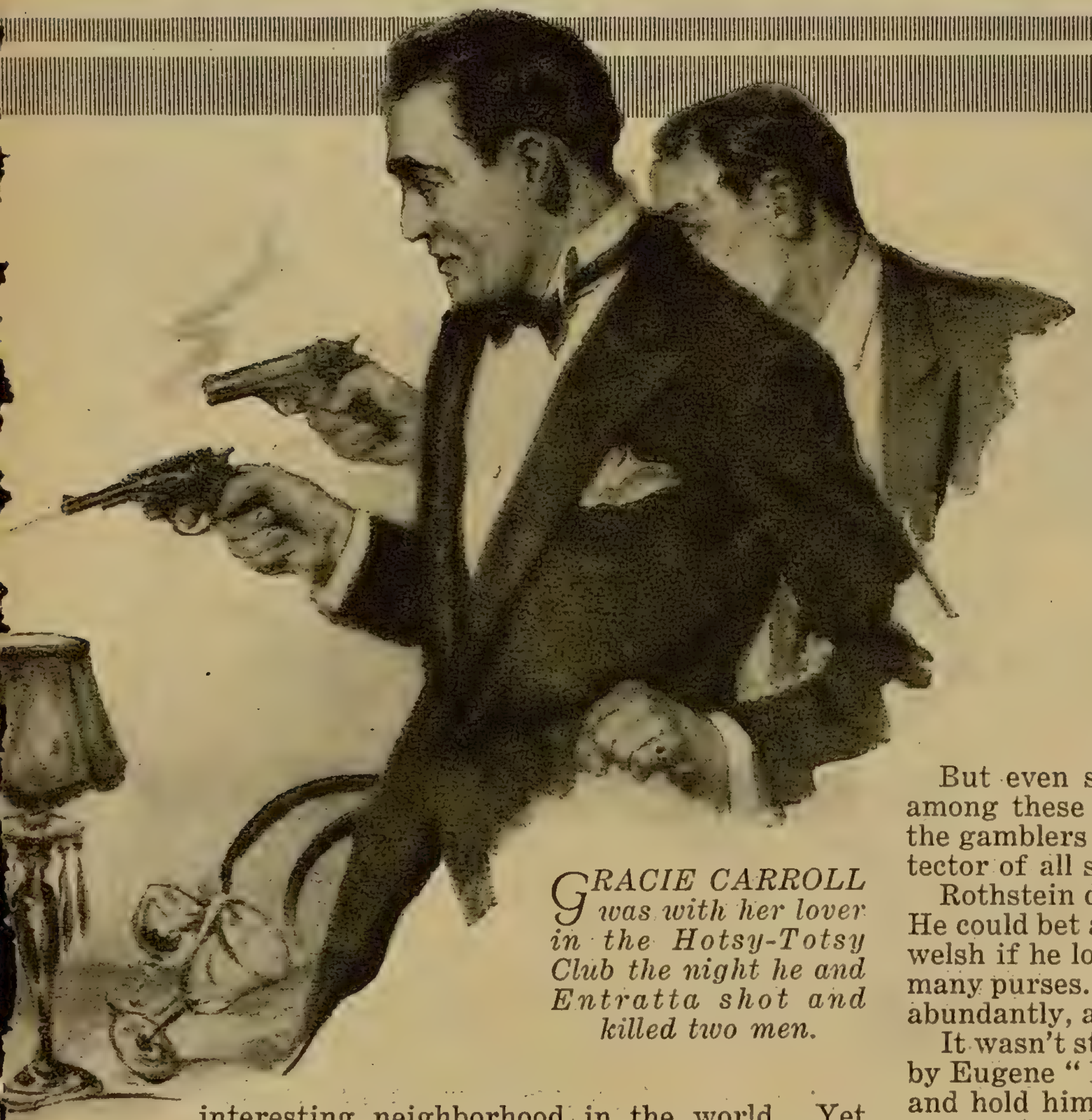
The streets were crowded with life, men and women pushcart peddlers crying their wares, women bargaining, haggling, pawing vegetables and fruit, pricing fish, yelling shrilly at their children; hurdy-gurdies playing, music sounding from the radio salesroom, horses' hoofs sounding on the cobbles, lights burning everywhere, torches flaming over some of the merchandise carts, street cars rattling by, women in darkened windows enjoying the night air after a long, hot day, children playing on the fire escapes, children in the streets, children in the hallways, chauffeurs shouting curses at other chauffeurs, chauffeurs honking horns, chauffeurs racing their motors.

The air was full of smells: the smells of onions and fish and garlic, the smells of hot and unwashed men and women, the smell of sauerkraut, the smell of fresh meat, the smell of gasoline, the smell of dying fruits, the smell of rubbish in the gutters.

Orgen and Diamond walked through the crowds, heard the voices of a dozen nationalities raised in argument, heard all the sounds of a modern Babylon, smelled the smells of a modern Bagdad, saw all the color of the most

GANGSTER

How Long Are We Going to Put Up with Him?



GRACIE CARROLL was with her lover in the Hotsy-Totsy Club the night he and Entratta shot and killed two men.

interesting neighborhood in the world. Yet they neither saw nor heard nor smelled tragedy that came on wheels—until two young men with guns confronted them. And then it was too late.

"Get out of the way, Jack!" one of them said. "We ain't huntin' you. It's that dirty rat we want."

The guns said the rest. Augie fell to his knees, then lay face downward on the walk. The cries of the peddlers were hushed. The laughter of the children died. The women dropped the purchases they had made, and looked for their children, and for a moment were silent.

DIAMOND stepped back and turned to run, and the men who didn't want him cut him down with five little slugs of lead, and left him on the cobblestones for dead.

The women screamed as the second volley echoed against the red-brick tenement walls. They screamed for their children. They ran everywhere, seeking them. Autos jammed. Pushcarts overturned. Doorways filled with frightened people. And then the sirens of the police were heard in the new Babylon—and a hero in gangland went whimpering to the hospital.

Yea, a hero! Hadn't he tried to shield his chieftain with his life? Hadn't he been shot down defending Little Augie?

Little Augie was buried the next day, and his father stood at the grave with arms outstretched, and a cold rain beat on him, and he wept for his son. The name on the silver plate affixed to the thousand-dollar mahogany casket was the boy's right name, but the age was twenty-five. Little Augie was twenty-five when he left his family to take "Kid Dropper's" gang. He was thirty-three when he died—but his family had mourned him for eight years as one already in his grave.

Diamond sent for the priest when he thought that he was dying. But when he knew he would recover, he sent for a lawyer and demanded that he be taken immediately from Bellevue, the city hospital, and that the police guard be forthwith removed from about his bed. A polite magistrate obliged him without delay. He held court at Diamond's bedside so that everything might be expedited, that bail might be arranged, that the new hero might be released from technical custody and taken elsewhere.

Someone, perhaps, was afraid the hero might talk if he remained in the custody of the police. Someone who had paid Jack Diamond to slug or to kill, pulled wires.

A COWARD and a punk had been shot into prominence; and other cowards and other punks saw in him a new gang leader, a new "big shot."

But even some of the top dogs were impressed, and among these was Arnold Rothstein, banker and boss of the gamblers and the traffickers in drugs, friend and protector of all sorts of criminals.

Rothstein dealt in millions of dollars—and in hundreds. He could bet a half million on a poker hand—and he could welsh if he lost. He had a finger in many pies, a hand in many purses. His funds came to him mysteriously, easily, abundantly, and went from him secretly and swiftly.

It wasn't strange that he should hear of the plans made by Eugene "Red" McLaughlin of Chicago to kidnap him and hold him for a million-dollar ransom. He heard of many plans all over the country before they were matured. And he was worried when he learned McLaughlin's intention.

McLaughlin was only a kid, but he was a viper. He and a pal had held up a poker game in one of Capone's headquarters, and had relieved Capone's lieutenants of $70,000 in cash and $100,000 in jewelry. Capone ordered reprisals—and McLaughlin laughed and kidnaped two of Capone's favorites and demanded $100,000 for their lives. Capone, the business man, compromised on $60,000.

McLaughlin was tough—but he ended like all tough guys. He was found in the drainage canal.

Rothstein had two bodyguards, Eugene Moran and Thomas "Fat" Walsh; but he thought he ought to have more protection against the menace of McLaughlin. So he hired Jack "Legs" Diamond. And Diamond hired some of those who had been, like himself, members of Little Augie Orgen's gang of sluggers.

Jack Diamond was on Broadway now. He was in evening clothes after six o'clock. The worm had become a butterfly. McLaughlin didn't come near New York. He hadn't time to elude Capone's killers. There was little for Diamond and Walsh and Moran to do but pose as bad men, pets of a worse man; to enjoy themselves, and to take for their own whatever they desired.

Diamond made the most of his opportunities. He "muscled in" on night-club owners. He "muscled in" on prize-fight managers. He "muscled in" on gambling joints. He "muscled in" on everything illegitimate, and took his bit. See him walk into this swanky night club with some of his gorillas and some of his girls. See him order caviar and lobster and champagne. See him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER
Continued from page thirty-seven

summon the proprietor. See him walk aside with the man.

And listen to him talk.

"You know me? I'm Jack Diamond. I'm your new partner. I'm in for twenty-five per cent, or else— And I'm sending you fifty cases of champagne tomorrow."

And hear the sucker squeal!

"But, Jack—sure, twenty-five per cent is all right. You'll bring in lots of business. But—but—fifty cases! I can't use that much."

"No?"

"Well, all right, Jack. Maybe I can. Sure I can. Ha, ha! Of course I can. What was I thinking of? And there's no cover charge for your party, Jack. I wouldn't think of it. A partner? Sure not."

"And no bill."

"No bill. I wouldn't think of giving you a bill. And—can't I send you some of my best champagne, with my compliments?" They didn't all fall as easily as that; but most of them did. Proprietors of speakeasies and night clubs are so vulnerable. They cannot afford to have trouble. It might mean a raid, a padlock, a fine. It might mean jail. Even if the authorities took no notice, it might still mean ruin—for the patrons of illegal places are a timorous lot.

Suppose Jack Diamond's hoodlums got into a fake quarrel some night when the joint was packed with people. Suppose they started shooting. There would be headlines in the newspapers, investigations by the police and federal people—but, no matter what happened, it would be a long time before the suckers came back regularly.

Diamond knew, of course, that the night-club owners had no defense. He took advantage of their helplessness, and believed that he was tough. And, because he believed in himself, others believed in him too.

The night-club girls especially believed in Diamond. He had no trouble becoming a patron of hearts. He was tall, slim, rather good looking. He was dark, mysterious, bold. There was the thrill of evil in him, the glamour of the gunman on him—and gunmen do have glamour until they face another gunman's gun.

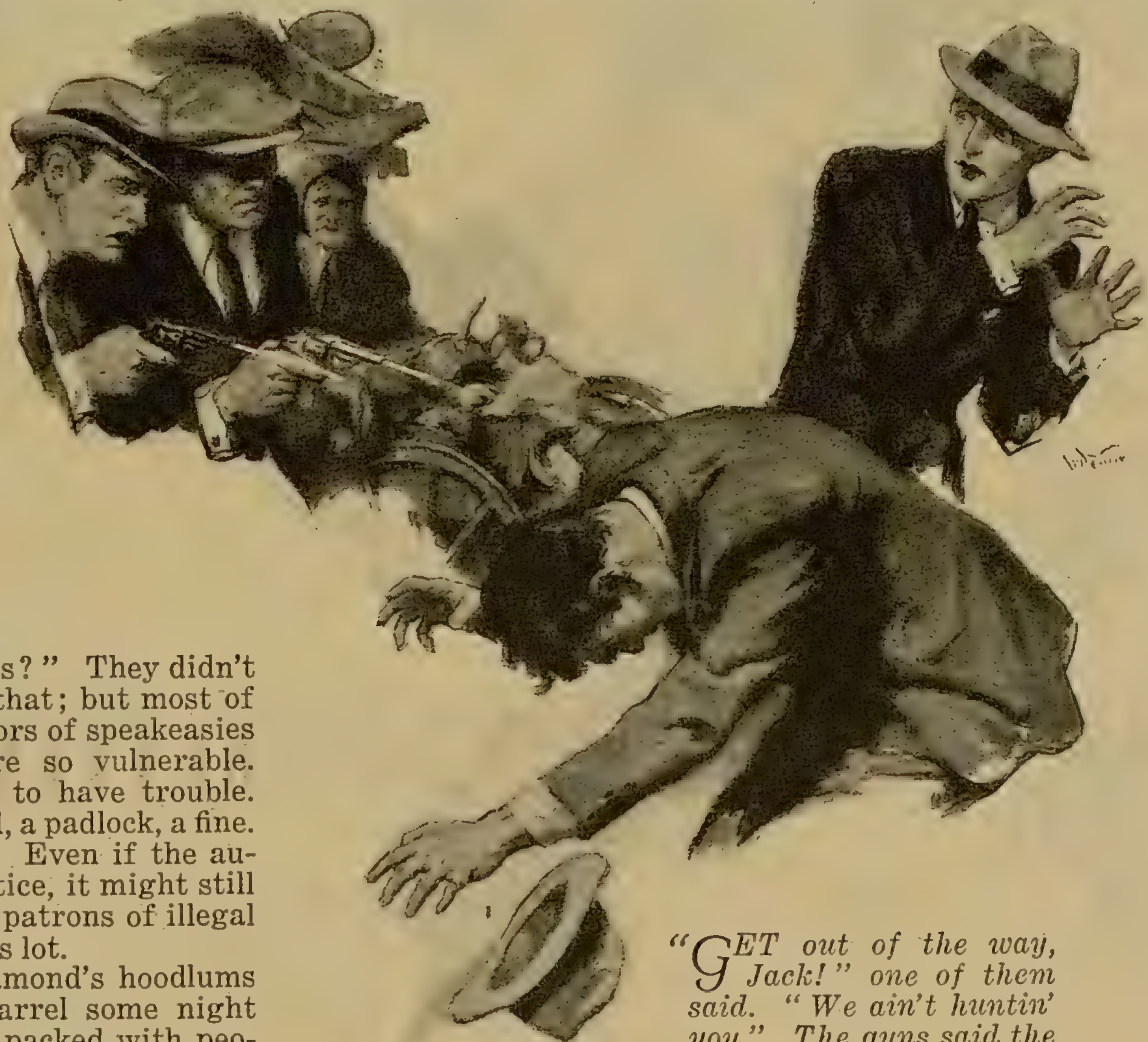
GRACIE CARROLL was but one of the girls who worshiped Diamond. If you've been to the night clubs you've seen hundreds like her, kids of seventeen or so, slim, peppy, laughing, seminude, girls born to dance and sing for a time—and then to sacrifice and suffer, or to cash in on their attractions.

Gracie was living with Diamond when he opened the Hotsy-Totsy Club. She knew he had a wife, but she didn't care. She loved him. She was with him in the club the night he and Charles Entratta, alias Green, shot and killed two men. She was soon to be a mother.

Jack and Entratta disappeared from New York immediately after the shooting. Gracie went with Jack. And she hasn't been seen since by her relatives. Nor has she been heard from. Her grandmother and her aunts believe she is dead. She was the sort of girl, they say, who used to write them every week, even when she had nothing at all to say. She has not written since the night she fled with Diamond.

Diamond came back out of hiding after Entratta was discharged from custody. The state wanted to try Entratta for those murders. But all the witnesses had vanished too—and though some of them may yet be alive, the detectives who worked on the case are convinced that most of them are dead.

It isn't entirely the police and the prosecutors of the land who are to blame because no gangster chief has been hanged or electrocuted for murder. Sometimes the jurors are to blame, sometimes the witnesses. Jurors have been bribed or frightened. Witnesses have been bought, or dispersed, or killed.



"GET out of the way, Jack!" one of them said. "We ain't huntin' you." The guns said the rest.

THE state threw out its case against Entratta because it had no evidence, and Diamond, knowing he had nothing to fear, came back to New York and walked its streets like an honest citizen. He and Entratta were friends no longer, for Entratta believed Diamond had double-crossed him. Diamond had not tried to help him when he was in jail. Diamond had let him "take the rap" alone. Diamond had deserted him.

But Diamond didn't care. He could get other men to kill his enemies for him. He didn't need Entratta, though Entratta had helped him trim the crooked stock and bond salesmen. This was an easy racket. The wise little girls in the night clubs met the wise little boys from Wall Street and learned their secrets, and betrayed them to Diamond and to Entratta. Diamond and Entratta visited the Wall Street crooks in their offices, and cashed in on their information.

It's dog eat dog in gangland. No crook is immune from other crooks. All crooks fear the gunmen.

And all gunmen are afraid of honest cops.

Jack Diamond pales at the sight of Detective Sergeant John Broderick of the metropolitan police. And so does Vannie Higgins. Broderick once beat Diamond until he cried in his squeaky feminine voice for mercy. Broderick once knocked Vannie Higgins through the side of a telephone booth in Madison Square Garden. And Higgins hasn't seen a fight in the Garden since.

Jack Diamond was tough enough to stick a cigarette in the eye of a man who disagreed with him on politics. He was tough enough to hit another man over the head with a heavy bottle. He was tough enough to burn the soles of Grover Parks' feet when Parks was bound and gagged and helpless. He was tough enough to kill his rivals.

He was tough enough to order the execution of three men and a woman, because he believed the men had shot at his brother.

But he had a gang behind him then. He wasn't so tough without his gang. There was a time when he shook hands with a man who had actually put two bullets into Eddie.

Jack and Eddie Diamond and some others had held up a mail truck, slugged the chauffeur and the guard, and escaped with $125,000 in diamonds and other jewels. They gave the loot to "Shorty" Ed Miller to sell. He declared he could get only $17,500 for it. Jack Diamond called him a liar, and killed him.

Canice Neary, an ex-policeman, a friend of Miller, and one of the mail-truck robbers, went looking for Diamond. Paddy "Link" Mitchell, Nigger Mike, and Johnny Glynn went with him.

Link fired at Jack—but Eddie leaped in front of his brother and took one bullet in the stomach and another in the leg.

"Lay off Jack," he said. "He didn't kill Shorty. Anyway, you got me. Lay off Jack."

These were hard guys, but they recognized grit when they saw it, and heroism. They took off their hats to Eddie. He could have anything they had.

"Think of that kid swallowing bullets for his heel of a brother," Mitchell said. "All right, kid, we'll lay off. Anything you say. Hurt bad?"

"We'll get you the best croaker in the country, kid," said Neary. "You'll pull through."

"Thanks," Jack said. He held out his hand to each of the men who had come to kill him. And after the handshaking ceremony they hustled Eddie to the nearest hospital and had him patched up. But the day came when Diamond put Link Mitchell on the spot, and killed him without mercy—not because he had shot Eddie, but because he was hijacking liquor trucks in which Diamond had an interest.

This Link Mitchell was one of the most colorful of the Irish-American gunmen of New York. He was one of two brothers, twins. The other brother was drowned.

"There's the two links on my heart," their mother used to say whenever she saw them together. One link died, and the other grew up wrong. He was always missing from home. "The missing link" he was, until he was grown, when he became simply "Link" or "Linky."

IT was Link who gave "One Eye" Lynch his nickname by shooting out one eye. One Eye made life hard for Paddy Mitchell thereafter, chased him all over Hell's Kitchen, made him more of a missing link than ever. Every gunman has someone he fears. Link shuddered at One Eye's name.

Lynch was put to death by the state of New Jersey for a murder he committed during a robbery. And when the body came back to New York, they gave him a suitable wake.

All the gangsters came to pay their respects, and some of them went down on their knees and blessed themselves as they had learned to do when they were boys, and some of them fingered rosaries, and some of them went out into the back room to drink and smoke and tell stories of One Eye in his prime.

Link Mitchell came with Johnny Glynn, "the fighting Irish wop," his bartender. Glynn bent one knee and crossed himself and lowered his head in prayer. But Mitchell stood looking down at the face of his enemy. And suddenly and deliberately he spat in the eye he had not shot out.

"Glory be to God!" said the Irish-Italian bartender prize fighter. "Link Mitchell, you've cursed yourself this night! 'Tis a sacrilege you've done! You'll die before the year is out! Leave us get out of here at once."

Link Mitchell laughed. He feared no man any more. He was "the big man with the big gun." He shot men in the belly and laughed at them, and told them lead pills would kill or cure them. He swaggered when he walked. He bragged when he was drunk. And he was drunk most of the time. He drank up most of the supplies in his saloon. He drank himself out of business. He drank himself into a friendship with Jimmy Russell, known as "Jimmy the Gin," a lieutenant of Jack Diamond.

SHORTLY after he spat in the eye of his dead enemy, Link hijacked one of Russell's trucks. Russell gave him $1,000 a week to guard the other trucks. Mitchell drank up the thousand dollars and hijacked several trucks more.

"He pays me to protect him, and I help myself," he bragged. "I get it going and coming. They're afraid of me. They know me. I'm the big guy with the big gun. I'm Link Mitchell, and I'm hard."

It was a Saturday night he hijacked his last truckload of Diamond's beer. And he spent the money in all the speakeasies he knew. Two little colored boys accompanied him on his drunk. One played the banjo constantly and the other beat the drum.

Every so often Link would wave to them, and they would stop and listen.

"Who am I?" he would roar.

"You's de big man wid de big gun," they'd chorus, fright in their young faces.

Link would shout with laughter and throw them coins, and go back to his drinking and his bragging. And the boys would play once more on the banjo and the drum.

It was after four o'clock in the morning when he kicked each little colored boy and sent him home. The church bells were ringing for five o'clock Mass as he said good-by to his friend John Glynn, and started out "to see my girl and give her a damn good wallop, just for luck."

They were still ringing as shadows leaped at the big man with the big gun, as a hairy arm was tightened against his neck.

"Down on your knees and git it," a hoarse voice said, and though the bells were loud Link heard the voice, for he whined a little and begged for mercy.

Even as he whimpered a gun was put to his head and fired. Five shots were pumped into him as he sagged. The murderers ran.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BETTER BRISTLES
THAT KEEP THEIR
BETTER SHAPE

Give Tek the most strenuous sort of a workout, morning and night. Even after months of daily brushing and drenching in water it cleans teeth better and vitalizes gums. *Better Shape,* Tek fits even the sharp curve behind your front teeth. *Better Bristles,* Tek removes stains and prevents the accumulation of tartar.

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER
Continued from page thirty-nine

One of them, Jimmy the Gin, ran into the arms of a policeman. And he's doing time in Sing Sing now. The others got away. Perhaps Jack Diamond was not one of the men who killed and ran. He had become a "big" gangster by this time, and big gangsters have their killing done for them. Besides, it was nearly five o'clock in the morning, a most unattractive hour for Diamond to lie in hiding and wait for the coming of a hijacker. At any rate, there was no way to tie the murder to Jack Diamond. Jimmy the Gin wouldn't talk. He "took the rap," as Entratta did. But then, he couldn't very well do anything else.

Diamond has been lucky, if not clever, in avoiding arrest for murder. Sometimes his victims disappear, and there is no trace, no *corpus delicti.* Harry Western, a rival in the Catskills, vanished after kissing his wife good-by and telling her he was to meet Jack Diamond. His car was found. It was full of bloodstains. The young man who drove it was thrown into jail and held there for months, but he either knew nothing of Western's fate, or would not discuss it.

Detectives searched the country for months but could not locate Western. There is a story to the effect that he was taken for a ride, that he was dismembered, run through a rock-crushing machine, and then through a concrete mixer, and finally poured into a new road. But this story has never been proved.

There is another story that he lies in an unmarked grave somewhere in the Catskills.

THE witnesses to the killings in the Hotsy-Totsy Club have never been found. You can say they were killed and "given a drink." But you must prove it. You may believe that Gracie Carroll died, and the baby with her. But, in order to convict anyone of her murder, you must first find her body.

It would be difficult, too, if not impossible, to convict Diamond of the murder of the three men who tried to kill his brother, or to convict him of the murder of the girl whose body was found in the Harlem River.

Eugene Moran and Thomas "Fat" Walsh and Dominic Piato were the three. Diamond had poisoned Rothstein's mind with stories about Moran and Walsh. Rothstein bounced Walsh. Moran was angry and quit. Piato, a Rothstein henchman, quit too, because he liked Moran.

These three decided to get both the Diamond brothers. And they thought it would be easier to get Eddie first. He was in Denver, half dead from consumption. The murderers went west with a submachine gun. They saw Eddie riding in an automobile. They pursued him. But Eddie saw them in time. They fired. Eddie escaped.

It wasn't long until each of the three who had hunted him were hunted and shot down. Fat Walsh was found in a Florida hotel, and proved an easy target.

Piato met his death in a New York street, but his body was lying in a gutter in Queens when it was found.

MORAN fled to the little town of Brielle, New Jersey, for safety. He lived there with a pretty girl, and they were known to the neighbors as Mr. and Mrs. Rice.

Two old friends found him there, and took him for a ride. It was a long ride that ended in a dump heap. Moran drove his own car, and died at the wheel.

His old friends left him there, and set the car afire. It was months before he was identified.

And it was months later when the body of his lady friend, Anna Urbas, was found in the Harlem River. She had fled Brielle when Moran failed to come back from his ride that night. She guessed what had happened to Moran.

She ran to Moran's old father and stayed with him a while, and then, seeing a stranger watching the house, she took alarm once more and went back to her people in Cleveland.

She might have been safe with them. Who knows? But she returned to New York.

Perhaps it was Broadway that made her return—show business, the necessity of dancing, the necessity of lights and music and drink. Perhaps she felt that "gangsters only kill each other."

She came back. And somebody put a wire about her pretty neck and drew it tight, and loaded her body with brake shoes, and somebody threw her into the river while she was still alive.

The autopsy showed that she was drowned.

But how are you going to pin all those murders on Jack Diamond? Where are your witnesses? Anna Urbas was the star witness—or she might have been. If there are others who might give evidence, the authorities of three states have failed to find them. And if found, they might vanish.

Murder will out? That may be. But not while the gangsters rule the land.

The downfall of Jack Diamond, the recent epidemic of sudden death among the beer racketeers of New York, and the present outlook for the gangster in the twilight of his kind, will occupy the concluding article of Mr. Doherty's series, to appear in an early issue.

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2—What is a protagonist?
3—What is the anatomical name of the wrist?
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5—What states border on the Gulf of Mexico?
6—Who composed Parsifal?
7—What is adipose tissue?
8—What English essayist used the pen name Elia?
9—What is variola?
10—Who was the goddess of flowers in Roman religion?
11—Who invented the air brake?
12—What is migraine?
13—What is a dudeen?
14—What is a brazier?
15—What is *milieu?*
16—What does "on the tapis" mean?
17—What is a troche?
18—Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable?
19—In what state was Abraham Lincoln born?
20—What was the family name of the last czar of Russia?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

MEN Are Sometimes WRONG

A Short Short Story

By

LUCY SALAMANCA

who began newspaper work during her high-school days and has been writing ever since. Her fiction stories have been widely published, and she has spent several years in South America seeking story material. She makes her home in Washington, D. C.

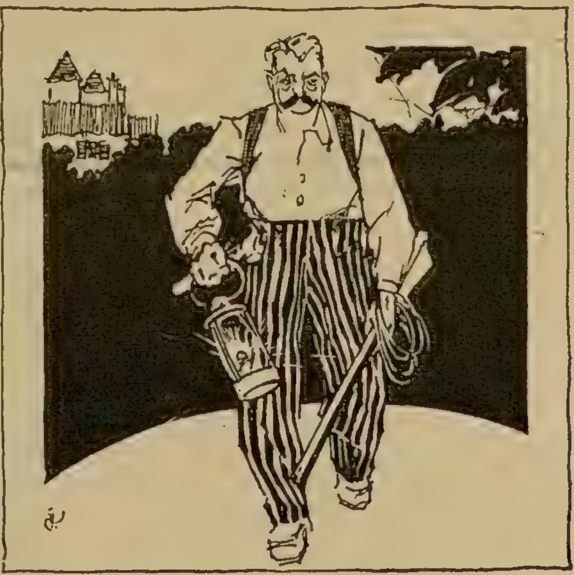
(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

MA STERLING untied her apron and hung it behind the door. It was Saturday night, and she and Frank and Pa were going into town as usual. Frank was taking his Ford and going on ahead. Pa and she had planned to go in the family car. But it was seven o'clock and Pa hadn't even washed. She guessed she wouldn't wait for him. The Butlers were going to stop by on their way in and she might as well ride in with them. Pa was going to the barber shop, anyway.

Ma Sterling went into the bedroom and took her second-best hat out of the box. She took her big black pocketbook out of the upper bureau drawer and went into the kitchen. The basket of eggs stood ready on the table, and the pats of butter, carefully wrapped.

"Mamsey! Say, old girl, where are you?"

It was Pa. He always called her when he came through the kitchen door, after chores. Ma Sterling laughed comfortably. Land sakes! What a man! Had to know where she was every minute. A good man, though. Kind of stern, but good. She wished he wouldn't feel so hard sometimes about things. Those chicken thieves, now. Course, nobody should steal chickens. But it wasn't no excuse to kill a man 'cause he fell for temptation sometimes. They'd had quite an argument about it at dinner.



The Butler boy had filled a man with buckshot once when he found him in the chicken yard. They had been talking about it. Pa thought the boy had done right. She thought it a little hard.

She didn't want nothing to happen to those prize beauties Pa had raised up, no more'n he did. . . .

Pa was sputtering at the kitchen sink, rinsing his face in his great hard hands. He looked up at her through dripping fingers.

"Got your hat on a'ready?" he observed.

"I thought I'd go along with the Butlers, Bert," she told him. "They're stopping by, an' you're going to the barber's, anyway. I've got some shopping to do. I'll have my eggs and butter sold before you get started."

"Well, all right," agreed Pa, reaching for the roller towel and burying his face in it. "I've got a few chores to do yet, anyway. I'm aiming to lock up those prize Leghorns before I leave. Them chicken thieves have been pretty active lately. I ain't taking any chances with them."

Outside a horn blew, loud and shrill.

"Well," said Ma Sterling, pecking hurriedly at her husband's cheek, "I'll run along. You'll be at the barber's?"

"Jes' as soon as I get them hens shut up," said Pa. "I'll see you somewheres in town, old girl. If you get through first and I ain't about, come over to Jim's."

He stood at the kitchen window, watching her as she bustled down the path. There wa'n't a finer woman anywheres than Ma. He'd never seen a woman like her—could turn her hand to anything. Ma was a good woman. He was pretty fond of Ma. . . .

Bert Sterling waited until the car was out of sight. Ma was a good woman, but she wa'n't right about everything, either. There was only one thing to do with chicken thieves, and he was going to do it.

Pa Sterling went into the closet of his bedroom and got out a big double-barreled shotgun. Then he went into the barn and came out with a roll of wire, some nails, and a hammer. Next he made his way to the chicken house. For some time he was busy inside. When he left the shack he crawled out of the square opening in the rear that gave on to a wired runway. The shotgun was no longer in his hands—only some wire, a few nails, and a hammer. . . .

Pa lay luxuriously back in Jim's reclining chair while Jim, dispensing the latest bits of town news, lathered his face.

Pa looked up and saw Frank.

"Ma told me to tell you," said Frank, "that she got to worrying about her chickens when she got to town. Said she was afraid you might forget, after all, to shut up the Leghorns." Pa sprang from his chair.

"Where is she?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Why, gone home," said Frank, much surprised at this reception of his simple news. "The Butlers were going right back and she told me to tell you she'd go on with them without waiting for you."

Shoving aside his son and the astonished Jim, Bert Sterling reached frantically for his hat.

"God in heaven!" he sobbed. "Ma—gone home!"

In another instant he had fled the shop. . . .

DOWN the road tore the little car, Pa Sterling bent fearfully over the wheel, possessed of a great fear. Ma, his wife, gone home to lock up the chickens. She would reach the house, light the lantern, go out to the chicken house to see if he had made the door fast . . .

For the first time in many years Pa began to pray. He was thinking that he had been a little hard on the wife of whatever chicken thief might have opened that door. He was thinking that it was well sometimes for a man to temper justice with understanding.

Pa shuddered. He felt cold, old, worn, afraid. He pulled down the gas lever as far as it would go.

At last the machine wheezed and rattled up the long curve that gave one a view of the house. Bert Sterling screwed up his eyes, straining forward. Yes, there was the light burning in the kitchen window. She had lit the lamp on the table by the sink. He could see her shadow moving about.

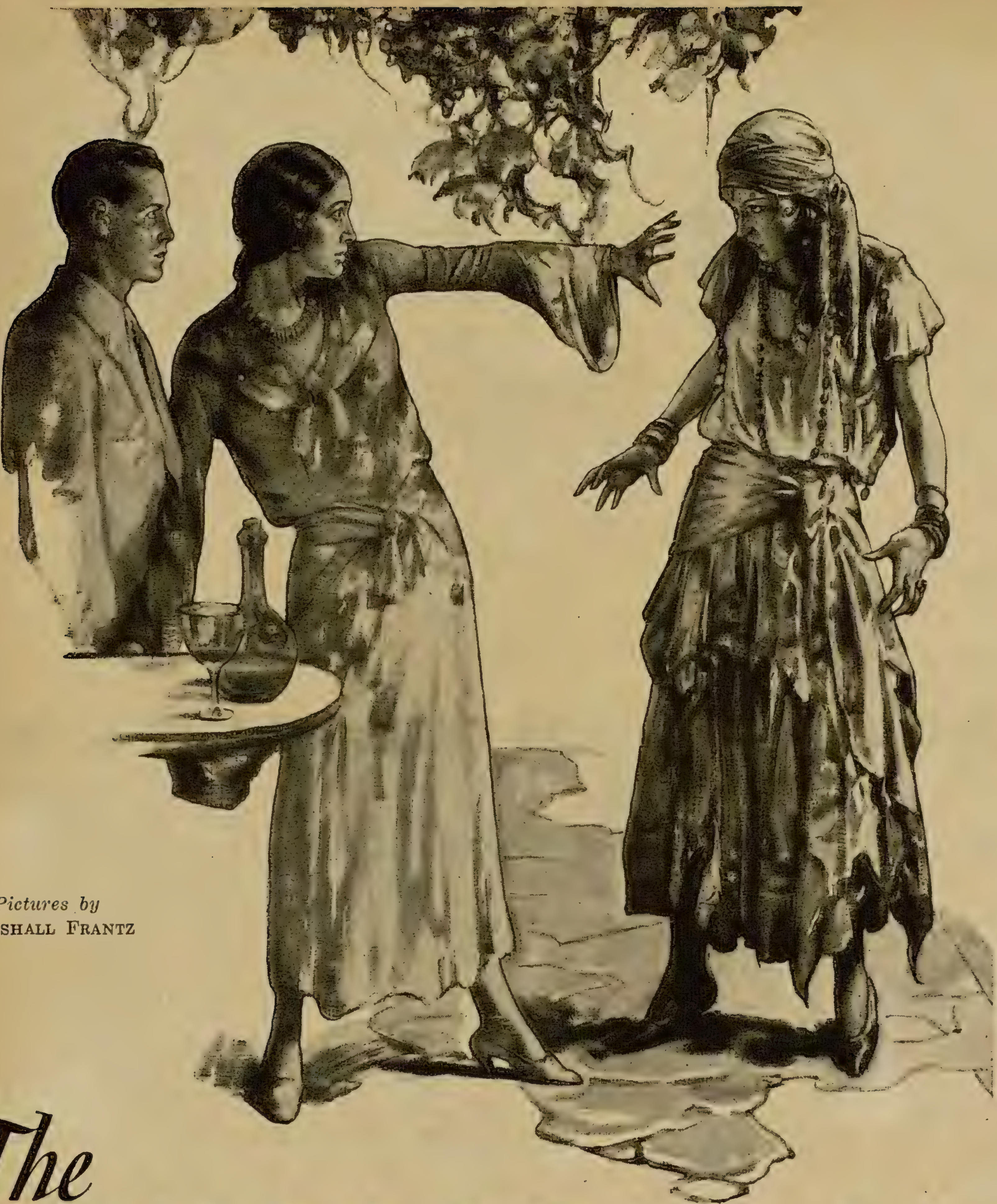
Despairingly the man kept his eyes fixed on the kitchen door. He saw it open. He saw his wife descend the back steps, the lantern glowing in her hand. The flickering light danced like a firefly beside her, marking her progress down the path. Just as Bert Sterling swung the car into the home road, his wife reached the end of the path. He tried to call out. He could not speak or move. There was a sudden report, short, decisive.

From the path his wife looked up at him. Six of her finest Leghorns lay strewn before the henhouse door.

"You forgot to lock 'em up," she said quietly. "I shoved the door open sideways, to let 'em in."

She held out the lantern to him, and her hand closed over his shaking fingers.

THE END



Pictures by
MARSHALL FRANTZ

The WOMAN with the

By JAMES FRAN

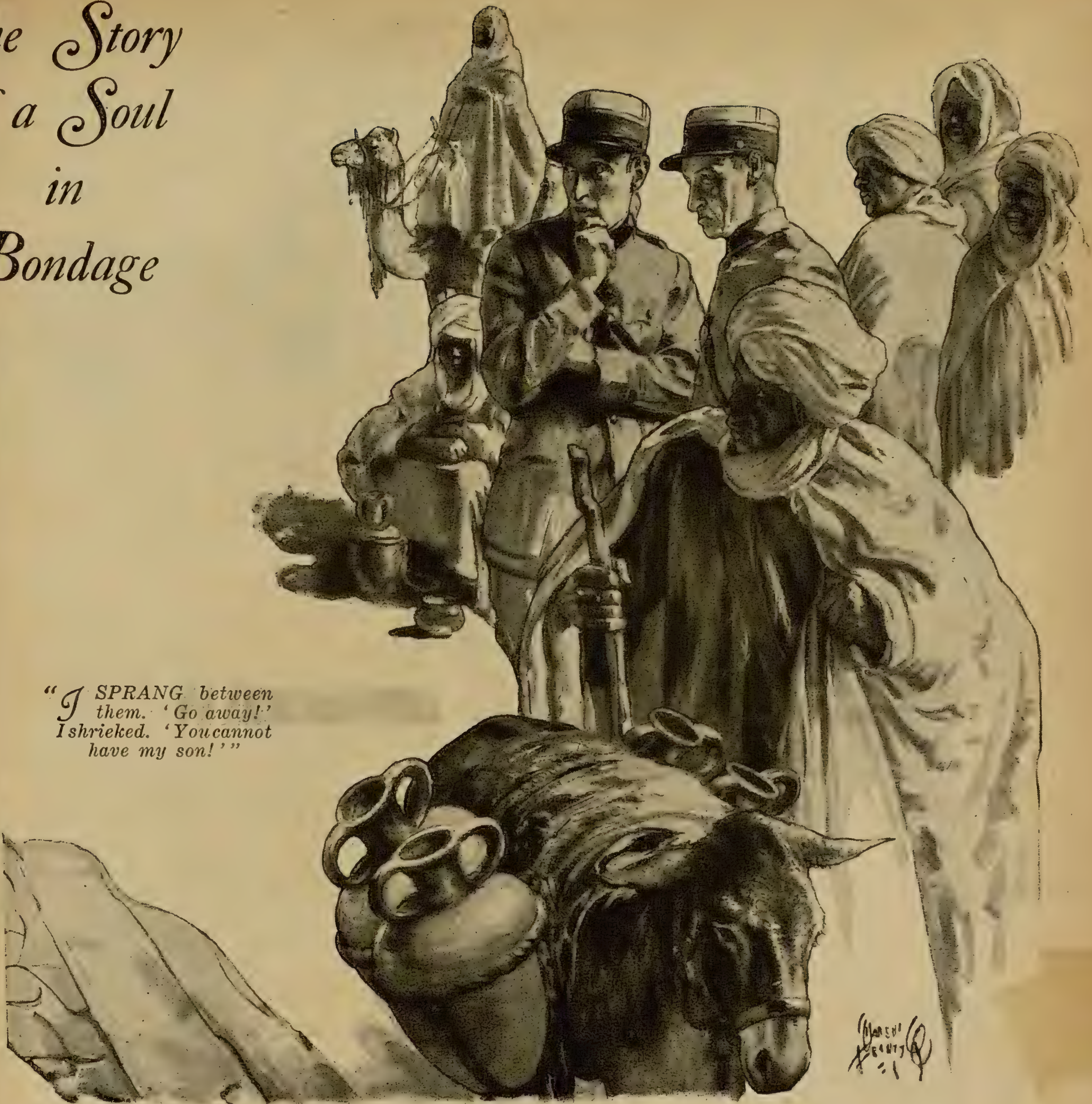
(Reading time: 31 minutes 5 seconds.)

DURING the years 1922, '23, and '24 I followed a strange profession. I offered through advertisements in the American magazines to send each week from a different city a two-page letter and a picture of the town. After six months of advertising I had over a thousand subscribers. In that period I sent out more than one hundred and fifty thousand letters from one hundred and fifty towns in Europe and Africa. I am forced to tell of this because my story has a lot to do with the business I followed during those years.

In February, 1923, I rode from Algiers to Biskra. I stayed at the Royal Hotel on the Avenue Delacroix, and startled the post-office officials by thrusting into the mail ten hundred letters for the United States.

I thought Biskra an overrated place, and to kill the great discontent in my soul I walked into the baked countryside by the Route de Touggourt. At a kilometer from the town I came to a small café rejoicing in the name of Café du Printemps. There was a cool *terrasse* shaded by a large grapevine. I sat myself down and ordered a picón and grenadine from an Arab boy.

he Story
f a Soul
in
Bondage



"I SPRANG between them. 'Go away!' I shrieked. 'You cannot have my son!'"

GREEN MOLE

IS DWYER

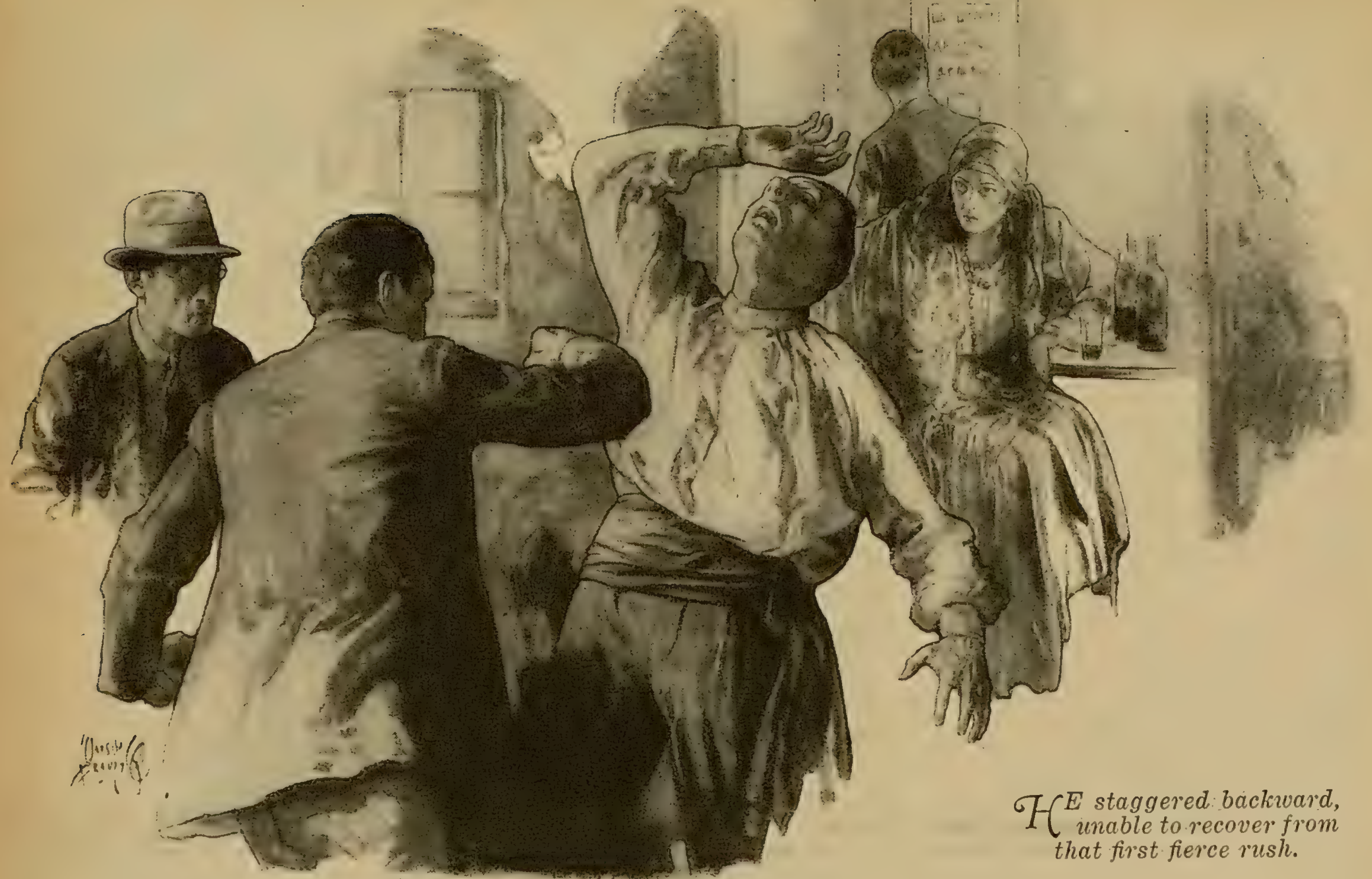
I watched the hot road. Plodding camels passed, grunting and squealing at their owners, who whacked them continuously; an occasional auto carrying American tourists.

Suddenly I was aware of a woman on the terrace. She bowed to me; I judged her to be the proprietress of the little café. We began to talk. I asked simple questions about the *saison*, tourists, climate, and her own clientele. In return for her information I told her a little about myself. Just a little. I knew that she could not understand my *métier* if I tried to explain about the Travel Letters, but I got over this by saying that I was a reporter, *un écrivain,* who traveled constantly and reported what he saw to tourists who were preparing their itinerary.

The fact that I traveled from one place to another interested her greatly. She questioned me about cities that I had visited. A strange woman, I thought. Slim, graceful, sad-faced; somewhere in the forties.

"I came to Biskra with my husband in the year 1905," she said, and her voice was soft and pleasant in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



HE staggered backward, unable to recover from that first fierce rush.

THE WOMAN WITH THE GREEN MOLE
Continued from page forty-three

stillness of the hot afternoon. "My husband's name was Marcel Lieutard. He was killed by an Arab on this terrace. The Arab was insane. Marcel tried to put him out of the café. The Arab knifed him while they were wrestling. Marcel died before I could reach him."

The woman told of her husband's death in such a casual manner that I felt she had something more important to tell to me. I was sure that the tragedy had been handed to me as a sort of *apéritif* to whet my appetite for a more sensational story.

"When did this happen?" I asked, probing for the *pièce de résistance*.

"Seven years ago," she answered.

"And you have lived alone here?"

"We had a son." Her voice was very low. "He was twelve years of age when Marcel was killed. My son's name is Henri."

THE woman remained silent for several minutes. Then she turned suddenly toward me and asked a question. "When you travel around from place to place do you visit the fairs?" she inquired.

"Do I visit the fairs?" I cried. "Why, I go to every fair I hear of. I love them. Why do you ask?"

"It is nothing," she murmured, but I could see by her smile that she approved of my liking for fairs. "Tell me," she added, "what you like at the fairs? What amuses you?"

Wondering a little over her curiosity, I told of the attractions that had special interest for me, and she listened intently. I told her that I bought tickets for the raffles and spent hours trying to put a wooden ring around the neck of a champagne bottle. It seemed foolish to tell of my childish doings at fairs, but I felt that I was encouraging her to tell me something—something strange.

When I paused she nodded her head gently and started to speak. The big story was coming.

"Henri was a wonderful boy," she began. "He was so intelligent. And he was handsome. Do you know, monsieur, he read books at an age when most children do not know their letters? And he drew pictures of Arabs and camels that surprised folk who saw them. Also he played the violin."

Listening intently I thought of that immense rotunda of heaven where the most splendid seats are marked: "For mothers who loved greatly."

"He was romantic," murmured Mme. Lieutard. "He dreamed of far-away places. When I was young I too dreamed of distant cities. That is why I married Marcel. When he told me that he was going to Algeria I married him quickly."

Mentally I searched the café for Henri. I couldn't sense his presence. He was not there. I wondered what had happened to him.

"You saw the place where the nomads are camped?" said the widow, gesturing with her hand toward a sandy strip of land half a kilometer down the road. "Well, she camped there."

"She?" I repeated. "Whom are you talking about?"

"The woman," answered madame. "She came here in the springtime. She came in a wagon—a gay wagon that had the flags of many countries on it. It was covered and painted yellow, and her name was lettered on both sides. Yes, her name. Mme. Clémentine it was. A French name, but she was not French. She came from some place in Russia, but she spoke French.

"Yes, the wagon was gay and bright. And she had a big white horse with an Arab boy to drive it. And that horse was afraid of her. Yes, he was much afraid of her. He was big and bold, with lots of shining brass on his harness, but when she came near him he shivered with a great fear. She slept in the wagon, but she had her meals here in the café.

"She was about thirty. She was pretty and she had a manner. When she walked she walked like the *gouverneur général* of Algeria, and when she would talk she used her hands and her eyes and her whole body. And if you looked at her eyes you could see the cities that she talked about. It is true. Let me tell you more. She had on her right cheek a green mole. A round green mole. Did you ever see a woman with a green mole on her cheek, monsieur?"

Mme. Lieutard leaned toward me, awaiting my answer. I tried to think of all the fair faces it had been my pleasure and privilege to view at close quarters.

"I cannot remember ever meeting a lady with a green mole on her cheek," I answered. "I might have seen one, but I cannot recall at this moment."

The widow seemed disappointed by my answer. I was puzzled. "If you had seen her you would not have forgotten!" she cried. "It is only a small mole, but—but it is she! It is the woman herself. Do you understand? The devil has put it on her face, like he has put the red spot on the body of the sand spider."

A great curiosity filled me. Mme. Lieutard was excited.

"What did this pretty lady do for a living?" I asked.

"She told one of the future," answered madame. "With the cards and with the sand, monsieur. It was extraordinary. Each little thing she knew. Nothing was hidden from her. She would spread a handful of sand on the steps of the wagon, and you would see yourself up to the very doors of death."

I was amused. I pictured Mme. Clémentine exchanging silly chatter for coin. I am not a moralist. I thought it a delightful occupation for a pretty lady from the Caucasus.

"She read the cards for Henri," cried the widow. "The cards said that he would make voyages—many voyages. I was frightened as I listened to her. I did not wish Henri to go away from me. No, monsieur. There was a little French girl in the Rue du Cardinal Lavigerie that I thought Henri would marry some day. He was but seventeen when the woman with the green mole came. Just seventeen."

"So," I murmured. "Seventeen, eh?"

The woman looked at me questioningly. "You are sure that you have never seen her, monsieur?" she said. "At the fairs that you visit?"

"No," I answered. "I cannot recall meeting a woman like her."

MME. LIEUTARD leaned toward me. "The officers of the *caserne* thought her a spy," she whispered. "Yes, they thought she was here to collect information. They stopped the soldiers from visiting her wagon."

This pretty Mme. Clémentine was evidently a person. A Mata Hari of the sands.

"The colonel hinted to her that she might find a place more suitable to her health," continued madame, "so one morning she called for her bill and paid it. I was a little upset as I watched her. I could not tell why. I was frightened. I shivered like the big white horse shivered.

"She stood there on the terrace, and she looked at Henri with her strange eyes. And Henri looked back at her like a little bird would look at a serpent. I became afraid. Dreadfully afraid. Listen, monsieur! Listen! I thought that I could see little threads come out from her face and weave themselves around the body of my boy. My boy that I loved! I did, monsieur! Little threads that made him her victim. There are women who have sold themselves to the devil in exchange for the power to bewitch men!

"I sprang between them, making the sign of the cross. 'Go away!' I shrieked. 'Go quick! You cannot have my son!' I was between them then, struggling to shield Henri from her eyes! Her dreadful eyes that went into his body and into his soul. I was pushing at her, clawing at her, praying to the Madonna for help to hold my son!

"WE struggled with each other. She was strong. People stopped on the route and watched us fighting. Fighting for a soul! Arabs and soldiers stood there in the road, their eyes upon the terrace.

"I called out to them to help me. They were afraid of her, monsieur! They were! They had seen the white horse shiver as if he had the ague when she came near him. And she knew the future! Yes, yes, they were afraid.

"We fought into the road. She had Henri by the arm. He did not struggle. Not at all. He just looked at her eyes as she pulled him with her. And he could not hear my cries. He was made deaf by her magic.

"She was strong! So strong! She pushed me to the ground. I caught hold of her by the ankle, but she kicked me in the face. She was cruel. She laughed as she kicked me. And Henri did not see that she kicked me. He did not see, monsieur! His eyes were fixed on her face. He was in her power. She took his hand and they started to run down the road to where her wagon waited.

"I got to my knees and ran after them. I was weak. I fell again. The dust blinded me, but I got up and ran on. I saw them climb into the wagon—my Henri and that woman. I shrieked out to my boy. He did not hear. I fell in the road. But as I lay there I saw the white horse rear in the shafts as he always did; then at a gallop the wagon rolled down the route and disappeared in the heat haze.

"The Arabs and soldiers helped me back to the café. I was stunned. I could not think. I could do nothing. I lay like a dead thing, the picture of my boy in every corner of the room.

"Weeks later people told me that I should have gone to the police. They said the police would have taken Henri from the woman and brought him back to me. But I would not have done that. No, monsieur. You see—you see, I loved Henri better than myself. Better than my life. I knew that he wished to go with her. There

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By C. Philip Stephenson

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality, and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge. So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water purified by a marvelous tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but that of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc. Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. L-111, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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THE WOMAN WITH THE GREEN MOLE
Continued from page forty-five

was something about her—some magic that he desired. I had never denied him anything. Never! If the police had brought him back to me he would not have been happy. She—she was romance to him. He had to go! He had to go!"

Tears slipped slowly down the cheeks of the widow Lieutard. I sat and stared at her. Her story distressed me. It was so direct, so simple, so convincing.

I pictured the dreamy boy of seventeen, his brain inflamed by the heat of Africa, longing to see things that were far from Biskra.

The tale roused memories of my own childhood. When I was a small boy of twelve, a traveling couple who came to our village informed me that if I could get my mother's consent they would adopt me and take me around the world.

I rushed home breathless and gasped out the news. A deep-eyed, shrewd mother listened to the very end, and I lacked the observation to see the tightening lips, the rising fire in the Irish eyes. With a suddenness that gave me no chance to dodge, a right hand caught me a clip on the side of the head, a left straightened me as I reeled, and another right connected again before I got out of range. Biting comments on my stupidity and the morals of nomads who had neither home nor country fell upon my ears as I fled; and, thinking the matter over at the back of the barn, I came to the conclusion that there were insurmountable objections to the proposed world tour.

The widow dried her eyes and regarded me quietly.

"When Henri left he went in such a hurry that he left behind something that he valued greatly, monsieur," she said, and her voice was very soft in the gathering dusk. "I know he misses it. You see, it was his mascot. It hung above his bed. He—he found it in the desert when he was but four years of age. I will show it to you."

She rose and went quickly into the café. I looked down the Route de Touggourt. Lights were twinkling in Biskra. Lonely Biskra.

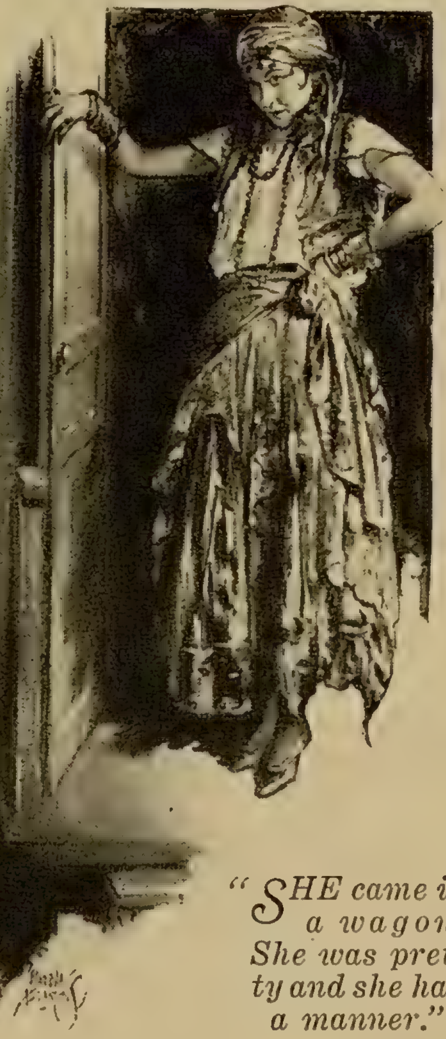
The woman slipped back to the terrace. She had a small cedarwood box in her hands. From this box she took an object and thrust it toward me. The Arab boy had lighted a lamp in the café. I leaned forward to study Henri's mascot.

EVERY visitor to northern Africa has had offered to him at each stopping place those curious crystalline formations called *roses du Sahara.* They vary in size from fragments the size of a quarter to great masses weighing two or three pounds. They are the result of the action of the wind on damp sand crystals, and they derive their name from the fact that the formation takes on the character of rose petals, interlaced or superimposed.

It was one of these *roses du Sahara* that the woman had handed to me. The strangest that I had ever seen. The petals had taken to themselves the form of the true cross. The piece had a length of about three inches, with a crossbar of one and a quarter. And covering it completely were the petals. Dame Nature had produced something that was a little mysterious, a little frightening.

The evening was upon us now. My thoughts turned to the walk back to Biskra. The route was unlighted, and in the semidarkness one stood a good chance of colliding with a bad-tempered jack-camel hurrying home to his supper. I attempted to hand the mascot back to the mother of Henri.

"Listen, monsieur!" cried the woman. "Please listen!" She made no effort to take the cross from my outstretched hand. "You have told me that you travel and that you visit fairs. This—this I want you to do for me! A little thing, monsieur! I thought that some day—that some day you would see this Mme. Clémentine and my Henri at a fair! You see, her business is with fairs. She told me that she visits them all. Visits them to tell the future. Please! *Please!"*



"SHE came in a wagon. She was pretty and she had a manner."

I rose to my feet, but the woman rushed at me and clutched my arm. I felt a fool.

"You will know her instantly by the mole on her cheek!" she gasped. "By the green mole. And—and Henri will be with her. My Henri! You will make a signal to him. You will call him aside and you will give him—you will give the cross. Take it! You—you will give it to him and tell him that I sent it because—because I knew that he missed it! You will do this for a mother. You will do it for *le bon Dieu!"*

I PROTESTED. I told her I was overwhelmed with commissions. And this was true. I made an effort to escape. I flung a five-franc bill on the table in payment for the picón and grenadine and I turned toward the road.

But Mme. Lieutard clutched the lapels of my coat and held me.

"I have prayed each day that I would find a means of sending the cross to Henri!" she sobbed. "And when you spoke of your wanderings and of your love of fairs I knew that my prayer had been heard. I knew! I knew! I felt in my heart that God had heard my prayers. Listen—oh, listen! If you do not find my boy this cross will bring you good luck while it is with you. But you will find him. You will! I know! I know!"

I am an awful fool. Phrenologists in different cities of the world have told me that I am "injuriously weak" on such fine faculties as cautiousness, secretiveness, and firmness. I left the Café du Printemps with the Cross of the Sahara in my pocket. . . .

I came out of the desert by way of Constantine and Tunis, and thence by boat to Marseilles.

A good place to begin hunting for Henri in that port of missing men. On a stretch of open ground at the back of the Bourse there was a line-up of battered motor cars and horse-drawn vehicles; and there I became a hunter of a dreamy youth and a lady with a green mole on her cheek.

This I discovered on that first afternoon: these showmen were not disposed to give any information to an outsider regarding one of their number. It was against the code. I spoke with six *forains,* and the six cunningly avoided my questions.

Did they know Mme. Clémentine? They might and they might not. I described the gay wagon and the big white horse. They assured me that there were lots of yellow wagons on the road and that showmen had a liking for white horses. But Mme. Clémentine? I persisted. She had a green mole on her cheek? No, they knew nothing of her. Perhaps they had met her, perhaps they hadn't. Europe was big.

Showmen and show-women wander across the face of Europe from St. Nazaire to Perm and from Hammerfest to Catania. There are a million fairs in the course of a year.

I prayed that luck would come to me. And prayer was a novelty to me. In my dreams I saw the lonely widow looking down the dusty road to Biskra, thinking always that she saw an Arab messenger bicycling toward the Café du Printemps with a wire from me reading: "Henri found. He is on his way back to you."

I lived on fair grounds in the hours that I could spare from my work of sending out a thousand letters a week to America.

On I wandered, the ever-present specter of the widow Lieutard walking at my side. Sometimes in the night at little hotels I awoke suddenly and saw her crouched in the corner, her lips moving. I knew what she was saying. I knew. "*But you will find him. You will! I know! I know!*"

I knew that she was driving me by thought transference. Driving me across Europe in search of Henri.

I copy from my old notebook the names of a few of the towns that I visited during those months. Monaco, Grasse, Vence, Port Bou, Barcelona, Elne, Gerona, Perpignan, Narbonne, Béziers, Cette, Montpellier, Tarascon, Château-Thierry, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague, Namur, *et cetera.*

Of course fairs were not in progress in all of these towns at the time of my visit; but where there was a fair I visited it immediately and hunted industriously for Mme. Clémentine and Henri. Three times I met *forains* who admitted that they knew of the woman, but not one of the three could tell me of her whereabouts at the moment I questioned them. One had had his stand beside hers at the great fair of Seville—La Feria, which is held on the Prado de San Sebastian during Holy Week. Another had met her in Milan. The third had his "pitch" quite close to her in the old city of Nîmes.

This last man was more communicative than his brother *forains.* He had talked with Henri—Henri Lieutard—one time of the Café du Printemps! I was thrilled. He said that Henri was a nice boy. Romantic and fond of travel. Cautiously I probed regarding the relationship between the woman and the youth. Was Henri her lover?

THE showman was angry with me. He thought me a fool. He was certain that Henri was not her lover. Then why, I asked, does he stay with her? He ran away from his home to be with her.

A far-away look came into the eyes of the *forain.* "Most homes seem dull places to romantic boys, monsieur," he murmured. "I ran away from home because I thought it quiet. Didn't you wish to clear out when you were young?"

I grinned sheepishly. Up before my eyes came a picture of a listening mother to whom I chattered of a pair of nomads who wished to adopt me and take me around the world. . . .

In the month of August I came back to Paris.

In a little hotel in the Rue de l'Isly I sat myself down and considered the matter of the Cross of the Sahara. I had taken the search so seriously that the failure to find the boy was affecting my health. The picture of the widow watching the dusty Route de Touggourt hoping for the long-delayed telegram had become a nightmare. You will understand that I am a fool. I am hypersensitive, and small things worry me.

I came to a decision at last. I would send the Cross of the Sahara back to Mme. Lieutard. I would write her a letter telling of my fruitless search, and I would beg to be excused. To me it seemed quite evident that the Almighty had not picked me as the finder of the wandering boy.

Carefully I penned a note, carefully I wrapped up the box that contained the cross. A sense of freedom was upon me.

I walked to the nearest post office with the packet and the letter. I would register them, to make my freedom more secure. I walked to the counter, and there, on the wall space which the frugal French rent out in post offices as we rent billboards, I saw an announcement of a fair at St. Cloud!

I put the packet in my pocket and walked toward the Seine. It was a Saturday afternoon, fine and sunny. I would give Henri one more chance.

I took a boat at the Quai du Louvre. The river looked lovely. The hills of Meudon were especially beautiful.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE WOMAN WITH THE GREEN MOLE
Continued from page forty-seven

I told myself that the outing would do me good. Of course I wouldn't find Henri, but what matter? I could mail the packet and the letter when I got back to town.

The fair was in progress at the entrance of the great Parc de St. Cloud. Slowly I walked along the midway. There were many attractions that I had seen in other cities. They were like old friends to me. There was "La Belle Paloise," who was advertised as the heaviest woman in the world; "The Spider Lady," who sat in an iron cage with the supposed bones of men around her; and there was "Nature's Puzzle: The Half Man, Half Woman," who had been arrested more times than any other freak in the world.

I had reached the middle of the line when I stopped suddenly. I was looking at a covered motor van—a fine, brave van with the flags of many nations flying from it—and upon the smooth yellow sides were the words: "Mme. Clémentine, Seeress."

I moved forward like a person in a trance. I bumped against folk and neglected to apologize. I was staring at a dais built at the end of the car. Upon this platform was a woman of some thirty-odd years, a pretty woman, and upon her right cheek, plainly visible in the afternoon sunshine, was a green mole!

Much excited, I looked for Henri. The youth was not in sight. A big, square-shouldered man with the face of a bully was passing slips of paper to the persons who milled around the dais. When the seeker for information had written a question upon the slip, the big man collected a franc from each as he passed the papers to the woman.

Mme. Clémentine was busy. Fearfully busy. Francs were pouring into the treasury. From the movements of her hand I came to the conclusion that she wrote a simple "yes" or "no" on the slips handed up to her, and the speed with which she worked proved that she gave little thought to the questions.

THE inquirers, after their papers had been handed to madame, pressed forward with uplifted hands to receive answers; but although they kept a sharp watch on their own slips, there was quite a little confusion. A girl who had asked if her Pierre would marry her before Christmas received back a slip on which Mme. Clémentine had written an emphatic "no" to a query that read: "Will I have twins?"

The attendant with the face of a prize fighter thrust a question paper in my face. I accepted the sheet, scribbled a query, paid a franc, and saw the slip passed to the woman on the dais.

Immediately I regretted my action. I became suddenly afraid of the woman. I recalled the story told me by the widow on the Route de Touggourt concerning the terror that gripped the white horse when Mme. Clémentine approached. Well, on that crowded midway at St. Cloud I became fearful of her. There was something malign about that lady, something wicked and sinister. Yet there was a fascination about her. A curious fascination.

I backed hurriedly out of the crowd. I took shelter behind a wagon. I watched her with unblinking eyes as she worked quickly through the papers. She came to mine. I knew it was mine, because I had turned down the corner of the slip lest the big man read it while handing it up.

SHE lifted her pencil to write the usual "yes" or "no," but she did not write. For a minute or more she stared at the slip; then she sprang to her feet. She was angry—very angry. Her eyes blazed as she stared at the milling crowd.

"Who has written this?" she cried. "Who wishes to know the whereabouts of Henri Lieutard? Who asks?"

The bully rushed to her side and stared at the paper. He glared at the crowd, apparently ready to pounce upon the writer. For an instant I felt certain that they had murdered Henri.

The woman started to speak. She was excited; her voice was high-pitched. "I am not afraid to tell where Henri Lieutard is!" she cried. "He is in the wagon, asleep! Does anyone wish to know more?"

There was silence. The clients were startled by the outburst. I kept in my shelter, a little upset by the commotion I had caused.

Madame sat down. The bully tore up the slip upon which I had written my question. He spoke in an undertone to the seeress; she listened impatiently and waved him away. The work of divining the future began anew. But the snap had gone out of Mme. Clémentine. She watched the crowd with hard, suspicious eyes. The green mole glowed like an emerald. I had a belief that her temper increased its viridescence.

I moved away from her stand. Was Henri really in the van? My curiosity parched my lips and throat.

It was now five o'clock. With no plan within my brain, I watched the van and madame. Watched from a safe distance. I was certain that everything was not right with Henri Lieutard. If he ever needed a mascot I was sure that he needed one at that moment. The assistant had a murderous mug, and madame's eyes were not those of a saint as she screamed the challenge after reading my query.

Toward seven the attendance dwindled. Women rushed home to prepare meals; hungry husbands followed them. The showfolk started to prepare their own suppers. The odors of various kinds of stews were wafted along the midway.

Mme. Clémentine descended from her dais. She opened the door of the covered motor van and disappeared within. The big-jawed assistant followed. I crept behind some packing cases and watched.

Madame and the man reappeared. The seeress had thrown a gay Spanish shawl over her shoulders. The man locked the door of the van, put the key in his pocket, and took the arm of the lady. My heart was pounding mightily as I watched them turn toward the town. The two were going to sup in some café of the neighborhood. No ordinary *forains* were they.

I watched them clear of the midway, then crossed hurriedly to the van. I put my lips to the keyhole in the door and called the boy's name. "Henri!" I cried. "Henri Lieutard!"

A choked *"Oui, oui!"* came from within. Breathlessly I explained myself. In words that tripped over each other, I told of meeting his mother, of her story, of her action in confiding to me the Cross of the Sahara.

Cries of astonishment came from the van. I heard noises that suggested a struggle. But the door remained shut. I placed my ear against the keyhole. Someone, presumably the youth, was rolling on the floor of the van. I judged that Henri was a trussed-up prisoner.

"Come to the front of the van!" he gasped. "Quick! Quick!"

I rushed to the front of the machine and climbed up on the driver's seat. There was a heavy lattice of wood behind this seat. In the dim light I could see the face of the young man within.

"A knife!" he shouted. "Open it and push the blade through the slats! My hands are tied!"

At that moment I wished that I had never visited the Café du Printemps. Imagination leaped forward and painted a little picture that chilled me. I thought of my thousand subscribers scattered over the United States who would be waiting vainly for their weekly letter while I cooled my heels in a French jail.

It was too late to retreat. I thrust the blade through the slats, holding fast to the handle. I felt the movements of the youth as he pushed his bound wrists against the steel in an effort to cut the cords.

A CRY of joy came from his lips. His hands were free. Breathlessly he asked for the knife. I passed it to him. He hacked away at other bonds on his legs and body. The big man and Mme. Clémentine had taken no chances with their prisoner.

"Stand clear!" he shouted. "I am going to smash the slats!"

I leaped to the ground, and as the wooden slats splintered under the blows from within, I made a discovery. A head peered around the side of the van; a small man with a keen face slipped to my side.

"Police," he murmured softly, and as Henri Lieutard crashed through the opening and dropped to the grass I knew that we had the undesired company of a member of the Paris Sûreté, that clever band of crime trailers noted for their tenacity and intelligence.

Henri Lieutard screamed for his mascot. *"La Croix!"* he cried, his hands outstretched. *"La Croix du Sahara!"* I thrust the thing into his groping fingers. He stammered his thanks as he brought it to his lips. He seemed a little insane. Insane with joy.

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

author of this and many other short stories, as well as a number of books. Born in Australia, he spent many years in America, has traveled extensively, and now lives in Pau, France.

THE Sûreté man took a hand at that moment. He had a clutch on Henri's jacket. Questions poured from his thin lips. This Mme. Clémentine—who was she? And the man? Quick! Quick! He urged Henri to tell everything. Why was she traveling around France? Why was she friendly, so friendly with soldiers?

Henri Lieutard answered in a choked voice. He, Henri, had become suspicious of madame and her partner. He had made an attempt to leave them. The big man had beaten him. Together they had tied him up. For days he had been a prisoner in the van. It was dark behind the van. The Sûreté man flashed a small torch on Henri's face. There was visible evidence of a battle. The boy's right eye was closed and a large lump of sticking plaster decorated his nose. The detective was convinced that he was speaking the truth.

"Stay where you are," ordered the officer. "Both of you. I am going to search the van."

He climbed in through the aperture made by Henri, and for a few seconds we watched the beams of his flashlight as he poked around. For a few seconds only. I touched the arm of Henri. "Let's run!" I gasped.

Henri had no objections. We stepped softly into the gloom; then, keeping away from the lighted midway, we made for the town, running swiftly at the rear of the parked vehicles of the *forains*. We slackened speed as we came toward the Pont de St. Cloud. I swung toward the boat landing, but Henri gasped out an objection. *"Un moment!"* he cried.

Along the banks of the river were half a dozen small cafés of a questionable character. The youth peered through the window of the first, shook his head, and rushed to the second. I was beside him as he looked through the dirty glass. Sitting in a corner were Mme. Clémentine and the big man who had administered the thrashing to Henri. They were drinking beer; the right arm of the bully was around the neck of the seeress.

Henri Lieutard slipped a franc to a waiter standing at the door and whispered a message. It was quite dark on the terrace of the café. The waiter hurried to the big man. The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE WOMAN WITH THE GREEN MOLE
Continued from page forty-nine

fellow listened, excused himself to Mme. Clémentine, and came at a trot toward the door.

He stepped on to the terrace, peering into the gloom, unable to see the crouching youth. And that moment of unguarded hesitancy was his undoing.

Henri Lieutard flung himself upon the bully. An unleashed panther was the boy. Fists flailed the face of madame's companion. They beat a tattoo on his nose and eyes. He staggered backward, unable to recover from that first fierce rush. A swinging right rocked him, and a flashing uppercut sent him sprawling into the roadway.

I clutched the arm of Henri Lieutard. I pointed to the river. The Seine boat was sweeping down from Suresnes to the landing below the bridge. Clinging to his wrist, I started to run.

WE passed the ramp of the bridge. I looked in the direction of the café. In the shadowy figures running toward it I recognized the figure of the Paris Sûreté man who had ordered us to wait. He was in the company of two local *agents de police* who ran beside him.

We sprang upon the boat as she was pushing off. A deck hand damned us as he helped us to keep our footing. Ahead lay Paris. . . .

This Henri Lieutard was no talker. During the run to the Pont Neuf we had little conversation. He asked me half a dozen questions about his mother. Also he thanked me for the trouble I had taken in locating him. Several times on the journey he took the Cross of the Sahara from his pocket and looked at it intently. Once when I turned my head he brought it quickly to his lips.

We landed and walked up to the Quai du Louvre. He paused on the *quai* and stood for a moment as if considering some question. His lips moved but words refused to come. A strange, sensitive lad was Henri Lieutard.

After a few moments he got command of himself. "I —I am going home," he stammered.

"To your mother?" I asked.

"To my—to my mother," he whispered.

I asked him if he had money. He said he had sufficient. He hailed a passing taxicab. We shook hands. He thanked me again and climbed in. The chauffeur repeated the direction: "*Gare de Lyon, monsieur. Oui, oui, monsieur.*"

I stood and watched the taxi disappear in the soft night. I felt curiously lonely. The Cross of the Sahara was a comforting thing, in its way. . . .

On the way back to my hotel I found a telegraph office open in the Rue de Grenelle. I wrote a message and handed it in. The telegram read:

Mme. Marcel Lieutard, Café du Printemps,
Route de Touggourt, Biskra, Algerie.
Your son Henri started for home this evening. He has the Cross of the Sahara in his pocket.
(Signed) *Le écrivain Américain.*

"When will it reach Mme. Lieutard?" I asked.

"*Demain matin,*" answered the clerk.

As I went out on to the street I pictured the widow watching the Arab messenger pedaling toward the café on the Sabbath morning with the message that would bring joy to her heart. . . .

L'Intransigeant of the following Tuesday carried an interesting morsel of news. The paragraph ran:

> Yesterday the police escorted to the frontier a Russian woman of the name of Mme. Clémentine and her companion, a man named Bazarov. Both are suspected of espionage on behalf of the Soviet. Both spies had wandered around France and her colonies disguised as showfolk.

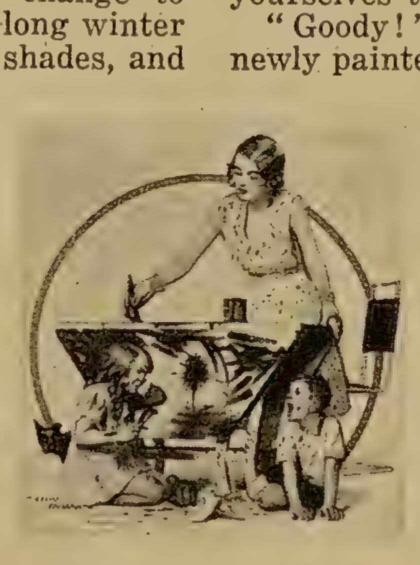
After reading this far I sat back and calculated the time that had elapsed since the moment I said good-by to Henri. I came to the conclusion that he was, at that very moment, entering the little café on the Route de Touggourt. I felt very happy.

THE END

Brighten the Corner

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL is determined to fix the house up a bit this winter. Nothing like a little smack of change to brighten the aspect of the house during the long winter evenings to come. Certain lamps need new shades, and heaven knows the least you can ask for in your own home is a comfortable corner to read in.



This week's cover picture.

Doesn't look as if she and Sandy will do much prancing around this winter. Must economize. But without spending much the house can be made pleasant to stay at home in. Fresh curtains, a few pillows, a screen to hide that corner, some bookshelves, a chair or so upholstered.

Chiefly there's the kitchen. For once she's going to fix it up like she's always wanted.

Red. Everything red in the kitchen. It's the latest thing. From the red trim on the doors and cupboards, the red oilcloth on the shelves, to the red-and-white gingham curtains at the windows. What a can of paint will do!

Lil, gloved and aproned, brushed on one gleaming stroke of fresh paint after another, and watched the miracle of transformation take place under her fingers.

Ulysses raced into the kitchen.

"What, home from school already?"

Lil glanced from his ruddy little face to the clock. How time flew!

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, isn't that pretty!"

Gwendolyn Smithers followed U. and gazed with flattering admiration upon Lil's handiwork. "Is it hard to do?"

"Simple as ordering a steak," Lil laughed. "Help yourselves to some cookies from that jar."

"Goody!" squealed Ulysses and made a dive for the newly painted cupboard.

"Look out!" warned Lil. "That's wet paint."

"Gosh, couldn't I paint just one little paint?" pleaded Gwen.

"Why, sure you can," Lil decided goodnaturedly. "Remember Tom Sawyer? How he got all the boys to do the work for him by pretending it was such fun? Now, just watch out, Gwen, and don't daub it on. Look! Long strokes of the brush, like this. There. That's fine."

"Aw, me too," wheedled U., and at the sight of the boyish longing in his eyes Lil weakened. . . .

How could so much happen in two seconds? Who let in that pup to tip over the paint? How did U. and Gwen manage to get great oozes of red all over their clothes, their hair, their hands?

They'll have to bathe in turpentine! Mrs. Smithers will be furious when she sees Gwen's dress all ruined. Everything they touch—everywhere they walk—they'll get red all over the place.

A dollar and a half's worth of paint! But look at the damage it has cost! The time! The disappointment!

Lil tried to choke back the tears. Maybe interior decorators haven't such an easy life, after all. Maybe it would have been cheaper to go downtown and pay ten whole dollars for a new table in the first place.

(Next week's cover adventure: Heroes of the Past)

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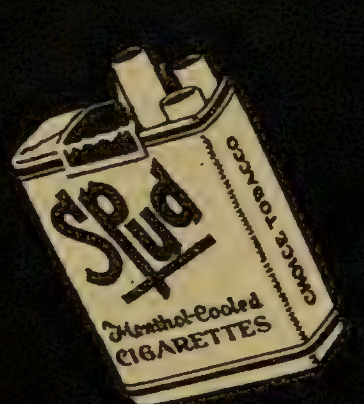

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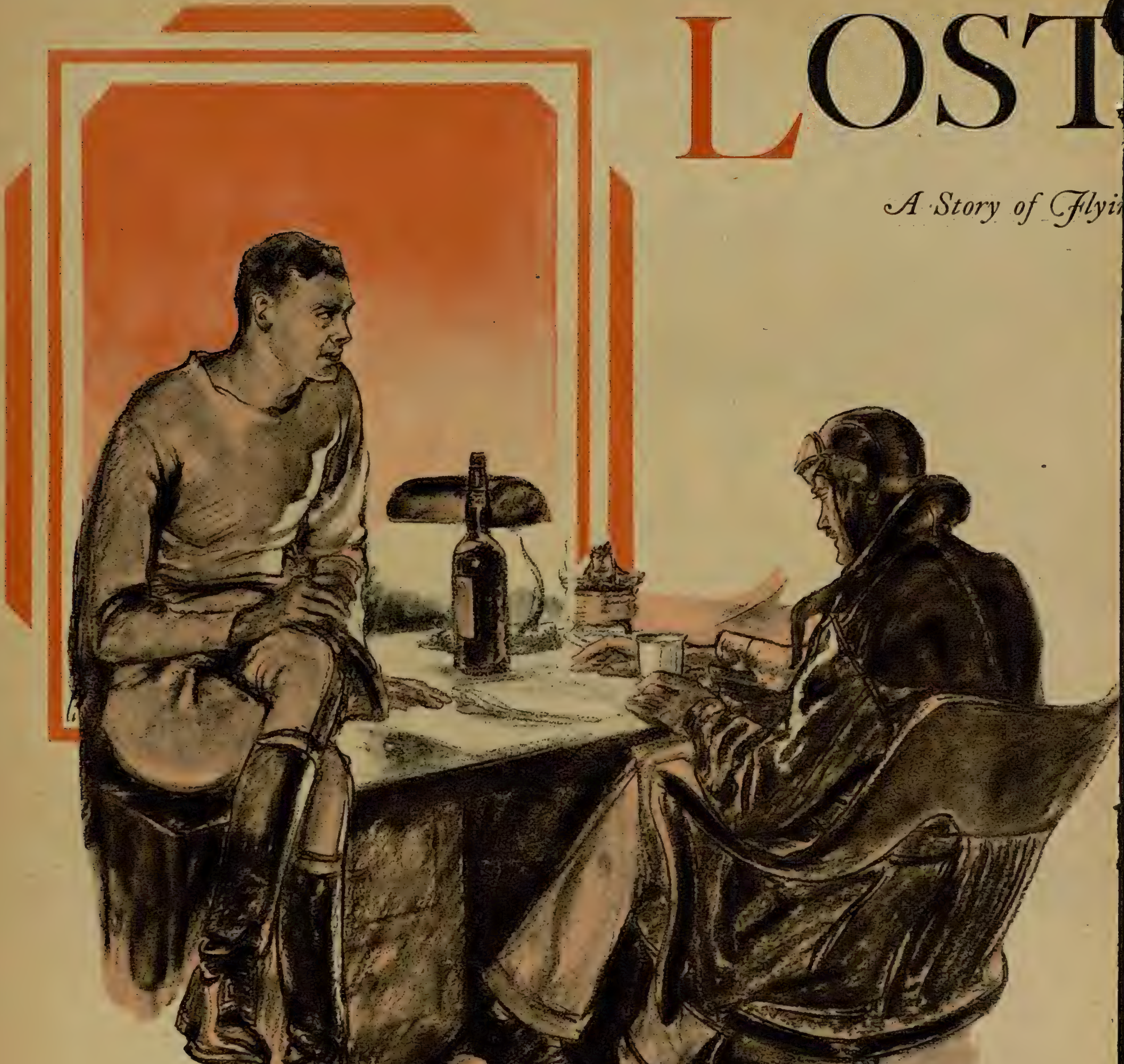
LOST

A Story of Flyi



"WHAT'S all the fuss about, Hopkins? I thought you'd be taking your usual snooze."

By DICK GRACE

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 21 min. 15 sec.)

THIS is a story of the strange adventures of a squadron of stunt flyers who were providing thrills for a motion picture. "Red," the flyer who tells the story, discovered that de Forst, the director, was a homicidal pervert who brought about exciting, fatal crack-ups by having acid spread on the control wires of airplanes. Red determined to kill the director, and succeeded in trapping him. Then de Forst, Red, and Gibson, the squadron's captain, got into a fight over the possession of a gun. In the course of the fight, de Forst was shot dead. A few minutes afterward a loud knock came at the door:

PART SIX—THE BREAKING POINT

"WHO'S there?" yelled Gibson in a voice that carried even above the roar of the motor and the whining of the wind. In a quieter voice he whispered to me, "For God's sake, Red, get a helmet and goggles, quick!"

I was frightened. It was all a dream. Gibson, his

SQUADRON

eath and a Thrill Builder's Finish

face contorted and flushed, on his knees, was desperately trying to get de Forst's limp arms into the leather coat. Fritz was by the door, with his hand on the latch ready to open it—and I rushing wildly for a pair of goggles and a helmet.

When I got back, Gibson had the coat on de Forst and had buttoned the collar around the dead man's neck. He was sliding a ruler down between the inside of the coat and de Forst's spine.

"What are you up to?" I whispered, awe-stricken as I looked at the bobbing head—the wound in the back of it.

"Never mind now. Help put on the helmet. No, not that way. Put it over the ruler first. It'll keep his head straight. There. Now slip on the goggles. Not over his eyes—low on his forehead."

"Open that door, Gibson. It's the field watchman."

"You're crazy, Gibson. You've gone insane!"

HE paid no attention to me. Instead, he lifted the form to the swivel chair at his desk and placed it in a sitting posture, the back toward the door. He crossed the legs, placed one arm over the high chair back; then opened a drawer, drew out two small drinking cups, and placed one in the hand of the dead de Forst. He had a hard time making the hand grasp it. Twice the fingers refused to hold the position into which they were squeezed. Then Gibson ran to the Place, and a moment later came back with the almost empty bottle of Black and White. He poured some into his cup and a little into the one in the dead man's hand. Hurriedly he lit a cigarette and placed it in the cold fingers that lay across the legs.

"There, that's that!" he said as he sat on the edge of the desk. "Red, go open that door, and tell that idiot Fritz to get over to the motor—be working on it." He took up his drink; sipped slowly from it as I went to unfasten the latch.

When Hopkins, the field watchman, came in, rubbing the dust from his eyes, he heard Gibson carrying on a string of chatter with de Forst. The old captain was as cool as if he'd just stepped out of the Boeing.

"Well, here's how, de Forst," he was saying. "Here's to your first night flight. When this wind calms down—"

The angry look on Hopkins' face changed. For a second he stood nonplused, almost embarrassed. He looked down at his gun, which he still held by the barrel, turned it around, and dropped it into the holster at his side. Gibson stopped his rambling to the corpse.

"What's all the fuss about, Hopkins? I thought you'd be in the administration building taking your usual snooze."

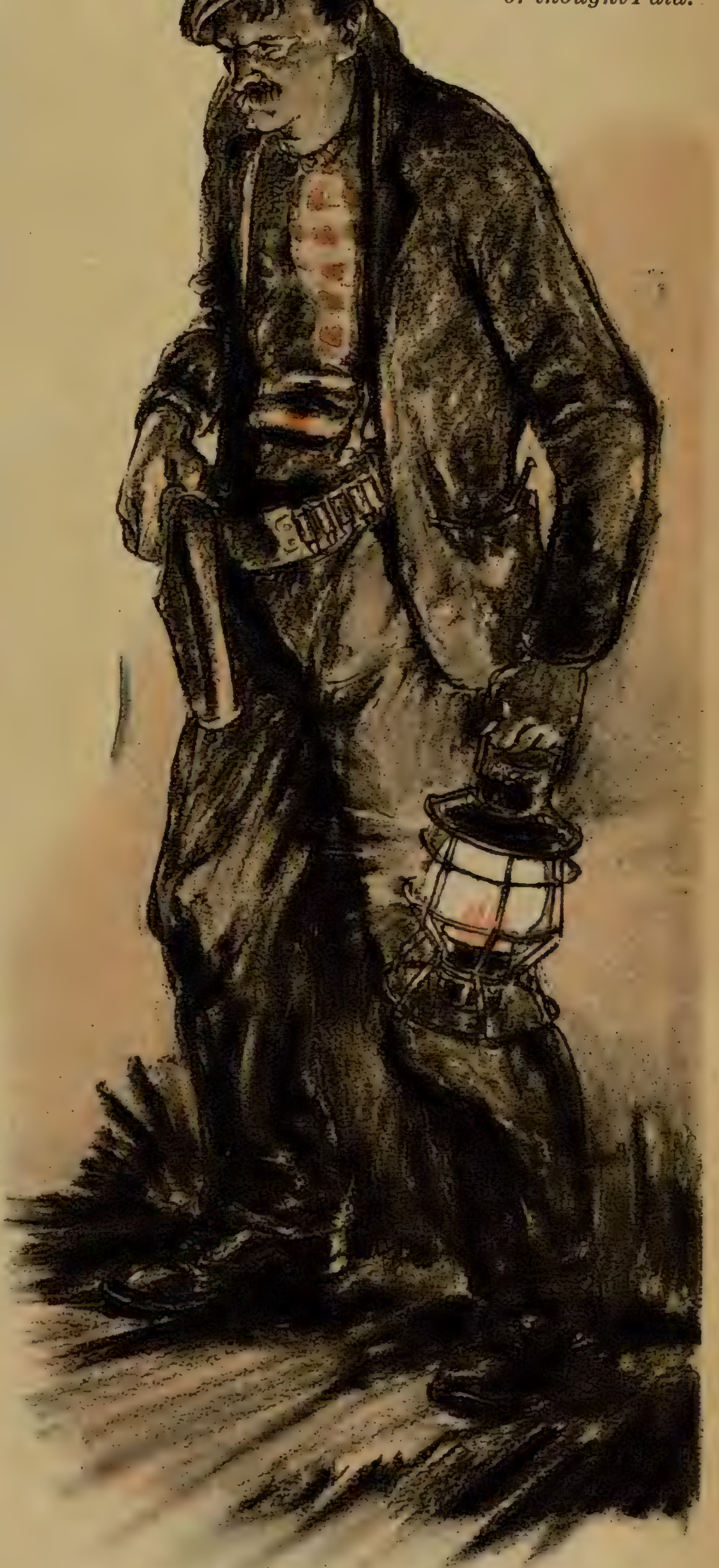
"I was just making my rounds a few moments ago, and when I was up at the next hangar I heard a shot—or thought I did."

Gibson threw his head back and laughed. "Get wise, Hopkins. This is an *air* not a *battle* field. You ought to have been here long enough by this time to know the back fire of a Whirlwind."

"It ain't often that mechanics tune up a motor at eleven thirty at night," said the watchman defensively.

"There's no law against it. When you're rushed you've got to get your work out, if it means all night; and you know we've been plenty rushed lately. Fritz, cut off that motor for a while or you'll asphyxiate all of us."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"I WAS just making my rounds a few moments ago, and I heard a shot —or thought I did."

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page fifty-three

Hopkins eyed de Forst. Took a step forward.

"You ain't figgerin' on flyin' tonight, I hope," he said apprehensively. "You'd kill yourself sure if you tried to take off in this wind."

Gibson's eyes narrowed slightly. He knew and I knew that if Hopkins stayed around long enough he'd think it mighty queer that de Forst would sit so motionless, so quiet.

"We're going to make a night flight later, just as soon as the wind dies down a bit," said Gibson.

"'Tain't goin' to die tonight. Not comin' off from the desert at this pace."

"We'll stick around a while and see," said the cap. "And in the meantime we've got to plan the rest of the shots and go into a huddle about the stuff we shot today. So, if it isn't asking too much, help yourself to a drink and beat it."

MY heart was pounding at a rate that seemed to make every button on my coat do a clog dance. If Hopkins went over to where the bottle stood, he'd be in a position to look squarely into those half-closed eyes of the dead man. What was the matter with Gibson? He'd be sure to bungle the whole thing if he kept up this insane line of talk.

"Never took a drink on duty in my life," boasted the watchman, "an' I ain't agoin' to now. Thanks." He smiled as he backed toward the door. "An' now I'll go an' get that sleep."

"And if you hear another back fire go right back to your dreams," chided Gibson.

"I will if I figger they're back fires," retorted Hopkins, and he walked out into the darkness.

For seconds we all stood there in silence. Gibson took the burning cigarette from de Forst's hand and puffed at it nervously.

"Good Lord!" he murmured. "I sure thought we were gone that time."

"What difference," I broke in uncertainly, "whether it was then or tomorrow morning? I'm not going to stand it all night like this. I killed de Forst, and I'm going to give up."

"Red, you've got to stop that nonsense. What makes you think you did it?"

"Because I know my finger was on that trigger," I answered; "and there's no use of you sitting there and trying to grab the blame!"

"But suppose you did have your finger on it? Suppose you even pressed it? That wouldn't convict you of murder when two other pairs of hands were struggling for it too. It was accidental. Just a rotten break of luck for us." He went to the door and, after bolting it again, came back.

"I'd like to bet you everything you're worth that by morning it will all be settled. No one will know that de Forst was ever shot."

"Yeh! I suppose you can mend that hole in the back of his brain—bring him back to life again!"

"Be reasonable. Use your head," he said quietly. "When this wind dies down a little, what's to prevent us from taking him for a little flight?"

"Sure," I scoffed. "And tie him to a cloud—or"—then my heart jumped a little —"dump him in the Pacific Ocean."

"Don't be an ass! If we throw him to the fish his body will eventually drift to shore. Then we'll be in for murder."

"Well, what else?" I asked.

"What an imagination you have! Didn't Hopkins overhear me talking to de Forst? Didn't I promise de Forst his first night flight? Well, my boy, de Forst's going to get it. I'm going up to eight thousand feet and start looping, and the very first one I do is the end of our director—the end of our worries. . . .

"I can't help it if he forgot to fasten his safety belt or if he unhooked it during flight, can I? A fall of eight thousand will erase almost everything; certainly a hole in his head."

I sat staring stupidly up at the old cap. He would think of a way out. That's why he headed his squadron. That's the reason why he could crash one ship after another intentionally and always walk out. He had things figured, or if he didn't he was never without the power of thinking clearly and instantaneously.

"You old buzzard!" he continued. "What's done can't be helped. Why, then, stand a lot of rigid police investigation? If it were murder I'd say we both go right to the Hollywood headquarters and give up. But it wasn't. Moreover, he got just what he deserved. Yet, if we're honest, they'll give us a third degree, and with Follette and Epic Pictures back of an inquest we might be railroaded. You know that. You never heard of any picture star being arrested and convicted of reckless driving, did you? Well, there are a few of those accidents—probably a lot more than we ever hear about. When I report that de Forst fell out at eight thousand, all there'll be is a report to make. After that we'll go and have that little drink—and get some much needed sleep."

"Let me fly it, then," I begged.

"I can trust your flying all right, but I don't trust that head of yours before a coroner's inquest. No, it's my job—and it's got to be done soon, regardless of any windstorm."

"You'd never make a safe take-off in this. You can't try it," I said, aghast.

His jaw muscles contracted. His eyes became that same cold gray I'd seen a couple of times before on this night.

"'T's got to be done—now," he said with finality, and went for the hook that held his helmet and goggles.

I stood there without power of action. I'd seen heavy winds before. I'd fought the Ridge route to Bakersfield in a snowstorm; had taken an antiquated Jenny up through San Joaquin Valley when it was blowing so hard that I was making only ten miles an hour against it. But nothing I'd ever flown under any conditions approximated a take-off in a sandstorm such as this. I wasn't scared; I was panic-stricken. No one could live upstairs in this weather. No one had any right to be up there.

But who was I to interfere? The ships were his; it was his hangar. He was paying Fritz and me salary. Moreover, the dive that had sent me whirling spinning into the ocean seemed to have taken a large part of the shell from around my carcass. It did to me just what a good sharp knife will do to the hinges of a clam. Once those hinges are cut, the weak, flabby inside is laid open to the whole world.

De Forst sat there, head erect, his arm still on the back of the chair. He and Gibson alone seemed to be cool. I bit my finger nails like a nervous, hysterical woman as I watched the coolness with which the old cap put on his helmet; the impassiveness of his passenger, sitting there waiting. For God's sake, why couldn't de Forst have fallen out and down on his face? Why did he sit and look at me like that, when I was as sure as day would come tomorrow that Gibson was going to break another glass before dawn?

Another knock at the door.

GIBSON whirled around. If there had been voices we could not have heard them. An automobile could have driven to the very step of the entrance and it probably would not have been heard in the wild collection of creaks and groans of the old hangar.

"Going to try the same old thing again?" I asked.

He gave me a look of scorn. "We couldn't carry that off once in a million. Here, take his legs."

Together we pulled and dragged de Forst over to the front of 707.

"Twist his legs up!" he commanded, at the same time bending de Forst in the middle. "Now pull that tarpaulin over him and put that N. A. C. cowling over the whole thing!"

Gibson ran to the door; unlocked it—and for the moment seemed stunned. A lieutenant and two sergeants of police stepped in, followed by two plain-clothes men. A reporter with a small camera came in last.

The lieutenant looked around suspiciously. There was not a word spoken. He went over to the Place, hesitated; finally started back—to stop suddenly at the spot where Phil had died and where de Forst had spilled the last of his life. He kneeled down and examined the place closely. Gibson's eyes narrowed. I wondered what he would do if they discovered the body, hidden as it was under that piece of canvas. No amount of explanation would be acceptable. Fools! Why hadn't we called them—had them come out directly de Forst had been killed? It was an accident. But who would believe that now?

"I'm Jettick of the homicide detail. You called my office earlier this evening," the lieutenant began, still looking intently at the spot. "What was your idea in hanging up?"

FOR a moment Gibson hesitated.

"That's quite a long story," he said finally.

"Yeh? Well, shoot it." He put his finger in the blood. "What d'you call this?"

"That's where the kid died," answered Gibson readily.

"What kid? I haven't heard of nobody dying."

"One of my flyers was killed working for Epic Pictures."

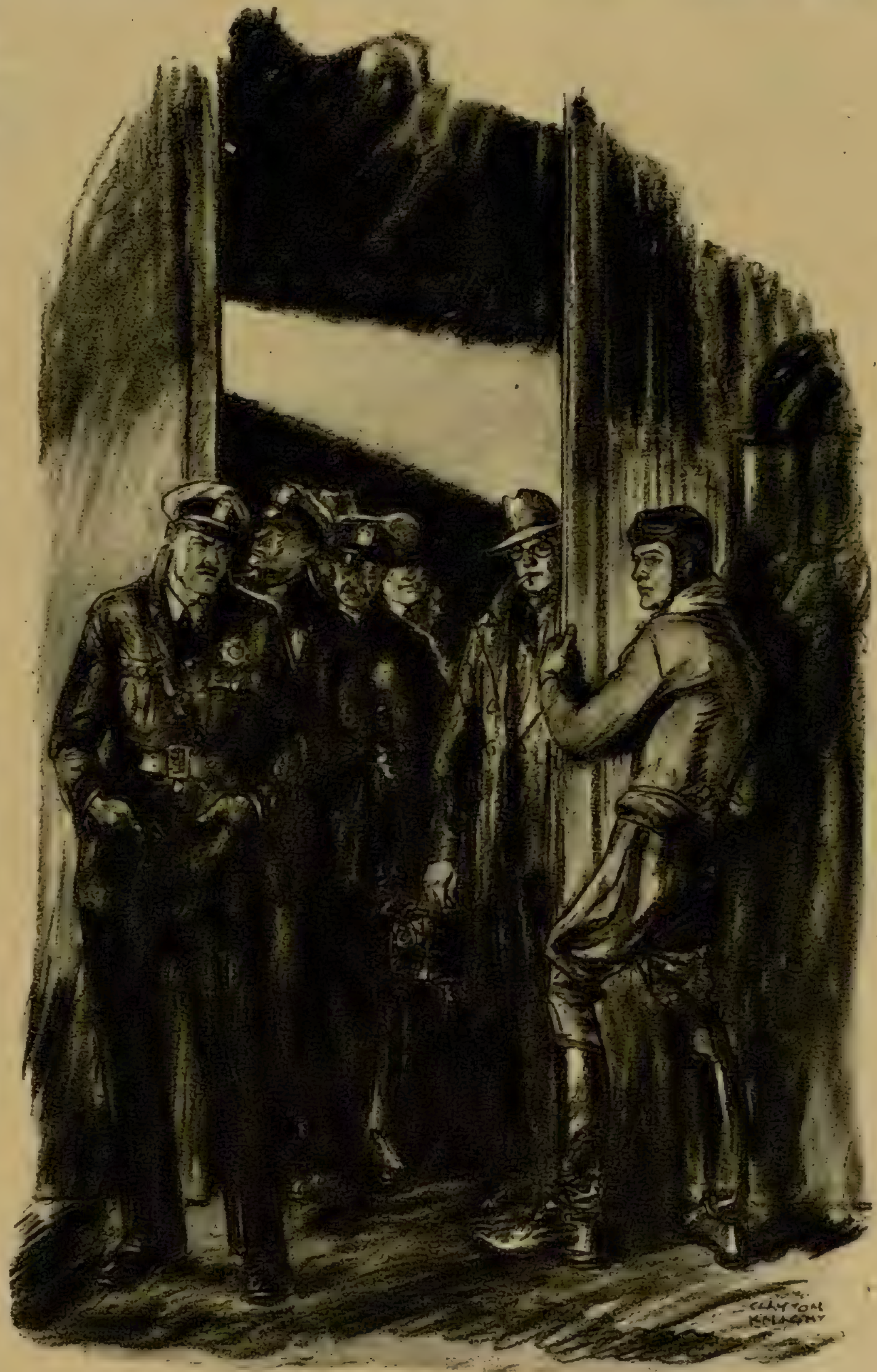
"How long ago?" questioned the lieutenant.

"Somewhere between three and four hours," lied Gibson.

Again the lieutenant looked at the spot.

"It seems to me that's pretty fresh for that long ago," he insinuated.

"Give him a chance to die. Don't forget that he lay on the spot until the ambulance came."



Gibson ran to the door; unlocked it. A lieutenant and two sergeants of police stepped in. The lieutenant looked around suspiciously.

The lieutenant arose and walked to the front of 707. The tips of his square-toed shoes were not a foot from the cowling that concealed the dead body. A grayish hue overspread Gibson's face. His hands in back of him clasped and unclasped nervously. I looked down at my knees. They were shaking so vigorously that to keep them from attracting attention I walked over to the captain's desk and sat down.

"Looks like funny business to me." The officer scowled. "First you call up the homicide detail and squawk your head off about someone who's been murdered, and you ask me to stop all the roads leading from the city. Then you hang up. When I trace you down you don't tell a word. All I can see when I get here is a pool of blood and a hangar full of flyers. If everything is on the up and up you'd better come clean, and the first thing I'd like to know is why you're all dressed ready for a take-off. Nobody goes around in the middle of a night like this with a helmet, goggles, and all flying equipment unless they're planning to fly."

Gibson was stumped. Plainly he was stalling for time as he said:

"If you'll just be quiet and listen instead of trying to grab the whole conversation, maybe I'll tell you. In the first place, I called you back on the phone, didn't I?"

"Well, yes, that's so, but—"

"I told you that if I got any definite information I'd let you in on it. All I know at present is that one of my flyers was killed and it was no accident!" Gibson handed the four acid-burned control cables to him. "That's evidence enough that that boy didn't die from just a lack of judgment. The next thing I want to know is, just who is responsible for—"

"That don't tell a thing about why your ships are on the line and you're all set to leap into one of them!" cut in the other.

"Listen, you," rasped the captain. "If you don't want to hear what I've got to say, pursue your investigation without my help. I have my suspicions who was directly responsible for this thing, and when I get enough evidence I'll submit it to you or to the coroner. That's why I want that blood spot left there. That's why I roped off the ship where it fell instead of pulling it from the field immediately."

"AND who do you suspect?" It was more the form of a demand than a question.

Gibson stood there uncertainly. If we were to finish the job we had started, he could not cast any reflection on de Forst's past acts. If he did, an immediate search would be started to find and to question him. Perspiration was oozing from every pore of my body, and yet I felt weird chills. If it was going to happen—if we were to be discovered—why couldn't it be now, and have the whole thing over? A desire to yell out that the body was under the cowling, that all the lieutenant would have to do would be to stoop down and pull off the piece of metal and the canvas, seized me. I knew I could not stand much more. I was insane!

"All of my suspicions I won't tell you at this time. They may be unfounded. But there's one person I believe to be implicated—the Limey prop man for the de Forst Company. As to being in my flying equipment, that's a silly question. I've got to run out to a wreck to keep a flock of fool people from tampering with it. Further-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page fifty-five

more, the air mail's due after a while. I'll have to put out some red flares before he lands."

"And you have to keep uncomfortable goggles on during all this time, captain?" said Jettick.

"There's another reason," continued Gibson. "If I hear that the Limey is attempting to escape, I'm going to fly down and bring him back—if they catch him."

"The more I talk to you the more convinced I am that there's something behind all this. You don't sound good to me, Gibson. It's plain damn' foolishness for you to stand there and tell me you're keeping in helmet and goggles just to fly to some unknown place after a person who may try to escape."

"Believe what you want," said Gibson desperately. "I've got my worries—"

"That's what I've come to think," interrupted the other. "For instance—where's de Forst?"

It was a shock. The bombshell. Gibson's mouth opened as if to say something, but whatever it was stuck somewhere on the way up. The sound he gave forth seemed to be halfway between a hiccup and a belch.

"Where is he!" commanded the officer.

"SEE here!" finally exploded Gibson. "This has gone far enough. I won't be bullied and you can't bluster. How should I know where that rat is?"

"Oh, so you don't like him"—sarcastically.

"No, I don't," Gibson said vehemently. "I've not liked him for years and I don't have to start now."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"I don't know. He was here shortly after Phil Tate died," said the captain.

"Did you see him leave?"

"I had a lot more to think about than to dog de Forst around, and there's a flock more to do after you leave!" The old flyer was bitter.

"If I leave without you," yawned the officer.

Jettick had not moved six inches away from the body under that tarpaulin. He stood as if he knew, or suspected, that it was in that section of the hangar that he would solve a murder before it became a mystery.

"Cut out all of this fencing, lieutenant. I've worked pretty hard for a good number of years to get a reputation. I don't think I've many enemies. Whatever is on your mind, spit it out!"

The officer eyed him coolly, then said: "All right, Gibson—here you are. Shortly after you called tonight the switchboard in Hollywood began buzzing with calls about de Forst. At first they came from a woman—"

"Follette."

"You guessed it. The woman was more than ordinarily worried, so we went up to see her. From what we found out, it might appear that you and de Forst didn't have any love for each other."

"Right."

"I wouldn't admit it, captain. It might be evidence against you in case de Forst has met with foul play. Next Epic Pictures called. This director was due for an important meeting. After the studio had checked all possibilities they could come to but one conclusion."

"And what was that?" asked Gibson, slightly pale.

"They decided that de Forst had not left the field."

"That's rather far-fetched. He had Follette's car, didn't he?"

"Yes," answered the lieutenant; "he did have her car. And that's a funny thing. I just found it parked up the line, in the shadow of a hangar!"

Gibson smiled. "Couldn't he have taken studio transportation?"

"We thought of that too. He didn't."

"There are other automobiles—"

"It's not my intention," pursued the officer, "to get you confused. I don't say that there's anything wrong at this hangar, or that you or anyone out here knows a thing about de Forst. He can live his own life as far as I'm concerned. But if he's met with—er—an accident, then I've got to act. He may have gone directly to some party. There are any amount of things he could be doing at this moment. But I've investigated his character, and it's not like him to leave an expensive car out in weather like this. Furthermore, he's never neglected his pictures or the studio for booze."

"You've got all I know, lieutenant."

"I'd like to hope I have, anyway," smiled the other.

He turned away from the motor. The cowling was directly in front of him. He kicked it slightly. Everything within me was churning. My lip muscles twitched as I saw him turn around and start to stoop. He was going to sit down on that thing! If he did his hands must rest on the canvas which bulged from the open center of the huge circle of aluminum.

I couldn't go on. The human brain is capable of absorbing but so much punishment before it breaks. It will take shock after shock. Then just some tiny incident sends it off on the wrong road. No matter what happened, I couldn't let that big, cumbersome ox sit down on that dead body.

"Don't sit there!" I commanded with as much control as possible, yet my voice boomed out.

The officer jumped as if shot. His surprise at being ordered in such a tone was overcome by a sudden cold reserve. Slowly he turned toward the cowling.

Gibson, who had taken it all in in a glance, turned to me and said sharply: "Listen, Red, you can order mechanics around any way you wish to, but you can't talk to a lieutenant of the L. A. police force like that." He turned to the detective. "It's this way, lieutenant. That cowling is made of aluminum. If you sat on it it would bend all out of shape. It's of special design—cost the kid about three hundred."

NO smile came to the officer's face. "Be a little civil around here or I'll have the place locked up until after me and the coroner get through. What's there so much to get excited about? You don't have to yell at me. I'm not deaf."

His hand stretched downward. There was no doubt about his intention.

He was going to satisfy his curiosity—lift that aluminum and canvas.

Gibson gave up. With a tired shrug of his shoulders, he sat back on the table, planted his feet on his chair, and waited. The lieutenant's fingers were under the edge of the cowling, ready to lift it.

From outside came a series of the most terrifying screams I've ever heard.

I could hear a woman's voice yelling: "Let go of me! Let go, I say!" And a man in between the yells was cursing: "Stop your biting, you little witch!"

Is the stage set for fresh tragedy? Next week you'll learn who was doing the screaming, and whether or not the lieutenant lifted that cowling.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 40

1—Rhode Island.
2—One who takes the lead in any great matter.
3—Carpus.
4—Jugoslavia.
5—Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.
6—Wilhelm Richard Wagner.
7—Animal tissue in which fat is formed and stored up.
8—Charles Lamb.
9—Smallpox.
10—Flora.
11—George Westinghouse.
12—Sick or nervous headache, usually confined to one side of the head.
13—A short tobacco pipe.
14—A pan for holding burning coals; a worker in brass.
15—Environment; medium.
16—Up for consideration.
17—A medicinal tablet or lozenge.
18—A fruit.
19—Kentucky.
20—Romanoff.

Most men have visions of the beautiful white-capped daughter of mercy who will hold their fevered hands.

Pictures by **Will Graven**

A NURSE'S ANSWER to F.P.A.

In Which He Gets a Piece of Her Mind

(Reading time: 11 minutes 5 seconds.)

Editor's Note: In Liberty for August 22 appeared an article on nurses, by Franklin P. Adams, columnist and author. Some of his observations were sympathetic and a few were personally appreciative. But the average trained nurse, he said, is not educated; she is "stupid, selfish, garrulous, petty, ignorant, impatient." As a self-supporting toiler she has a propensity to idolize or adore physicians or the husbands of women patients. She is likely to kick the patient's bed if she walks near it, and to tell the patient depressing stories of other cases she has had. All this aroused a storm of protest, of which the following is representative.

I AM a nurse. I am not a wit. But if the readers of the article on nurses by the noted columnist, Franklin P. Adams, will stop laughing long enough, there are a few little items I would like to correct.

He may be such an uproarious humorist that he is worth in one hour what a nurse earns in six months—but, unfortunately, some of his statements were as ignorant, vapid, and garrulous as he described nurses as being.

Mr. Adams says that nurses are ignorant. As long as twenty years ago a girl was required to have two years of high school before she could be accepted in training. Today no first-rate hospital will accept a girl who has not completed her high-school education; in New York, the Regents' Board at Albany controls the nursing profession. Most of the outstanding hospitals today demand that a girl have two years' college training before she can begin her student-nurse course. Some of the leading colleges of the country offer courses in nursing education; Teachers College, Fordham, Hunter, Columbia, in New York, and the Yale School of Nursing, the University of Wisconsin, and many other first-rate colleges now offer a B.S. degree in nursing.

When one realizes how comparatively recent any edu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A NURSE'S ANSWER TO F. P. A.
Continued from page fifty-seven

cation for women is, one can appreciate and understand the rapid advancement of standards in the nursing profession.

Most hospitals today are affiliated with large universities. A girl entering the training school of a reputable hospital is impressed with the fact that her education in the hospital is equivalent to two years of college work. Many of the finer hospitals permit, and some require, the girl to go to a recognized college near by for the other two years; the hospital standing the expense, one-third of which the girl must eventually pay back.

In training, her instructors are selected from the best doctors on the hospital staff, and frequently from visiting specialists and lecturers—this aside from practical experience. She studies dietetics, therapy, pathology, anatomy, materia medica, urology, gynecology, orthopedics— Why go on? Can she really be a moron and pass the stringent examinations required?

ONE must admit that these standards were not always demanded, and that in recent years the profession has bent colossal effort to weed out the old-type nurse who had practical knowledge only, and substitute the girl who has specialized as fully, within her limitations of office and duty, as the doctor with whom she works.

But in addition to these educational standards, there are other requirements. What other working girl has to *prove* that she is physically sound and morally irreproachable? Are there many professional women required to uphold the nurse's standard of temperance, clean habits, and high character?

Mr. Adams, or anyone else, need never put up with a nurse who is disgruntled, tactless, talkative, or uninterested in her job. Nobody is easier to fire than a nurse. The hospital is grateful to the patient who demands efficiency; so are all we nurses grateful to those who help rid the profession of unworthies. No family should accept a private nurse into a home without verifying her registration card and checking up on her hospital connections, ascertaining what doctors she has worked for and on what kind of cases.

Frequently a girl has been barred from the profession, and still gets jobs with an old registration card or one that has been swiped or faked. Again, girls acceptable in some states and in some hospitals are not considered up to the requirements of others, and have no right to be working on cases there. Graduates of minor hospitals are not the same as the products of high standards and severe training. Many women who were graduated and registered some years ago should not be practicing today under the new requirements.

Franklin P. Adams (aside from the deplorable fact that his article was full of misinformation and superficial conclusions) called nurses ignorant, vapid, stupid, illiterate, selfish, garrulous—and both overpaid and underpaid. He said that five years ago it was estimated (though he admits that forty-three per cent of the inquiries were not answered) that the average income of a private-duty nurse was $1,297 a year. And he is uproariously amused that she gets the same pay during her first year after graduation as during her twentieth.

More shame! But it is difficult to educate a sophisticated public such as Mr. Adams typifies to afford the best while they are ill. The great columnist—who is a funny man—complains that the pay of a nurse does not attract a high mental type, stating that the average nurse is not an educated woman. She may not be cultured, but surely, after all her training, she can bear comparison in intelligence with the average girl—or man—in most other callings.

Most good nurses are such idealistic fools that they do not measure work by pay. They may not be smart enough to run newspaper columns, but they are generally inspired by the will to help, to alleviate suffering, to assist at birth and at death. The over-romantic kind is all too quickly disillusioned and drops out; but underlying all the practical common sense of the hard-working nurse is the realization that her work is valuable to humanity—that her work is caring for God's masterpiece, the human body. Only such a sense of ideals could compensate her for the endless years of preparation, the menial tasks, the long, long hours, the physical strain, and the utter abasement of self during her work. Nor does Mr. Adams take into account that practically every nurse has a long list of charity patients year after year —just as every truly fine doctor gives his time, his energies, his knowledge, and his talents to scores of free patients and free wards. Nor, to digress, is the charity always undertaken as such! Many times a nurse (like a doctor!) is left to take her choice between going to court and remaining unpaid for her labors.

As for the witty remark that a nurse is anxious to marry the physician, and is apt to fall in love with the husband of her patient—this point requires another clever columnist to answer, and not a mere ignorant, stupid, and vapid nurse. Women in all walks of life are apt to fall in love with the queerest kinds of men. (I have one perfectly charming friend who married a "poet"!) Whom a nurse does or does not marry is her own affair. She is no more and no less susceptible than any other working or idle woman, and the number of the doctors who marry nurses substantiates her claim to be mentally acceptable.

Nor is it necessary to answer Mr. Adams' side-splitting observations that nurses hate their patients, resent fixing flowers, talk of the latest movies, recite bloody cases, and go around, along with the doctors, kicking the beds of the sufferers. Evidently Mr. Adams is a sentimentalist—a romanticist who has had visions of the beautiful, radiant, white-capped daughter of mercy who would soothe his brow, stroke his hair, and hold his fevered hand. Most men have just such ideas in the back of their heads. What a rude awakening—particularly to a man of Mr. Adams' poetic sensibilities—to find her an average working girl, bent only on the quick and efficient doing of her job; a practical, everyday human being full of mere common sense! No wonder he seeks refuge in bitter fun-making, turning off his disappointment with a quip. Or—maybe he just has gas pains.

Certainly he would be shocked to find his dream nurse human enough to be tempted, after absorbing his sour-bellied publicized observations of her, to give a swift kick to more than his bed.

WHATEVER might be said of her, nobody, not even the amusing Franklin P., can call a nurse lazy. She does not work, as he stated, from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. She works from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., and please readjust your rising hours accordingly, my dear Mr. Adams. She knows self-denial and hard work—more than most women; strain physical, mental, and spiritual. Mr. Adams complains of the charges for her food. She earns about the same as a good charwoman or laundress, and nobody gives "a damaged whoop in hepsidam" how she pays for her rent, her costumes, her equipment—not to mention personal or family support.

Intelligent people of Mr. Adams' class care little what they spend on pleasure: golf clubs, dinner parties, luncheons, teas, bridge, dancing. But let them be charged a starvation wage for the care of themselves or their beloved ones in time of pain and danger of death, and they put up a louder howl and kick than does the middle-class man with half their education, or the poor man whose only education is knowing what it means to work.

And why does she work for these wages? Is it because she is a gold digger? Because she's what Mr. Adams with his brilliant wit says—mean, petty, selfish, and impatient?

Let it be admitted, with a sigh, that nobody is perfect. All the nurses and all the patients in the world have their faults, strange as it may seem. Nurses are human. They suffer with sore, swollen, and aching feet, with straining muscles from lifting heavy patients, with headaches and indisposition, with the rankle of humiliations from the ignorant who are not used to service and do not know how to accept it, with the difficulties of patients who try to become too personal. They are surrounded with bad odors, sad faces, cries of sorrow, pain, and despair; the sight of mangled flesh. They work from one end of the sun to the other. They must meet each set of symptoms, stories, life dramas with each new case and give every vestige of effort and interest afresh. Each bed is a responsibility—a human life.

THE nurse is trained as severely as any army man. Her discipline is ruthless and unending. She must please the hospital authorities, the doctors, the head nurses, the patient, and the patient's family.

Why? To be praised? To be rewarded? But it is merely her work! This patient will go his way, home or to the grave, and either way the nurse will be forgotten. Remembered, rather, only for her peculiarities, for the things she did that were annoying and irritating in that most irritating of times—illness. See a man sick—not drunk—and you see him as he is. A nurse learns that.

And if occasionally there is found a nurse not strong enough to hold the standard high—is the whole profession to be ridiculed, scorned, debased, belittled, and caricatured? What other working girl must live up to so many requirements? Is any other working girl better fitted to make a fine wife and mother?

Lastly we come to the paragraphs of bemoaning and complaint which Mr. Adams makes about the expenses and cost of nurses and hospitals and doctors. In New York City a nurse is paid eight dollars a day for twelve hours' work in the patient's home, and seven or eight dollars at the hospitals. Considering that she is specialized help and that she spent at least seven years in preparation, that is hardly exorbitant. In many places these prices do not hold; in most states the average pay is five or six dollars a day; in some states as low as four dollars.

Yes, Mr. Adams, there are many hospitals that are extremely high in their charges, adding considerable tariff for service. These are hospitals catering to wealthy people who desire as much efficiency, comfort, spaciousness, luxury, and charm as can be achieved in a place of suffering and disease. Only those who can afford such prices should patronize them. There are hospitals to fit every purse.

How can a man as gifted as Mr. Adams complain of paying for a connecting bath, protesting that "at no time was it possible for the patient to rise from the bed, and the proximity of the bathroom did not add a scintilla to the comfort or efficiency of the nurse"? No one is required to take a room and bath, but generally those who pay for a bath know its value. It keeps the nurse in close call while she is preparing hot-water bottles, cleaning, making wet applications, etc. It is beastly uncomfortable for a patient who is being washed to have to wait while the nurse rushes down a corridor for fresh water. And again, the proximity of the bedpan, Mr. Adams, and its necessary hot water is a great comfort to the patient. Finally, the famous and high-paid columnist bellows that he paid the unbelievable rate of ten dollars a day and ten dollars a night to his private nurses. Don't be such a pinchpenny, Mr. Adams. Don't you realize that nurses get ten dollars a day (or night) *only* when tending smallpox, dire contagious diseases, D. T., mental cases, or venereal diseases?

Tst! Tst! If an ass goes traveling he will not come back a horse. My mother, who was Irish, taught me that.

THE END

Now You Can Take Off Fat—a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Just Do These Two Simple Things —Inches of Fat Melt Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat any fresh fruit for dessert.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

Lose Fat Where You Want to Lose It

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

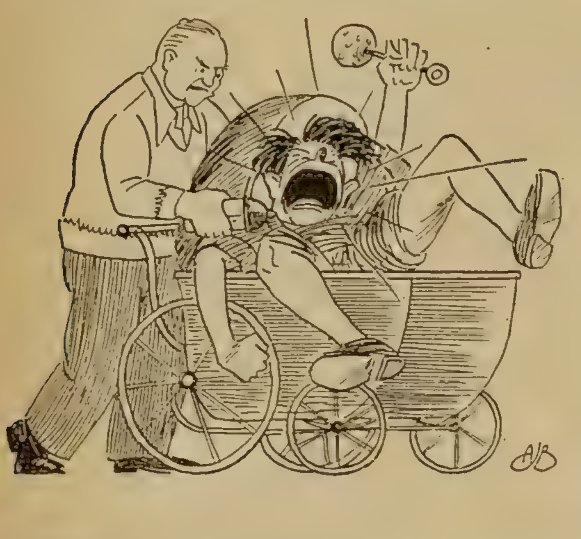
*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Vox

He-Man's Idea of the Whole Hog

SANTA FE, N. M.—Well, of all the— Say, I never heard of anything so sissified as those college foot runners that Westbrook Pegler told about in his article, "Team! Team! Team!" Talk about spoiled! Whew!

So the mamma's darlings must have hot, tepid, semitepid, and cold showers, and an X-ray machine, and a trainer who rubs them with sweet unguents if they get kinks in the calves of their legs, and an electrotherapy machine! Aw, h——!



Might just as well go the whole hog and have trainers wheel those runners around in baby carriages, and feed 'em warm milk out of bottles when they get peevish and start to cry.—*A He-Man.*

This Thing Called Love

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorial on love fascinated me to the extent that I had to sit down and tell you what I think of the whole business.

Now, in the first place, there is no such thing as love under the modern trend of thought except in a very few instances; so few as to be negligible. There may be a temporary infatuation but no love. The marriages of today are based upon either sexual desire or the desire for pecuniary gain.

I think that the records of the divorce courts will bear out my argument.

Now, I have had very many bitter and almost dangerous experiences with women but I am far from a woman-hater. Every girl or woman that I ever had anything to do with has deceived me but still I persist in chasing them.

This may seem odd but I get along very well, as I do not become infatuated with any of them.

It has been the nature of a woman to deceive men and play with them for many hundreds of years and it will be the same a hundred years hence, but I associate with them expecting that and, since I do not become attached to them, their deceit cannot cause me any grief. I never expect to get married as it would be only a waste of time; today ninety-nine marriages out of every hundred entered into are failures, or will be after a few years. I consider myself far too sensible to marry only for the purpose of making a future divorce case.—*A Reader.*

NORTH FOND DU LAC, WIS.—In regard to your editorial, "Are You in Love?" I must say that the title was an attraction to my feminine eyes. I plunked myself down on the first available thing and read rapidly along.

That statement—"You can tread the glorious heights of rapturous illusions without money or friends—for a short time—if you are in love and are loved in return."

Well spoken, indeed. For a short time, and then breeze along and fall again, eh? More fun!

Give us more editorials like that! Quit things like depression, politics, and prohibition for a time. We know that they are vital factors, but everyone else talks about them, and if you want Liberty to be a magazine that has that modern quality of being "different" just sling us some more stuff like that.—"*Bud,*" *a Lonesome Lover.*

If You Could Peep Up Our Sleeve You'd Get a Thrill

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Let me compliment Liberty on its attitude toward aviation. If there's any air-minded magazine on the market today, yours is it. I have no particular interest in aviation as an industry, I am not a pilot, and only fly occasionally as a passenger. However, I find your air stories and articles tremendously interesting and vital.

Malcolm Hertz

Keep up the good work and if you have any more up your sleeve, let's have 'em.—*Malcolm Hertz.*

Something Tells Us to Keep Out of This

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—We poky Americans certainly owe our thanks to Mollie Panter-Downes for her story, "Class Reunion," with its pointers on English speed. I refer to her girls who were seventeen and unmarried in the days of cart-wheel hats (which, in case you don't remember, was 1911).

In 1931 they reappear with grandsons in *Eton!* Unluckily we Americans have to comply with speed laws or something.—*Dot.*

Sounds Polish

DES MOINES, IOWA—Your little old magazine is an accomplishment, and all the critics that knock it should be given a free ride, on a one-way ticket, to the south pole, the north pole, or any pole, just so they would be out of the way.—*E. J. Cammack.*

For General Butler

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—General S. D. Butler takes in a lot of territory when he uses the generic word "Latin America" in his article, "Opera-Bouffe Revolts."

Liberty ran a series of articles by Floyd Gibbons on the Villa revolution in Mexico, and his description of a battle in which more than 50,000 men of both sides participated belies the opera-bouffe stuff. Even Sandino in Nicaragua has given the Marines a good run for their money. But perhaps General Butler has not run against a real revolution. It seems so from his article.—*Fernando C. Tamayo.*

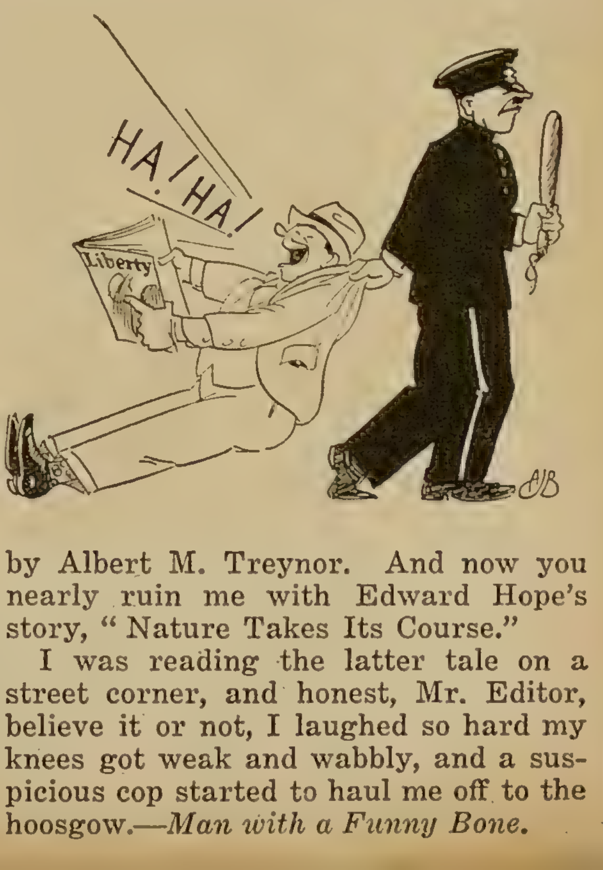
EAST ORANGE, N. J.—General Butler, in "Opera-Bouffe Revolts," has given the public the best picture of what Marines do when sent to Central American revolutions that it has ever had. Time hasn't changed the customs of those countries at all, and the general's story of 1903 might as well be 1930. Having recently returned from Nicaragua, I know.

A good time was had by all, even if we drank rain water, ate lizard soup, and found scorpions in our blankets in the morning. Why not? We could always get a good bottle of beer, and that's a d—— sight better than I've done since I'm back in God's country.—*Charles E. Kolbert, a Leatherneck.*

Sit Down Hereafter

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Sometimes, when a man gets up to make an after-dinner speech, and begins to tell stories, the diners try to embarrass him by yelling, "Make 'em funnier!"

Well, Liberty has been making 'em funnier. Some time ago you had me in stitches by printing "Caught in Shorts," by Albert M. Treynor. And now you nearly ruin me with Edward Hope's story, "Nature Takes Its Course."



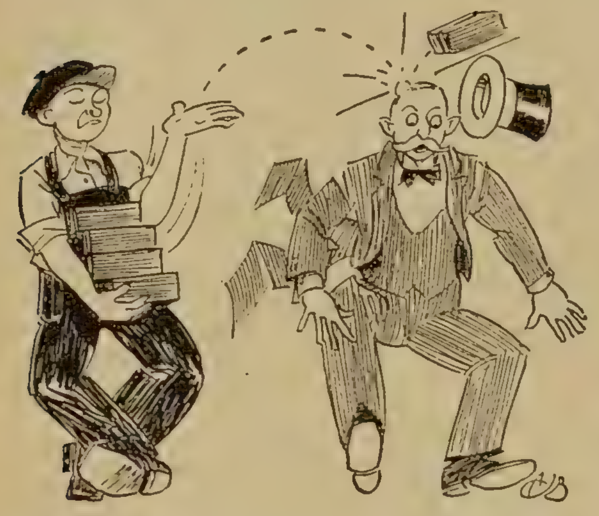
I was reading the latter tale on a street corner, and honest, Mr. Editor, believe it or not, I laughed so hard my knees got weak and wabbly, and a suspicious cop started to haul me off to the hoosgow.—*Man with a Funny Bone.*

Pop

"Feeding the Hungry"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your editorial called "Feeding the Hungry" gave me the willies, if you know what I mean. You ended it with these words:

"But it is better to carry bricks from one side of the street to the other, and then carry them back again, than merely to give out money without a thought as to the ultimate harm you may be doing by what might be termed unreasoning charity."



Huh? Carry bricks over and back, and over and back, to get a meal? Some philanthropist would have to donate the bricks, then donate the bread. Fine idea!

If I was carrying said bricks when one of those philanthropists—the white-collar stiff!—came walking by, I'd take one of those hard cubes and bounce it off his dome about the time he said, "I donated ten thousand dollars to make it possible for those poor unfortunate people to get a plate of beans by carrying bricks in a cute little game!"

The old army game, I calls it.

That editorial itself wasn't so bad if the man who wrote it would have just left out the brick business.—*Jimmie McClean.*

BEAUMONT, TEXAS—I have done social service work in one of the largest cities in the South, and this is what my idea of one cause of the depression is. Too many people are sitting around expecting help and not trying to do anything for themselves. People have become pauperized, as Liberty's editorial, "Feeding the Hungry," said they might.

Mrs. Oma Clark

I know of one case that I came in contact with that was getting help from four different sources. The youngest child in the family was ten years old, and when I asked the mother why she did not go to work, the reply almost knocked me down. She said that she had to make a home for her children. She was pauperized, and she was raising a family to believe that they would be taken care of without any effort on their part. Our problem today is to teach people that there is a living waiting for them when they want to get out and dig for it. But it is not to be handed out on a silver platter. Don't ever think for one minute that the people who are yelling the loudest intend to go to work in this hot sun, from sunup until sundown, for if you do you are going to be badly fooled.—*Mrs. Oma Clark.*

Your Last Name Must Be Kidder

SEATTLE, WASH.—Keep up the good work, Liberty! Who knows—perhaps fifty years from now you'll be truly worth a nickel!—*(Miss) Naomi K.*

A Globe-Trotter Comes to a Conclusion

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—I purchased my first copy of Liberty in Panama just two weeks ago. I'm a quartermaster on an oil tanker making the West Coast and China run. I'm twenty-two and I've sailed for five years, been in most every known world port. I've done quite a bit of reading in the last couple of years and I've read about most every magazine published by white men, but I want to tell you right now that I've never read such an entertaining magazine as Liberty.

I read my first copy, one that I had borrowed, over, and it pleased me so much with the varied kinds of stories that I bought a copy in Balboa, Panama Canal, and as we just arrived here today I'm hurrying uptown and get me as many back issues as I can possibly buy and carry. I'm a Liberty booster from now on and you can check another one up for the Merchant Marine.—*Thomas A. Gilbert.*

You Never Thought Liberty Was Dry, Did You?

TOLEDO, OHIO—Say, Mr. Vox Pop! After walking almost a mile in the pouring rain to buy one of the famous Libertys, I found, after looking it over, that it was "all wet" and that I had been "soaked" in the bargain.—*Mad as a Wet Hen.*

Yes

EDGEWATER, COLO.—I have just finished "The Voice," by Inez Haynes Irwin. I think it is the most human story I have ever read and I have read lots. Just ask anyone that knows me.—*Pearl Lancaster.*

We'll Think It Over

CHICAGO, ILL.—I want to turn the tables on Frederick James Smith. He gives certain films four stars and I obediently go to 'em, and dislike 'em. Now, tell him to stay home and I'll do the four-starring for him, and see how he likes it!—*Movie-Goer.*

Atta Boy!

WILMINGTON, N. C.—I am telling you—fair warning, fair play—I am out to win a contest in Liberty.

C. T. Rogers

Watch me! I have been called a fool, accused of wasting paper and time, and one or two things I wouldn't dare write. I am an ex-soldier—I didn't say a brave one—but the war wasn't won in a day, a month, or a year.

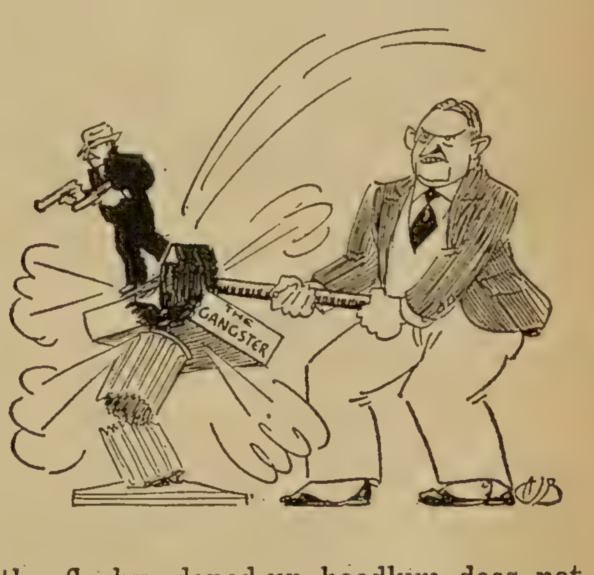
To join the army of winners in Liberty is my goal and if trying will win, I will.—*C. T. Rogers.*

Turn to Page 36

CHICAGO, ILL.—Print more editorials and stories showing the gangster up as he really is, Liberty. He is only a cowardly rat. Why don't the people of America realize that the first step toward breaking the hold of gangdom and the racket is by teaching the girls and boys that a gangster is not a hero, but a moronic desperado who has devoted his life to breaking laws upon which our civilization depends?

Don't smile when Al Capone's name is mentioned, and think of the great profits of the beer business. It is a comedy no longer.

Dazzled by the aura of excitement surrounding the gangster, a certain number of middle-class girls have been turning to them. A girl raised in the slums wants none of the sewage outside of her door. The spurious glittering of the flashy, doped-up hoodlum does not entice her. But the middle-class girl is struck dumb by a one-hundred-dollar bill, a wild night club, and the love-making of the minor racketeer. Her boy friends of her own class look like a long and monotonous life to her, so she turns to the adventurous beer hustler.



All this is revoltingly wrong.

Let's knock the gangster off the pedestal of the idolatrous publicity he's been getting, and print the truth about him.—*An American Citizen.*

A SWEET STOMACH IN TWO MINUTES

What a pity when youth and vitality are set at naught by a disordered stomach and bad breath! Don't have them at any age! Hearty eaters—hard smokers — high livers — find Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a boon and a blessing.

Why have a sour stomach, or risk a bad breath? Chew a Stuart Tablet. No soda, just a soothing combination of Calcium Carbonate, (the modern anti-acid, more effective than soda) Magnesium and the like. Result:- a sweet stomach, improved digestion, no pains, no discomfort. *"A Sweet Stomach for twenty-five cents."* Try them today.

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A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 10-G, Marshall, Mich.

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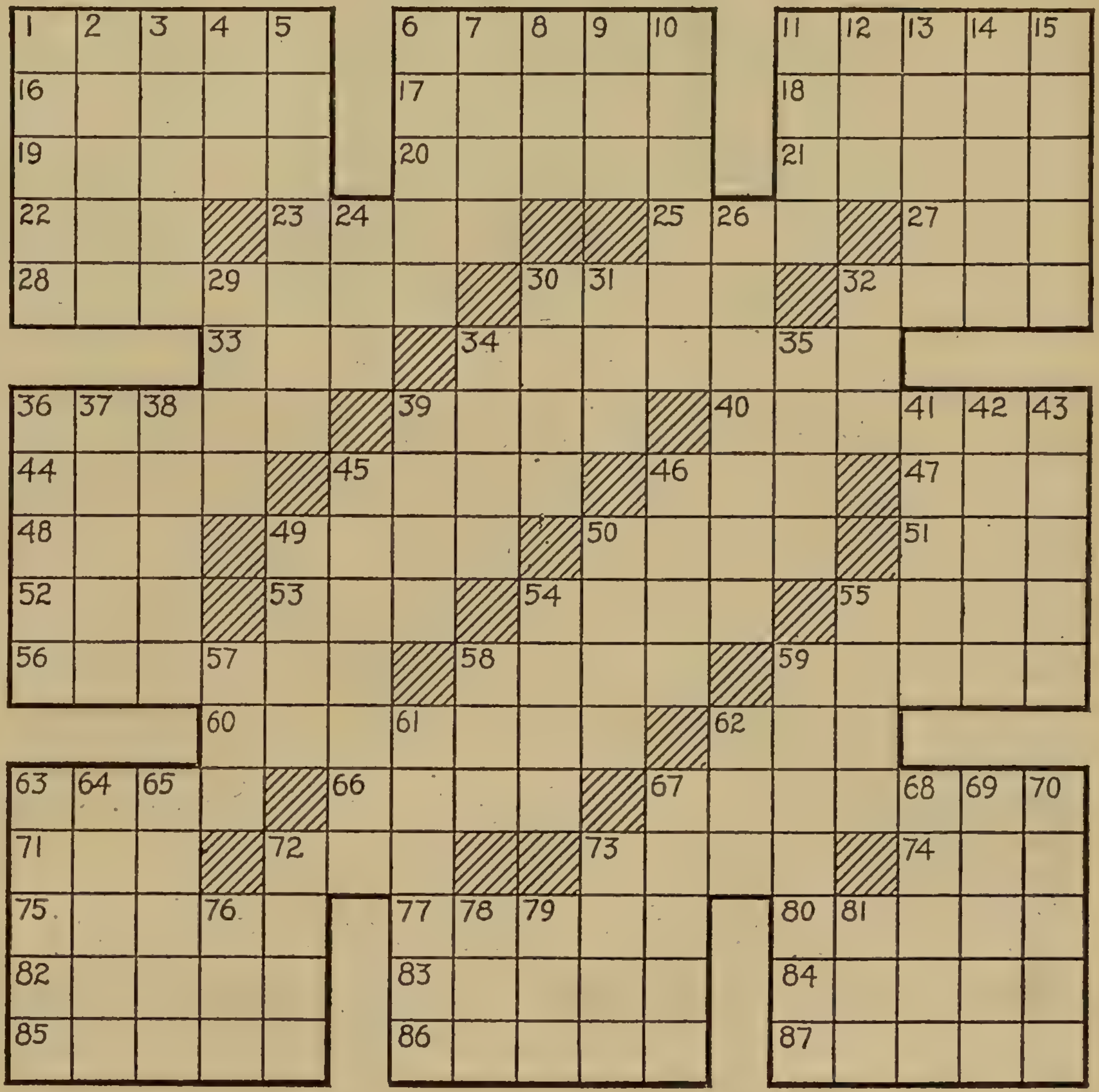
Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 City in Oregon

6 Oriental guitar

11 Describe the elements of a sentence

16 Hackneyed; banal

17 Declaim

18 Incensed; enraged

19 Strive to equal or excel

20 Storms

21 Bather

22 A playing card

23 Disclose to view

25 Nickname of a former President

27 A worm

28 Displays ostentatiously

30 A limited portion

32 Toward the sheltered side of a vessel

33 Clamor; roar

34 Inorganic substance

36 Sudden, overpowering fright

39 Part of a pitchfork

40 Declare

44 Incite

45 Greater than

46 Former Japanese admiral

47 Margin

48 Unrefined

49 Domicile

50 Untrammeled

51 A salutation

52 Point on a compass

53 A beverage

54 Fiber made from coconut husk

55 The solar disk, in ancient Egyptian worship

56 Strike out

58 Unrefined metal (plural)

59 A weapon

60 Lives

62 Gardener's implement

63 Chief alcoholic beverage of the Japanese

66 A plant

67 Device for holding work (machinery)

71 Commotion

72 Employment

73 Greek letter

74 A constellation

75 French revolutionist

77 Of the nose

80 Domesticated

82 Size of type

83 Goddess of peace

84 Woman's name

85 Torn places

86 Discontinue

87 Restores (printing)

VERTICAL

1 Leather strip

2 Chilean seaport

3 A gland

4 Greek letter

5 Melodious

6 Painful spots

7 Native name of an Asiatic country

8 Label

9 Bewilderment

10 Sale at second hand

11 Stack

12 Goddess of vengeance (Greek mythology)

13 Unwind

14 Cubic measure

15 Weird

24 Inclosure

26 Chider

29 Mine passage

30 Partake of a particular meal

31 Pronoun

32 Entire

34 Mud

35 African plant

36 Peeled

37 Degrade

38 Post in a stairway

39 Large volume

41 One of the Muses

42 Donor

43 Amend

45 Harasses

46 The rainbow

49 Detest

50 Enemies

54 American Indian

55 Influenced by reverential fear

57 Sooner than

58 Poem

59 Musical compositions

61 Peaceful

62 Article of apparel

63 One of the Philippine Islands

64 Proverb

65 Holy book of the Mohammedans

67 Affray

68 A fiber

69 Upstanding

70 Loads

72 American Indians

73 Forbids

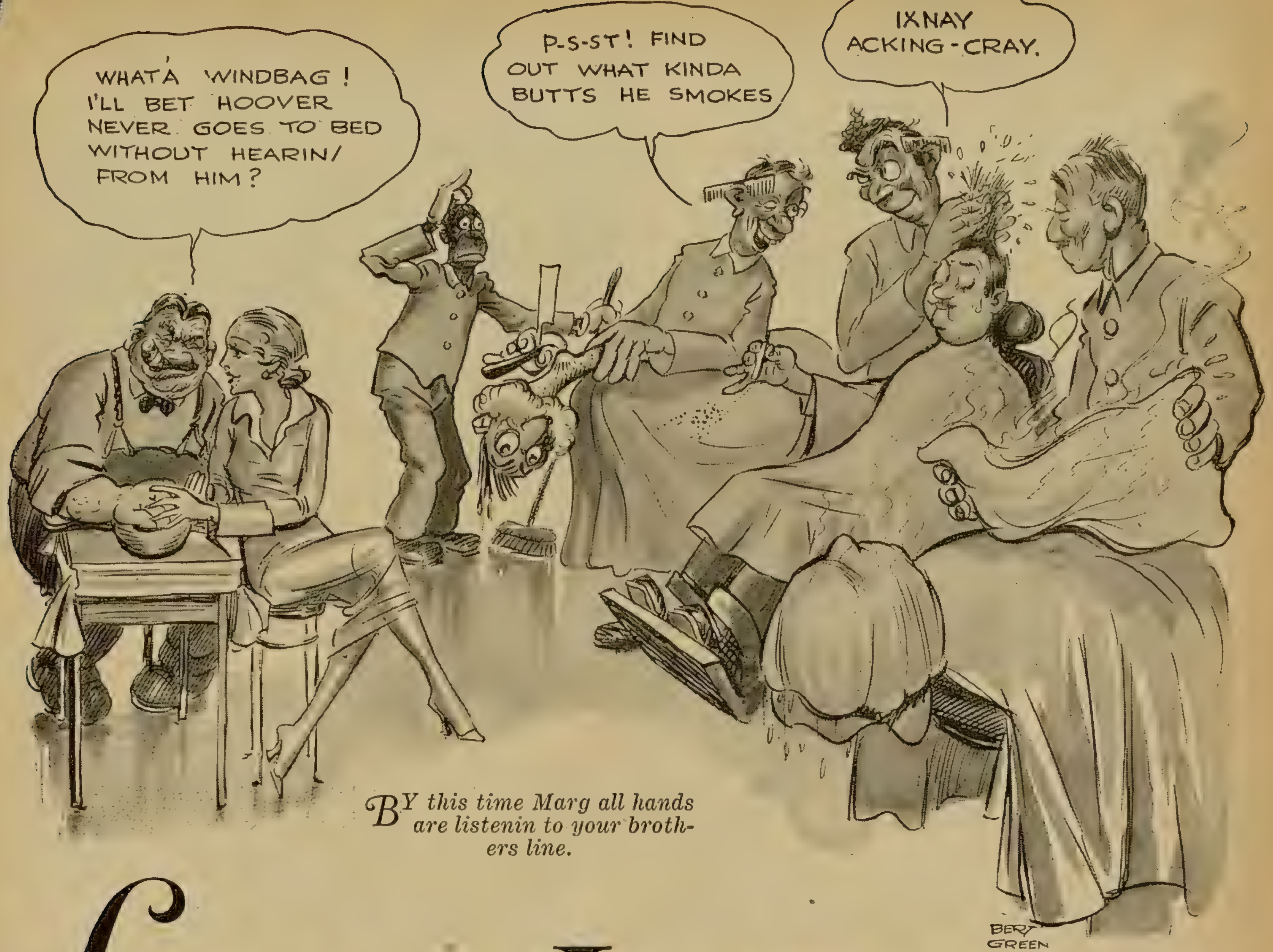
76 Siamese coin

78 Exist

79 Billow

81 High in the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


WHAT'A WINDBAG ! I'LL BET HOOVER NEVER GOES TO BED WITHOUT HEARIN' FROM HIM ?
P-S-ST ! FIND OUT WHAT KINDA BUTTS HE SMOKES
IXNAY ACKING-CRAY.
BERT GREEN

BY this time Marg all hands are listenin to your brothers line.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Few Barber-Shop Chords

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 min. 54 sec.)

New York.

DEAR MARG,

I just got your snooty letter givin me the razz about *my* family. Say, howdya get that way? That dizzy troup of *yours* aint so hot. Say, your old man would still be puttin dents in ash barrells if it hadnta bin for *me* kissin him into the street cleanin Department. Yes, and whats more, I got a pip to tell you about that sappy brother of yours—too. Just give a listen to this—

I'm sittin in the Arcade barber shop the other day gettin a shave when who blows in but that *brother* of yours. Gosh everything was nice and peaceful till he blew in. So quiet in fact that if you dropped a pin on the marble floor it woulda sounded like a steel girder fallin off the Empire buildin. Anyhow, there was only one other customer goin for the shave beside meself and he was so fixed up that he couldnt even open his trap. The barber had a stack of hot towels on the guys pan a foot high to snap him out of a binge.

Well, anyway your brother bounces in a chair and says to the bootblack:

Wheres Tony? I want him to fix me up to meet the sweetest little twist that ever gave a guy a stiff neck. And hey—do you know what time the winner of the last one at Saratoga gets in on the phone? I got ten bucks ridin across the boards on a hot one and I gotta win because me and me frail are gonna polish the floors of a few cabarets this P. M. dont kid yourself. Hey Tony!

Your brothers stuff was so strong and cocksure that the guy with the stack of hot towels lifted the end of em so he could get a peek at the noisy goof. One look an he settled back in the chair and told the barber to leave the towels alone as he wanted to rest awhile.

Well if it isnt Tony? your brother goes off as the head barber ankled in from the beauty parlor.

Say Tony, he begins, what time does that last race at Saratoga get in?

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

It wont be long now—about an hour!

It does eh, by direct wire? Well, well thats great. Did I tell you Kid, about the new mommer I elected meself to?

Whoopee! Shes a pip! No kiddin, she'd melt in a guys mouth.

Tony hands a sly wink at the barber who was takin the wrinkles out of the sap in the next chair.

You know that new job I grabbed me last week with the Fur Lined Icebox Company? Well, it seems that this gal punches the typewriter by day and is a hostess at night. She's got a fair job at thirty smackers a week, but on the level that dont keep her in finger waves! So what does she do but play a swell night club on Park Avenue at night. Sure. She helps put the clipper on the rich chumps bankroll what blows into the joint.

Well, as the story book says, or once upon a midnight, who steps into this particular night club but *my boss* himself, and *how!* He was partly lushed up, but not as bad as some of the other old wayward fossils around the room.

The boss was sittin on the front line garglin cider champagne at fifty slugs a container with his eye glued on my Fuzzy Babe! Imagine it!

Finally, when the dance is over he gives her the come hither look and right away she moves in, sittin pretty! Well, while theyre sittin there, the boss is givin her a hot line about how beautiful she is and stuff like that. He hands her the same old waa-waa about bein misunderstood. Thats the line they all pull!

Anyway, the line that he slipped her for fishin purposes was no older than the one she tossed him back. And did he go? He was a set-up! He went plenty! She gave him the old army blast about comin from the West. Sure —West New York. Yeh. Then she handed him the gag about her sick old lady and how she had to kick in with every dime she made.

But no kiddin, the boss is an awful chump, Windy goes on. When the Cream in my Java gives him the weep about how she wants to be a good girl and pay mammas cuff at the sanatarium, shes hired as a private secretary then an there at fifty per week.

Well, shes been workin for the head man of the Fur Lined Icebox Co ever since, an that little act in the dude hide-away happened five months ago. And this is where your own little Doug Fairbanks Jr. comes in.

YOU know how I was set two weeks ago Tony? I didnt have a nickle to chafe a thumb in the automat. But when I answered that ad as a travelin salesman for the ice boxes I got the break of my youthful life. When I popped into the office who do you think they shoved me up against? You couldnt guess! No less than my sweetie! When I see her I floats! There she is bigger than life. Right away she blew into the head man, poured something in his ear an in I walked. He's a set-up, no foolin. He was duck pins with a big ball. After I give him the song and dance, he hires me on the spot.

By this time Marg, all hands in the barber shop are fakin that theyre readin the joke and tab sheets but theyre really only listenin to your brothers line.

Then she begins to tell me, he says, what a terrible sap the boss is and starts to fan the other salesmens prospects so I can get in on top. She wants me to be the office manager so I can stick around and neck her all the time. What a man I am with the wimen, eh Tony? Then she starts to tell me what a vamp *she* is. She tells me she can make the boss jump through a ten story window if she wants to. So we begin to figure out things to make the boss do. The first thing she does is to tell the sap that he's gettin tubby and ought to join a gym or go to a Turkish bath every afternoon. This tickles the boss to death because he knows hes gettin fat and can get away with me in charge. The wrinkle is to get the patsy out of the joint so we can put on the heavy neckin.

Well, later we start to make a real Beau Brummel out of him. We scheme out what color clothes he'll look the *worst* in. Shes got him wearin Scotch plads, comedy cuts and pencil and ink stripes. Oh, hes a darb! The mob in the office get a fresh laugh every morning the crackpot walks in.

THAT'S right Tony, slip me a little of that smelly hair tonic and flatten out the locks cause thats the way the Babe likes em. Now a little powder on the pan and the gay Don Juan is away to the quest. I'm late now! Say Tony, do me a favor! When that last race from Saratoga comes in, call me. It's the Topple Inn in the Village. Me an the Sweet will be puttin on the egg. Heres the card to the joint. Let's have the hat Kid, I'm off. So long Tony. Goo-bye girls an boys!

Then with a grunt, the feller that was buried under the hot towels came to life and sat up. He blinked his eyes a coupla times an seemed to feel better. Gunning himself in the mirror, he asked Minnie the manicurist if it would be K. O. for him to sit down to her table and have his dukes plowed.

She didnt object and later, as she was pushing back the last cuticle, the phone rang.

Right away Tony looked at the clock. He beckoned the bootblack not to answer the call an entered the booth himself. As he hung up the receiver he turned to the wop hair clippers and yelled, Hey guys, that's goin to be an awful tough break for the icebox salesman. Good-bye-and-Good-luck won! Thats a funny one; there wasnt a play on him around here all day. I never even heard the nags name mentioned did you?

Do you mind if I call him, Tony? piped up the hot towel bird that Minnie'd just worked on.

Go to it, chirped Tony. Do you know him?

The hot towel guy entered the phone booth, left the door open, called the Topple Inn and Windy was paged.

Hello, is that you Windy? Well, *you won* with Good-bye-and-Good-luck!

What do you mean Tony, I won? I didn't play *him*, you know that.

I didnt say you played him. I said *you won* with Good-bye-and-Good-luck!

That doesnt sound like you Tony.

It isnt Tony. Its just a *Sap* and a *Chump* named *Crankshaft*, head of the Fur Lined Icebox Company. *Good-bye-and-Good-luck*, and that goes for the *Cream* in *your Java too*, who's the sand in your spinach now!

So thats your brother, eh Marg?

Wishin you the same,
MIKE SHEA.

Another letter from Mike will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

She Preferred Caramels

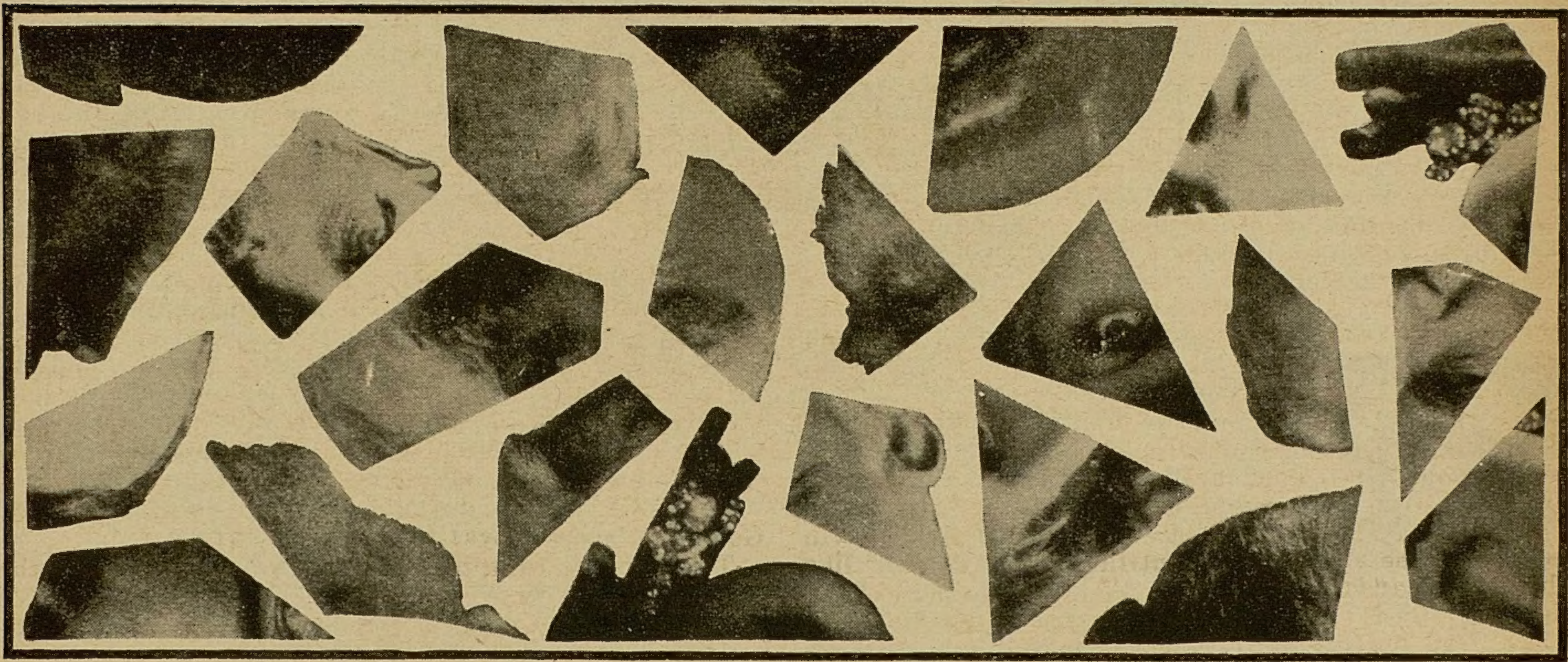
Recently I offered my little niece some peppermint candy. Looking at it, she said: "I don't like that kind of candy. It puts wind in my mouth."—C. Jasinoski, 654 E. Main St., Nanticoke, Pa.

* * *

How True!

Joe, five, was being reprimanded by his mother, when he suddenly looked up in her face and said, "You prayed for a little boy, and now you don't know how to treat him!"—Mrs. Charles J. Deahl, 107 W. Walnut St., Alexandria, Va.

No. 8 in Liberty's
$5,000 CASH JIG-SAW PUZZLE CONTEST



Solving This Week's Puzzle Will Carry You Well Down the Home Stretch on Your Way toward One of the Big Cash Prizes!

THE Liberty Jig-Saw Puzzle Contest speeds toward the prize awards with gathering impetus. It seems like only a couple of weeks ago that Puzzle No. 1 was published, yet here is No. 8 testing your stamina and challenging your cleverness. When you have solved it successfully you will have covered eighty per cent of the course and will be well into the home stretch toward the finish line where the judges are waiting to make the pay-off.

The money is ready. But the 311 checks can't be made out until the judges decide which contestant's name belongs on which check. Will your name be written in the payee space on one of them? Don't fail to solve each of the remaining puzzles as they are published and add them to the set you are completing to send us when you have all thirty pictures identified.

Get out your scissors now and get busy. There's no time like the present. And there's no present like a check, especially when it comes in time to help you settle your holiday accounts.

Don't drop out now. Only Puzzles 9 and 10 before the finish!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes .... Total	$5,000

The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling " What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

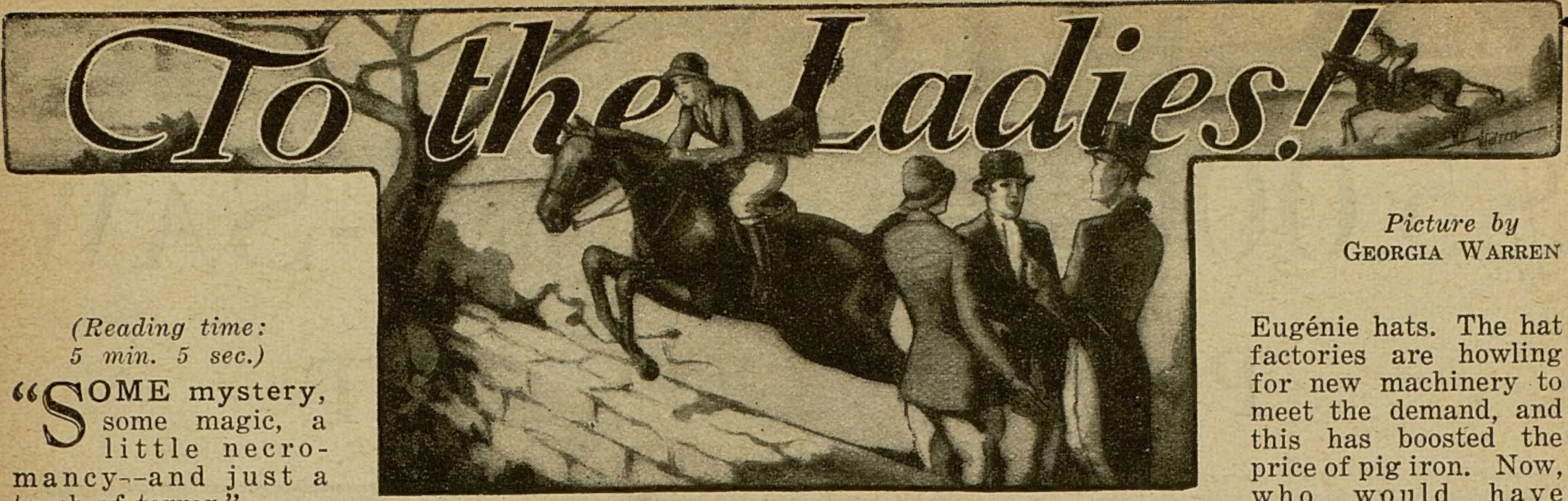
9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100 etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

ONLY TWO MORE TO SOLVE—PUZZLE 9 NEXT WEEK!

To the Ladies!



Picture by
GEORGIA WARREN

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.)

"SOME mystery, some magic, a little necromancy--and just a touch of terror."

Those were the specifications Rose O'Neill demanded when she asked a real estate agent at Westport, Connecticut, to find her a house. Creator of the Kewpies, Rose O'Neill is an artist and illustrator of note.

The real estate man said, "I have it." Unbelievingly, Rose allowed herself to be motored up a steep strange road, through a spooky wood, to the house.

Rose O'Neill

It was the queerest house you could imagine finding in a New England town. Rose saw great Roman columns, an Italian loggia, a huge studio with a majestic gallery, gold and blue, flaunting its cerulean beauty in the cool north light.

The place startled her by its curious resemblance to her island home at Capri, in the Bay of Naples. After taking it, she discovered that the artist who had built this weird Connecticut castle had taken his plans from drawings of her Capri house!

There I found Rose in a cherry velvet gown, surrounded by cosmopolitan friends, relatives, and Kewpies. All dwelling in harmony amid the magic and the terror.

As crazy a household as you could think of. After a rapid once-over, they absorbed me in the friendliest fashion. A nod of acceptance from Rose, and her verdict, "You're just the right degree of craziness."

Crazy or not, everyone in that house *works*. Rose certainly does. After the cuddlesome Kewpies are done, after the magazine illustrations are turned out, she settles down to her "real work."

Known to the general public only through her commercial drawings, she is an artist whose "other work"—done for her own private satisfaction—is fine and unusual indeed.

Rose O'Neill's drawings hang in the museums of Paris. Almost as much as her pictures do I admire her philosophy of life. She says, "I'd always rather like people than *not* like them."

WHO says that woman's vanity is sin? Think so? Then listen to a story from Danbury, where the hatters come from.

For more than a hundred years felt hats have been the support of Danbury. But of late—until very recently—the felt-hat business has been just fair to middling. Then Eugénie stepped into the picture and . . .

"Now look at Danbury!" exulted a glad hatter with whom I talked. "Five hundred dozen hats a day," he rejoiced. "We've been turning 'em out at that rate for the last two months—ever since this Eugenic style came in. Working three eight-hour shifts per day, and that's only reckoning the three biggest factories. All told, you ladies are taking a good many more than six thousand Danbury hats every day. She's *some* empress—that Eugenic is."

Danbury folks are growing rich. But that isn't all. American womanhood clamors on for more and more Eugénie hats. The hat factories are howling for new machinery to meet the demand, and this has boosted the price of pig iron. Now, who would have thought of connecting these hats of ours with pig iron, of all things? But there you are, so now all the Connecticut hatters and pig ironers are singing "Long live Eugénie!"

HAVE you ever heard the name of Mme. Curie, grand old lady of science, linked with that of Charles A. Lindbergh, famed young man of aviation?

The notion comes from an observant young chauffeur whose ex-boss was a great entertainer of celebrities.

"Mme. Curie," he said, "holds your attention even when she listens to others. The complete concentration of her mind is magnetic, and her explanations of scientific things are so clear and simple that even an ignorant person like myself can understand whatever she says."

His voice was reverent as he added, "And she is so modest. I never saw anybody so modest—nobody except Lindbergh."

The young man continued his comments about the famous people he has driven around in his ex-boss' car. Professor Einstein came next, and did not fare so well. "He looks like one of those long-haired artists who used to be called Bohemian," was the verdict. Of a famous French diplomat my chauffeur friend said, "He's full of words. He lays down the law to everyone."

NEVER have pitfalls for the unwary dresser been easier to fall into than they are this year, owing to our enchanting diversity of styles. You have to watch your step. Here are a few hints to guide you:

Don't wear short puffed sleeves, or tight bodices, or flounced skirts if your age is *uncertain.* Don't wear stiff satins or velvets unless you are quite elderly—or really young enough to get away with a "picture" dress. If you are scraggy, don't wear chiffon velvet. Don't fall for taffeta if you are statuesque.

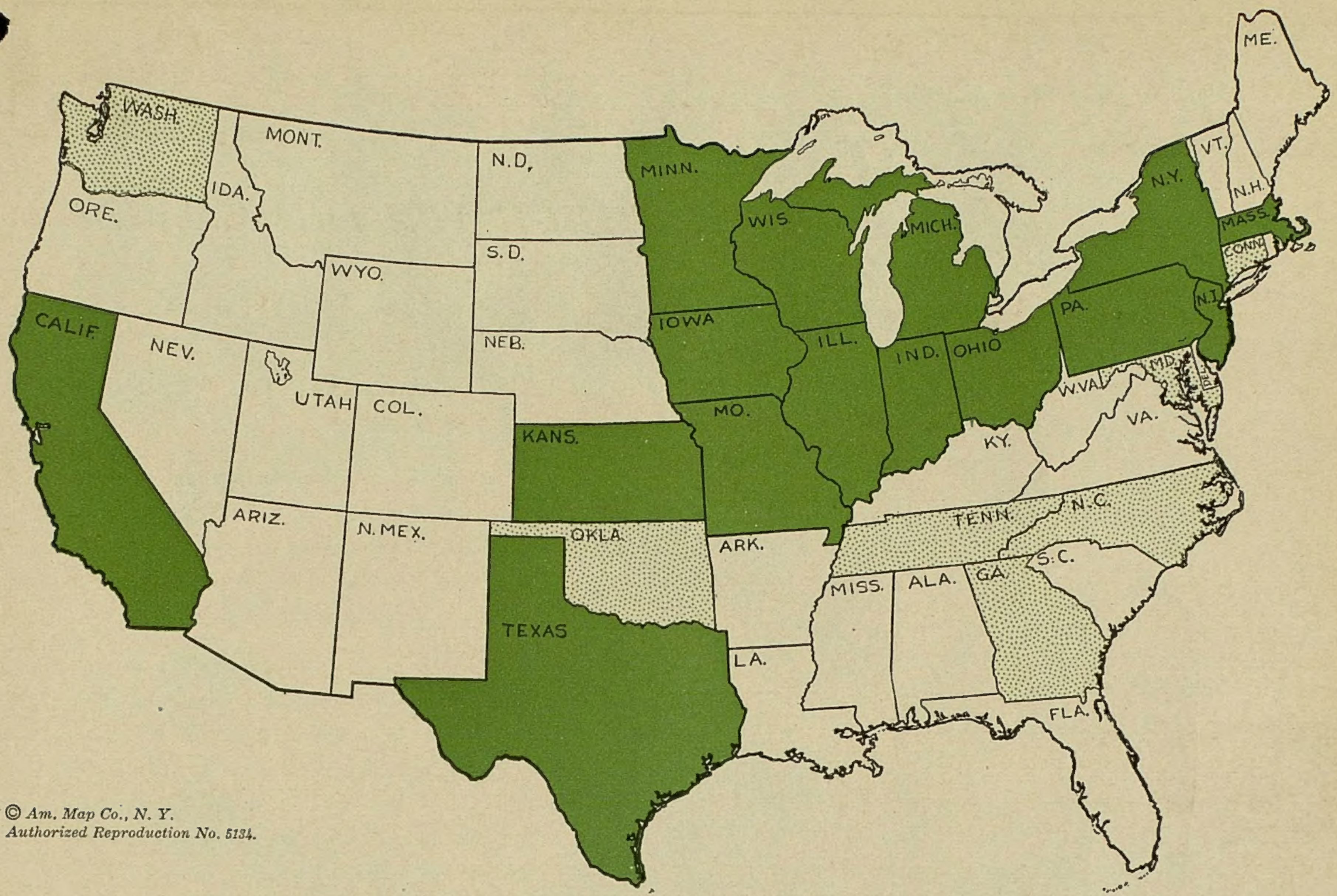
You won't need draped necklines if you are young enough to be proud of your figure, nor should you wear those evening dresses with trains which look so well on older women.

Of course there are just a few women with personality enough to disregard all the rules—but the personality idea is a dangerous will-o'-the-wisp.

BAKED apples farmhouse style—this recipe for them is another of my vacation pickings. Fruit fresh from the orchard is best, of course, but apples from the corner grocery will do the trick.

Peel and core six apples. Fill the centers with sugar, grated lemon peel, chopped citron, seeded raisins. Sprinkle the apples generously with sugar and pour one-half cup of water around them. Bake in a slow oven till tender. Remove and sprinkle again with sugar and bread crumbs, the sugar on top. Return to the oven for ten minutes.

In the meantime prepare the sauce. To 1 tablespoonful of flour and 1 tablespoonful of sugar add slowly 1 cup of boiling water. Boil for 2 or 3 minutes, then pour over 1 well beaten egg, stirring all the time. Add the juice of half a lemon and pour over the apples. Serve warm.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THE FIRST FIFTEEN STATES IN RETAIL SALES VOLUME CONTROL 72.57% OF U. S. RETAIL DOLLARS

THE annual sales through retail stores in the 48 states and the District of Columbia amount to $50,033,850,792. Concentration of sales is such, however, that the fifteen states ranking highest in net sales control 72.57% of the U. S. total.

The rapid thinning of markets after the first fifteen states is indicated by the fact that adding the next seven states in rank brings the total up to 82.48%. Roughly, adding 50% more states adds only 10% more sales.

To the manufacturer who wants real concentration, the leading fifteen states offer territory well worth cultivation to the fullest.

The manufacturer who feels that 72.57% is not quite high enough for true national coverage will add the next seven states, bringing sales potential to 82.48%.

The remaining 26 states, controlling, as they do, but 17.52% of all retail sales volume, are, in most cases, a luxury. Every manufacturer must decide for himself whether he can or cannot afford that luxury.

IN THE FIFTEEN LEADING STATES LIBERTY CONCENTRATES A GREATER PERCENTAGE OF ITS CIRCULATION (74.34%) THAN ANY OTHER MASS MAGAZINE.

"I'm older than you think I am...

"BUT I remember some of the things that I heard when I was younger.

"I was told to watch out for one of those so-called friends who is so mighty glad to see you today—almost going to hug you; and the next time you see her, is holding her head high up in the air and won't even speak to you.

"I was thinking about this while I was enjoying a CHESTERFIELD cigarette. You know, I have been smoking CHESTERFIELDS quite a long time, and they are not like some of our friends—one thing today and another thing tomorrow. They are *always* the same—always mild — always so pleasing in taste. They just satisfy all the time.

"And that reminds me of a salesman who called to see me the other day to tell me something about CHESTERFIELD. He talked about a lot of things, about the pure tobacco and the pure paper and about the clean, orderly factories. But the thing that pleased me more than anything else was that he didn't lambast and cuss out any other cigarette. Of course, he thought that CHESTERFIELD was the best... And I rather agree with him. They do satisfy."

GOOD . . . they've got to be good!

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